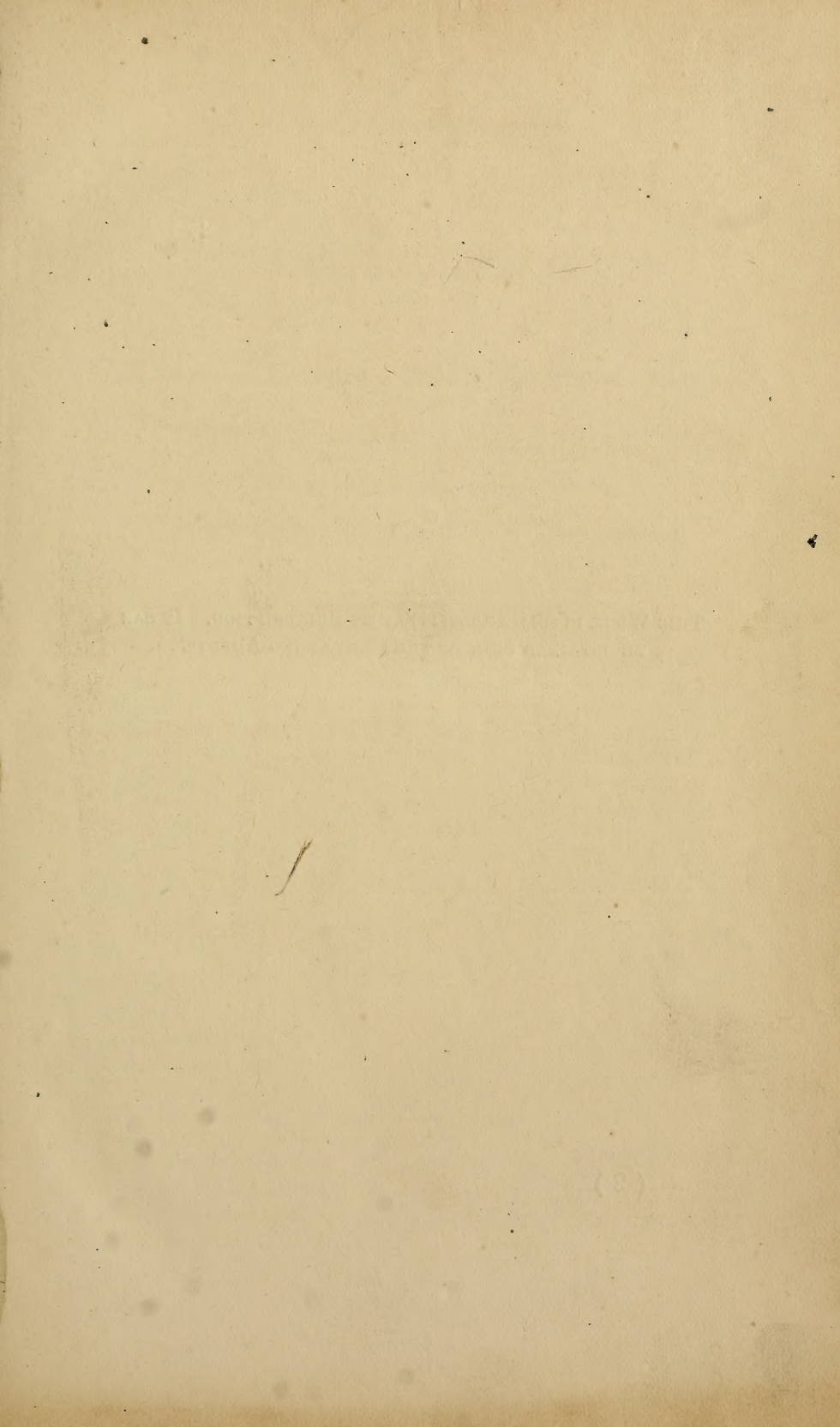


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# **LIFE AND DEATH;**

OR,

## **The Creeping Shadow.**

**THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.**

**Complete in One Volume, Royal Octavo.**

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---

### **OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer, Friday, November 28, 1873.]

Life and Death ; or, The Creeping Shadow. By Dr. D. Lambden Flemming, M.D.—Under this title a book of handsome appearance has been published by its author, a practising physician of this city, who to his character of medical practitioner evidently unites the qualities of poet and philosopher. The book is of novel form, though of eminently practical intent, which may be briefly stated to be that of an essay on the very trite subject, the art of preserving health. Dr. Flemming's contribution to this ever-important theme will command more than ordinary attention, if not from what he has to say, at least from his very original and striking manner of saying it. It is written partly in the form of a lecture and partly as a series of original compositions in verse and prose, and collections from ancient manuscripts and various writers, all of which bear upon the subject of the physical welfare of the race, explaining in direct but entirely unobjectionable language, free from all technicalities or vulgarities of expression, the ideas of the author, often very peculiar and original, in relation to "all things requisite for the life of man," modes of living, eating, drinking, exercise, the passions, etc.—in short, of how to live in conformity to the laws of nature and to prolong life. The book contains numerous quaint illustrations, which, with the peculiar character of its reading matter, remind one of the curious works of the old philosophers one meets with occasionally in some rare collections, but it is nevertheless characterized by common sense, is sound and practical in tone, is evidently written with a most commendable

intent, and in that regard is worthy of the attention of the public as treating of a subject of vital importance to all.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript, November 23, 1873.]

Dr. D. Lambden Flemming publishes a timely and valuable book with the title of "The Art of Preserving Health." It is in a somewhat novel form, one of the divisions being a lecture on "Life and Death ; or, the Creeping Shadow." The book, however, treats generally and specifically of all the diseases to which flesh is heir to, and gives common-sense directions how to preserve health. The work is profusely illustrated with quaint and suggestive drawings, and as a contribution to the medical literature of the day will be highly prized.

[From the Philadelphia Star, Monday, November 24, 1873.]

The Art of Preserving Health is the title of an exhaustive volume by D. Lambden Flemming, M.D., of this city. It sets forth the particular nature of all things requisite for the life of man, and is written in a unique style, free from technicalities. The author is evidently a poet and moralist as well as physician, and no phase of man's physical or spiritual nature has escaped his attention.

[From the Philadelphia Age, December 8, 1873.]

Life and Death. By D. Lambden Flemming, M.D.—This author seems to be self-existent. He is his own publisher, and, so far as we can see, is his own critic. Opening the volume with an autobiographical sketch, he devotes only one page to himself, and immediately passes to a presentation of all the horrors of death. The reader, recoiling from these horrors, will seek refuge in the salutary directions which follow in prose and poetry. All that tends to the preservation of health is discussed, and that with delicacy and correct taste.

[From Godey's Lady's Book, February 1, 1874.]

The Art of Preserving Health. A valuable book just issued by the author, D. Lambden Flemming, M.D. It treats on the particular nature of all things requisite for the life of man—drinks, diet, exercise, air, the passions, etc., special directions how to live and prolong life, with other remarkable and most useful observations very necessary for all families. Of all the books on the subject of health, and the proper means of prolonging life to a good old age, that it has been our province to read, we confess to have met with very few that have claimed our attention as the above. It is written in a manner that forcibly impresses its arguments upon the reader.



[From the All-Day City Item, Philadelphia, December 19, 1873.]

Life and Death ; or, The Creeping Shadow. By D. Lambden Flemming, M.D.—The art of preserving health is a matter that few understand. It is astonishing how ignorant people are of the necessities of life and the importance of taking care of themselves.

Dr. Flemming, a practising and able physician of this city, gives in his admirable book hundreds of valuable hints that are really important to man if he would enjoy health and comfort.

Part of the volume is intended as a lecture. It also contains numerous compositions in verse and prose. Drinks, diet, exercise, air, and the passions are severally treated with judgment, delicacy, and common sense. There is a very handsome portrait of the doctor on the title-page, and in his autobiographical sketch we find he was a graduate of the University of Maryland in 1861. The book is issued in superb style, with numerous illustrations, and we can, with emphasis, sincerely recommend it as a valuable household work. It would form a handsome and valuable Christmas present.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Times, March 1, 1874.]

The Art of Preserving Health. By D. Lambden Flemming, M.D.—The above work, by Dr. Flemming, of our city, is an octavo of 500 pages, in handsome type and paper, elegantly bound in cloth, lettered in gilt. Americans, as a general thing, care very little about their health, and give no thought to the nature and character of their meat and drink ; therefore a work like this should be peculiarly acceptable to our countrymen. A few extracts from this valuable work will be found of interest to those who think they could not live unless they eat meat three times a day, and wash it down with whiskey, brandy, or wine as a “ digester.” “ That man is a maniac, a deliberate suicide, who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind, to induce him to perform a work in hand, and when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid.”

The doctor, on page 196, gives this excellent advice : “ The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too tired to perform a task, is to go to bed and sleep a week, if he can. This is the only true recuperation of brain-power, the only actual renewal of brain force.”

The work is a most excellent one, and well worthy of study and consideration by those who desire to use the best means to preserve health and strength to an advanced age

No. 861 NORTH BROAD STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, December 5, 1874.

D. LAMB DEN FLEMMING, M.D.

Dear Sir : I have read through your excellent book, entitled “ Life and Death ; or, The Creeping Shadow.” It is full of useful suggestions

on almost an endless number of topics, and, so far as my humble judgment can grasp the views herein expressed, are orthodox and tend to "good, and only good." And laying aside all the rest and taking the one theme only, viz., "the art of preserving health," and if the reader will take the wise counsel so clearly presented, it will be worth to him ten times the price of your valuable book. What is humanity without health? And "all that a man hath will he give for his life."

From my heart I wish the book may have a very large sale, and that you may live to write others.

Very respectfully,

ANDREW MANSHIP,

Minister in the M. E. Church.

[From Henry Ward Beecher's Christian Union, December 24, 1873.]

Something quite astonishing, not to say terrifying, is Dr. D. Lambden Flemming's "New Art of Preserving Health," published by the author in Philadelphia. It is printed in superb style and with highly sensational announcements, and seems to be honestly intended to teach people how to take care of themselves.

Philadelphia, April 29, 1874.

Dr. D. LAMBDEN FLEMMING.

Dear Sir: I have given your book on "Life and Death" a careful perusal, and take great pleasure in saying that it contains a great deal of very useful and instructive reading matter. The book treats entirely upon purely moral and scientific principles, including many plain instructions on the subject of living temperately; and in my judgment there are numerous excellent, useful, and ingenious hints contained throughout the whole book, which should be thoroughly read by every person of both sexes, old and young, and become well acquainted with the principles and modes of preserving good health and promoting life. And therefore I would unhesitatingly recommend that every family should be possessed of a volume, not only as a general reading book, but as an indispensable medical guide.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

H. G. HARTRANFT,

427 North Sixth Street.

[From the Presbyterian, Philadelphia, May 22, 1875.]

"Life and Death; or, The Creeping Shadow. A lecture. Silent, but of sovereign power, consisting of numerous original compositions in verse and prose, and collections from ancient manuscripts and various writers. With twenty-five illustrations. By D. Lambden Flemming, M.D." The art of preserving health, and the particular nature of all things requisite for the life of man, drinks, diet, exercise, air, the pas-



sions, etc. Special directions how to live and prolong life. The title page of this book gives a wrong impression. It reads like the advertisement of a quack medicine. But the book has real literary merit. The verse is sprightly, sometimes approaching true poetry ; always chaste, and sometimes elegant in diction. As to its value as a medical work, we would judge it to be only general, and on the principle that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The discussions abound with classic lore, and throughout the work is in the interest of morals and religion.

[From the Sunday Item, April 19, 1875.]

The layman may not be able to treat a critical case—at that time the skilful physician will be needed—but, with the aid of a good book, like the one before us, he may be able to observe such a regimen as will lead to reasonable health and long life.

The work should be found in every intelligent household. It treats of the particular nature of all things requisite for the life of man, of drinks, diet, exercise, air, the passions, etc., with special directions how to live and prolong life, with other useful observations.

The style of the work is large and impressive. It is ably written—the contents are highly interesting and instructive—the scope is broad and general, and it deserves to be carefully read.

[From the Daily Evening Traveller, Boston, December 31, 1874.]

The Art of Preserving Health is the title of an interesting volume, by Dr. D. Lambden Flemming, abounding with information valuable to all, and new to many whose ignorance of sanitary laws has exposed them to dangers from which those well acquainted with the rules which govern our being escape. The reader will find it a most interesting book, and one which will repay perusal. It is published by the author, who is a well-known Philadelphia physician, and has received the most cordial endorsements of the local press.

[From the Delaware County Democrat, December 10, 1873.]

Life and Death, or the Creeping Shadow. This is the title of a new work, just issued, by Dr. Flemming, of Philadelphia. The work is on the subject of preserving the health, and treats every form of disease in the most practical manner. It is a work that will repay the reader for the time spent in its perusal. It not only treats on the proper treatment of diseases, but what is of far more importance, it gives directions, which if followed, health may be preserved. This work should be found in every household. It is profusely illustrated and handsomely gotten up.

[From the Western Review, December 25, 1873.]

Few medical works written for the general reader are worthy of notice. We have, however, a notable exception to this rule, in the truly useful work by Dr. D. Lambden Flemming. Were it possible to impress mothers and fathers with the value and importance of the advice contained in it, and to insure their acting upon it, we should not long have to deplore the misguidance of daughters and sons.

[From the Chester Town Pilot, December 28, 1874.]

Dr. D. Lambden Flemming shows how, in his *Art of Preserving Health*, we think, that families would be benefited by careful study of his work. "Anything that substitutes common sense for calomel, and hygiene for drugs, is an immense boon." Dr. Flemming, we are happy to say, has bestowed this boon on all who care to accept it.

[From the Evening Herald, December 17, 1873.]

*Life and Death, or the Creeping Shadow. The Art of Preserving Health*, by Dr. D. Lambden Flemming, M.D., of Philadelphia. This book is a valuable treatise on domestic medicine. One of the chief merits of the work is its plain, simple, downright common sense. Fresh air, exercise, and plain food, are constantly insisted upon, and the numberless indulgences allowed by foolish parents to children are as steadily condemned, and their evil consequences pointed out. The book has another good quality, it does not aim at superseding the medical man by making every woman her children's doctor, but is designed rather to supply that amount of knowledge which, when children are in health, will enable a mother, under God's blessing, to keep them so. A more useful book could not be placed in any house where there are young children.

[From the Sunday Dispatch, Philadelphia, December 21, 1873.]

*Life and Death, or the Creeping Shadow. The Art of Preserving Health*. A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power, by Dr. D. Lambden Flemming, M.D., is a volume of five hundred pages, with illustrations, the subject being to demonstrate the art of preserving health. It is called a lecture; it is, in fact, a melange. In some places there are clear and valuable directions. In other places, poems intervene, having, of course, medical and sanitary objects, curious and attractive. There is much sound and excellent sense in this book, at the same time there are eccentricities in the method of treatment which possibly, to some minds, will not be attractive.

Address

**D. LAMB DEN FLEMMING, M.D.,**


219 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.








Yours Truly  
D. L. Flemming M.D.



OR THE



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## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF D. LAMBDEN FLEMMING.

I WAS born in the County of Dorchester, State of Maryland, on the 21st day of October, 1839. Evincing at an early age an eager desire for the profession of medicine, and as one of the readiest modes of gratifying that desire, by the opportunities afforded for the study, I became the pupil of a popular and extensive Practitioner of Medicine in my native county. I attended my first course of Medical Lectures at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia in the winter of 1857-58. At the conclusion of my first course of Medical Lectures at the Jefferson, I returned to the office of my Preceptor. The ensuing winter, I entered the halls of the University of Maryland, and became the student of Nathan R. Smith, the eminent and distinguished surgeon of the University of Maryland, and remained in his office three years, during which time I had access to the Baltimore Infirmary, which is, and always has been, to use the words of the distinguished William A. Hammond, M.D., Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York, (one of the best schools for the thorough study of all important and interesting diseases, which the country possesses,) at the end of which time, I was appointed resident Functionary in the same Institution, after attending three courses at the University of Maryland. I graduated in March, 1861. I then entered into practice with my Father-in-law, the eminent Dr. Wm. H. Farrow, County of Worcester, State of Maryland, and practiced there three years, after which I removed to Philadelphia.

## TO THE READER.

THAT mighty tyrant, Custom, has made it fashionable (and consequently seemingly necessary) to dedicate books, when published, to some great names, whom authors are wont to load with flatteries, and then beg their protection; a course, in my opinion, no less impertinent than base, for if the writer be conscious himself that he needs pardon and such supporters, why does he trouble the world with his papers? If his intentions are good and candid, what need of such fawning addresses? Truth is too noble to truckle to those little artifices, and carries, in the majesty of her unclouded brow, both sufficient passport and patronage, and those who oppose her do it at their own peril, for at long-run she is sure to be victorious.

I therefore decline that vulgar method, as one who am nowise fond of running the broad way of the multitude. To thee, O Reader, whoever thou art, is this book entirely dedicated; and yet I shall not so much as bespeak thee to be kind and courteous, only for thy own sake, desire thee to be just and considerate, to weigh impartially what I offer, (I mean the matter, not the words or style) and if still thou wilt, with the deaf adder, stop thine ears against the voice of the charmer, the fault and the danger will be thine; I have discharged my duty.

The main design of this Treatise, (Life and Death) is to bring men acquainted with themselves, and recommend Temperance, the most excellent (though most neglected) virtue in the world, to their practice—in a



word, to persuade them to be kind to their own healths, their own lives, their own souls.

Nor will it be needful here to give you a bill of fare of the several dishes, which this banquet presents you with; that is done in the contents of the several chapters. All I shall say is, that here are variety of truths plainly delivered.

One grand objection I foresee, viz., that I am guilty of tautology, or have too oft repeated the same things. To this I answer: 1. I hope you will rarely find bare repetitions; but although the same or alike expressions may occur, yet still they are either attended with some addition and illustration, or else are improved to the explaining some other notion.

2. Needful truths are never too often repeated, till they are once well learnt. Many men are slow of apprehension, and cannot reach one's meaning without a large expense of words. By these reiterated strokes, I would willingly make impression, first on thy understanding, and next on thy refractory will, to practice what is so necessary to thy well-doing, that is, thy well-being.

There is yet another prejudice may be taken, because in some particulars I have spoken what may seem too free and satirical. But if any with unbiassed minds will please to consider the banefulness of those things I speak against, and withal how destructive they are to mankind, they will be satisfied that such a subject deserves no other treatment. 'Tis neither out of ill-will or self-interest that I have handled them at that rate; but as I conceived they ought justly to be exposed to the contempt of that part of the world which so long they have ass-ridden and seduced.

That you may come to the right understanding of God's law in Nature, and govern yourselves accordingly, to the obtaining health, both of the body and mind, and be happy here and hereafter, is the endeavor as well as desire of

Your Well-wishing Friend.

---

*Disordered Passions.*—There is nothing, perhaps, which contributes more to health and longevity than the proper regulation of the passions. The animating affections—as joy, hope, love, &c.—when kept within proper bounds, gently excite the nervous system, promote an equable circulation of the blood, and are highly conducive to health; while the more violent and depressing passions—as anger, ambition, jealousy, fear, grief, and despair—produce the contrary effects and lay the foundation for the most formidable diseases.

---

*Indelicacy in breathing Impure Air.*—Persons who are fond of frequenting unwholesome crowds, such as the warm, full theatre, or dancing assembly, ought to be informed that nothing is so indelicate as to breathe respired air, or that exhaled from the lungs of other people. To drink of the same cup is the height of politeness, compared with this custom.

---

Were man to live as he should do—enjoying every good gift, and abusing none—he would (saving accidents) live to extreme old age without disease.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

## INTRODUCTION.

It is difficult, if not impossible, in this our day of accumulated literature, to start anything new; yet, rather than close their labors for "lack of argument," our literary adventurers ransack every corner for subject-matter; and, to stimulate the public appetite, old viands are served up in new dishes, either of plate, china, or delf, as best may suit the taste or the means of the bookish epicure.

How far the subject now offered may be relished by the generality, remains to be tried. It will not want the seasoning of antiquity to recommend it, being nearly as old as the Creation; and, if a judgment may be formed from the number of works, both literary and graphic, which have appeared in ancient and modern times, and the avidity with which they have been received, it may reasonably be expected that the present attempt to serve up a sort of Graphic Olio, with suitable garnishes of prose and verse, may not be unacceptable to the general reader; and the more so, as the endeavor has been to give (if not altogether a new), at least a more appropriate reading to the old version of the Dance of Death.

There is little to apprehend in the way of objection, from any application of the designs contained in the work to individual concerns or pursuits, as—



“All men think all men mortal but themselves;”

and there will be no want of claimants to the heirlooms either of safety or longevity. At any rate the greater part of mankind will assume the privilege of exemption from such incidental casualties as are pointed out in the course of the illustrations here exhibited, and will find a clause in their own favor. Thus, for example, the sportsman will readily observe:—

“I have hunted, leapt gates, hedges, and ditches, and cleared all that came in my way; but, then, *my skill* and my horse brought me safe off. The foolish fellow that broke his neck the other day could expect nothing else; instead of minding what he was about in taking his leap, he was looking another way; and, then, the hack he rode!”

“That poor devil of an artist,” observes one of the same profession, “labored at his pictures till he was nearly blind, toiling till nature became exhausted; he could hardly be said to breathe the vital air; the effluvia of his colors had entirely penetrated his system; and it is no wonder he fell a victim to his confinement and his exertions together.”

“Ned —— is gone at last,” says a bon-vivant to his companion; “but it is not surprising—he was a *careless* drinker; I told him his wine-merchant sold him poison.”

In this, or some such way, all will argue in favor of themselves; while the machine of life drives on heedlessly and rapidly. It is true, the check-string may occasionally be drawn by the observing traveller, to

point out to his fellow-passengers some remarkable spot, stamped by some striking event connected with mortality; but the pause will be brief, and the vehicle will again be in motion with as little care as before it was stopped. And this, in some measure, must be the case while we continue to be creatures of this world; even the gloomy ascetic will sometimes steal a look from his cloisters or his cell upon the beauties of the creation, and become a momentary sceptic to his monastic notions, and pine at the vegetative character of his own existence.

With whatever success the labors of the moralist, the philosopher, or the preacher, may have been attended in bringing into view the skeleton remains of the human frame as an emblem of Death, to warn and awaken mankind to a sense of the condition to which they must come at last, the satirist has seldom failed of exciting attention to the characteristic structure of this human machinery, stripped of those lineaments and fair proportions which in life were its charm and pride; but with this difference, that his views of the subject have ever tended to the ludicrous.

Such appears to have been the case even in those days of superstitious ignorance, when the minds of men were subject to the domination of monkish power; for, as soon as the first impression of alarm made by the ghastly phantom, as exhibited in their churches, was over, and the object became familiar, ridicule took the place of fear, and farcical representations of Death on the stage and by the pencil succeeded, in numbers and extent, perhaps, beyond those of any other subject.

One of these farcical moralities is hinted at by our immortal bard, in his play of "Measure for Measure":—

"Merely thou art Death's fool :  
For him thou labourest, by thy flight, to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still."

This passage is explained in a note, thus: "In the simplicity of the ancient shows upon our stage, it was common to bring in two figures, one representing a fool, and the other, Death or Fate; the turn and contrivance of the piece was, to make the fool lay many stratagems to avoid Death, which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it."

It is more than probable that Shakspeare had seen and considered many of the paintings and designs on the subject of Death, and with his powerful touch concentrated the spirit of all that had been said or done in the various works then extant, still keeping up the character of the burlesque united with the deepest pathos:—

"For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,  
Mocking his state and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh, which walls about his life,  
Were brass impregnable: and, humoured thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king."

The same play has the following monitory passage, equally expressive of the frailty and folly of man, who—

"Most ignorant of what he's most assured—  
His glassy essence"—

is apt to play the game of life with too much confidence.



Some there are who make Death the whole business of life: shutting their eyes on the fair face of nature, they think a snare is set in every beauteous object by which they are surrounded, and plunge at once into the gloom of solitude, lest the light of heaven should dazzle their sight and darken their understanding, and work them perdition by tempting to the indulgence of those feelings it was meant to inspire:—

“And thus, in one continued strife,  
’Twixt fear of Death and love of life,”

they pass their existence in a state of deadening apathy or of feverish self-denial; immolating the charities of life and the best affections of the heart at the shrine of superstition. True, the tenure of our being cannot be beneficially held without occasionally adverting to the terms on which it has been granted; and it is sometimes necessary to call in aid the admonitions of the wise and the reflecting, to bring our truant thoughts to a proper estimate of life.

In this view, most of the designs of skeleton forms have been presented to the contemplation of the careless and unthinking; but, as has been before observed, few of them have been so managed as not to border on the ludicrous.

The subject of Death has continued to employ the pen and the pencil, with more or less of character, down to the present time; though the productions of recent date possess less point, and have, perhaps, more of the grotesque than works more remote, and do not, in their graphic form, exhibit the higher qualities of art which are seen in the performances of the old masters; but

are principally addressed to the eye and understanding of the many, rather than to those of the artist or amateur.

“The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to Favor, to Misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change. But, though they did not court the presence of Death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion. Death was the daughter of Night and the sister of Sleep, and ever the friend of the unhappy.

“If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpse and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul:—a butterfly on the extremity of a lamp—Love, with a melancholy air, leaning on an inverted torch, elegantly denoted the cessation of life.”

It was in contemplating this touching and appropriate representation, as it appears in an engraved gem, that Mr. Croly produced those beautiful lines in his *Illustrations of Antique Gems*:—

“Spirit of the drooping wing,  
And the ever-weeping eye,  
Thou of all earth's kings art king:  
Empires at thy footstool lie  
Beneath thee strew'd,  
Their multitude  
Sink like waves upon the shore—  
Storms shall never rouse them more.

“What’s the grandeur of the earth  
To the grandeur of thy throne?  
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
To thy kingdom all have gone.  
Before thee stand  
The wondrous band—  
Bards, heroes, side by side,  
Who darken’d nations when they died!

“Earth hath hosts, but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one :  
Through thy gate the mortal flow  
Has for countless years roll’d on.  
Back from the tomb  
No step has come ;  
There fix’d, till the last thunder’s sound  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.”

Beautiful as the emblem of Mortality in the weeping infant, with the inverted torch, certainly is, that of the butterfly is no less apt in representing the soul. The purity and lightness of its nature, its ambrosial food, the gayety and splendor of its colors—above all, its winged liberty when bursting from its tomblike confinement, in which it appeared to sleep the sleep of death, afford so powerful a contrast exhibited in the same creature, that it could not fail to strike the intelligent among the heathen world as a fit symbol of Immortality.

It is no very extravagant stretch of fancy, to imagine the souls of some gifted individuals embodied agreeably to their intellectual endowments. What a contrast might then be seen to the low, grublike, insignificant forms under which many a genius has been cloaked, in the exalted, noble, and imposing shapes which they would then assume, while others, whose vacant minds have been hid beneath a fair exterior, would sink in the



scale, and become in appearance the insects of reptiles best suited to their real character.

Neither is this "considering the matter too curiously," for it is in perfect accordance with the apostle's views of the resurrection.

"But some men will say—how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

And then he thus goes on:—

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

"So also is the resurrection of the body: it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

With this exalted view of the subject, the following serious and appropriate lines, from the pen of Mrs. Hemans, may not inaptly conclude the Introduction to a work, which, varied and miscellaneous as it is, yet in its general character is calculated to lead the mind to a contemplation of

#### "THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

“ Day is for mortal care,  
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,  
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth !

“ The Banquet hath its hour,  
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;  
There comes a day for Grief’s o’erwhelming power,  
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

“ Youth and the opening Rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

“ We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When Autumn’s hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

“ Is it when Spring’s first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?  
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?—  
They have one season—all are ours to die !

“ Thou art where billows foam ;  
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

“ Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;  
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.”

## DEATH.

DEATH may be defined simply as that state or condition in which waste and decay are not compensated for by repair. For living structures decay as dead ones do, although the fashion of the decay is, in the two cases, different. In death, nothing takes the place of that which is lost, and the material body, as an individual, disappears.

“Death still pursues thee, and each flying hour,  
Does some small portion of thy life devour.”

But who, let us seriously inquire, and what, is this all-potent Alchemist, Death?

“Death is Life, and Life is Death,” said *Euripides*, and so said *Plato*, and so said the *Eastern Sages*. If then Death be Life, as the wise and virtuous of all ages have believed, the question recurs, what is Life?

Life, says the Beauty, is admiration and gay attire;—it is dice and dash, says the Spendthrift;—it is gain, says the Merchant and the Miser;—it is power, says the Prince. Yet the Alchemist looks for it in an elixir. But Death dethrones the Prince—breaks the Merchant and Miser—out-dashes the Spendthrift and the Belle, and spills the elixir of Life!

Life is action, says the Cricketer;—it is a feast, says the Glutton;—it is a bubble, says the Philosopher: but Death bursts the Philosopher’s bubble—gormandizes the Glutton, and bowls out the Cricketer!

It is fees, says the Physician;—it is judgment and execution, says the Judge;—it is all vanity, says the Parson: but Death humbles the Parson's vanity, executes the Judge and his judgments, and takes fee of the Physician and his Patients too!

Thou art then a very Proteus, Death; at once a Miser, a Merchant, and a Prince;—thou art a Game, a Glutton, and a Bubble;—thou art Justice to the injured, a Physician to the sick, and a humbler of Vanity; thou art Master of the Ceremonies of Life, sporting with it in every form, and we have sported with thee!

Thus, view them however we may, Life and Death are endless paradoxes; the love of the one, and the fear of the other, are unquestionably imprinted in our nature for wise purposes—they gain and lose strength—they rise and fall—and in all their movements they *dance together*.

That these passions, however useful and necessary, relatively to our natural state, are equally vain and fallacious in an absolute and moral sense, has long been admitted by the philosopher: and that they may be so to common sense, we have only to consider that it is as natural to die as to be born—that Death and Life are merely figurative of the two general relations, being and cessation; and that Death in particular, the grim King of Terrors, is only a personification—the Pluto of the Poets—an animated skeleton, or *anatomie vivante* of the imagination; so that, as we cannot paint white without black, we cannot represent Death without Life.



If, however, these passions are ever so vain and illusive, their effects are no less actual and certain, and of difficult mastery: it eminently deserves our concern, therefore, that we should so cultivate and control them, that we may continue life with enjoyment, and quit it without regret; and since it is a fact, that man loves and desires only good, and fears only ill—so long as life is a good he loves it, and when it becomes an evil he loathes it. The sum of our aim then is, that, as evil is but the consequence of ill action, and we dread not Death nor desire Life for themselves, we have only to act well, that we may live without fear, and die without despair.

These impressions are accordingly strongest in early life, and, when our course is right, they appear to decline as we advance, and to become feeble and extinct; so that by degrees, beautifully suited to a virtuous progress, Heaven disengages us altogether from the love of Life and the fear of Death.

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*A Hint to the Studios.*—A celebrated Florentine has aptly said: A painter will wash his pencils—a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, and forge—a husbandman will mend his plough-irons, and grind his hatchet, if it be dull—a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, and horses,—a musician will string and unstring his lute;—the Literati alone neglect that instrument, the Brain, which they daily use; by which they range over the world, and which, by much study, is consumed.

## THE CREEPING SHADOW.

MARK the Creeping Shadow! Silent and seemingly still, yet with slow, noiseless steps it is moving along, creeping onward, ever onward, still marking moments and hours in their flight, until the morn of Life is past, the noon is reached, the day declines, the sunlight fades, and the pall of darkness settles around.

Such is Life and Death! Such its march—slow, unobserved, yet irresistible in its effect. It is a world of change and separation; the voice of nature is constantly addressing us in farewell tones; each withered leaf, as it falls from the majestic forest tree, and the lowliest shrub that blooms by the wayside, are fit emblems of mortality, and should remind us of the solemn hour when the last faint, feeble murmur of the dying is heard, while yet the lips are half unclosed and trembling, and the heart speaks forth the last solemn strain; Farewell!

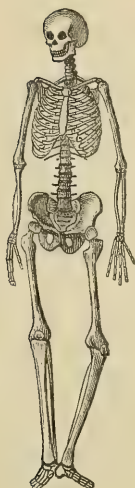
See yon glorious orb of light, as he arises from his morning rest! Slowly he moves onward, shedding a halo of joy and brightness on every object. Gently his rays linger on the half-formed dew-drops, and the almost opened flower; these he welcomes into life, giving them, as it were, a new existence wherein to bloom in brightness and beauty. Blessed sunlight, we welcome thee in all thy loveliness! Each young spray receives a rosy flush of beauty when lighted by thy smile; the fairy-peopled world of flowers brightens at thy presence, and the sweet dews that sparkle like beaded diamonds on the mossy bank greet thee with a merry smile; the fervid hue of love is kindled anew where thou hast thy throne.

Thou hast no favorites, but visitest the lowly mansion as cheerfully as the lordly palace, crownest alike with golden diadem the monarch of the forest and the wayside shrub, and smilest as tenderly upon the lowly violet as upon the proud dahlia; with skilful hand thou paintest the early bloom and bathest in gorgeous light the autumn flowers, and thou givest to live all its freshness and beauty.

Life would be full of gladness, were there no shadows to remind us of change and decay. Every sound which is whispered bears in itself a farewell story. As the plaintive strains of far-off music fall upon the half-conscious ear, it sinks deeper and deeper, filling the soul with all the emotions which are great and ennobling; it lends a brighter tint to our happiness, a ray of gladness to our being, we seem borne on the wings of sound to a brighter land where change is unknown, where the severed links of life will be united in one unbroken chain, and where song and praise will never be hushed. There flowers will bloom untouched by thorns, and spring forever reign. There the aged shall renew his youth, and flourish in immortal strength and beauty.

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It is health that makes your bed easy, and your sleep refreshing; that renews your strength with the rising sun; that fills up the hollows and uneven places of your carcass, and makes you plump and comely, and adorns your face with her choicest colors; that makes your exercise a sport; that increases the natural endowments of your mind, and makes the soul delight in her mansion.



## SKELETON.

YE skeleton I like to view, because  
No veil there screens a mean perfidious heart;  
No vertebra inclines, to feign applause  
Where scorn is felt; but, finished life's brief part,  
The limbs with seeming dignity can pause,  
Nor shake with terror nor with fury start;  
And Death, as seen by me, was, I must own,  
A very gentlemanly skeleton.

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow’r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,  
Await alike th’ inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”



1. Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,  
Once of ethereal spirit full.  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions filled this spot,  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot.  
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.
2. Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But, start not at the dismal void—  
If social Love that eye employed;  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dews of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and suns are sunk in night.
3. Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.  
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And where it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle Concord never broke!  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When Time unveils Eternity.
4. Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can little now avail to them.  
But if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,

These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

5. Avails it whether bare or shod,  
These feet the paths of duty trod?—  
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,  
To seek Affliction's humble shed,  
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to Virtue's cot returned,  
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.
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*Neglect of Health.*—It is much to be regretted, that mankind in general, while in the enjoyment of health, pay so little attention to the preservation of so inestimable a blessing. Nothing is more common than to see a miserable object with a constitution broken down by his own imprudence, and a prey to disease, bathing, walking, riding, and, in a word, doing everything to solicit a return of health—yet, had his friends recommended these very things to him by way of preventing, the advice would, in all probability, have been treated with contempt, or at least with neglect. Such is the weakness and folly of mankind, and such the want of foresight, even in those who ought to be wiser than others.

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Every man is either a fool or a physician after thirty years of age.



## THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF LIFE.

IN the beautiful Grecian myth which is an allegory of the Fall, we are told that when the curiosity of Pandora had opened the casket that contained the maladies and miseries which were to afflict the world, Hope remained at the bottom, to cheer the heart of man under the sorrows of life. It is the one star that is ever shining amid surrounding clouds and darkness—lighting, with benign radiance, his pathway from the cradle to the tomb.

Like the magic toy, which presents scattered pebbles and broken fragments of painted glass in regular forms, and clothes them with beautiful colors, Hope arranges again in order our disappointed plans and broken expectations, and invests them anew with the rainbow hues of future success.

As difficulties and perplexities gather around the path of the youthful student, while he wanders amid the

mazes of doubtful truth, and darkness seems gathering around him; when his feet become weary and his heart faint, he looks through the Kaleidoscope, and his drooping spirit is cheered with the sight of images of surpassing loveliness and beauty, that are to burst upon him when knowledge shall have revealed to him her mysteries, and admitted him to the honors and rewards with which she crowns and endows her votaries.

Why did the brave and virtuous Columbus persist in his endeavors to induce Isabella to fit out a fleet for him to explore the unknown regions of the West? and why did she freely offer to part with her jewels, to procure the means necessary to fit out the expedition? Comforting Hope encouraged them to persevere, and richly rewarded their efforts, for he returned to her court bearing the joyful news of the great discovery he had made in the West. Inspired by Hope, he made other voyages, and, discovering the continent of America, added a new world to the kingdoms of Castile and Leon.

The fond mother, whose heart may be the shrine of buried conjugal love, and who may be a pensioner upon the world's cold bounty, as she bends fondly over the cradle of her infant boy, looks through the Kaleidoscope of the future, and beholds visions such as no painter's mind can summon, nor anything but a mother's heart conceive, when the helpless child shall become the strong man, and emulate the virtues and fame of his departed sire, and be the pride and the prop of her declining years.

The warrior on his toilsome march, or pillowing his head upon the cold ground—in the din of battle, when the hour of peril has come, and the noise of cannon echoes on the air—and blood and carnage strew the battle-field—glances through the Kaleidoscope, and be-



holds the established liberties of his country, and the wreaths and trophies of conquest—and hears above the storm of war, the plaudits of his countrymen—and he rushes to the contest, shouting “Liberty or Death!”

It is this which has nerved the hearts and hands of the true and brave in all ages—with this inspiring them, they have been ready to devote themselves upon the altar of their country’s good, and, firm in their purpose, and steadfast in their undertaking, they have raised their swords to heaven and sworn to die for its liberty.

Far out upon the hoary deep, where the golden smile of summer never comes, but the winter-king flaps his ice-bespangled wings—where the seaman is tossed upon the billows, with naught to guide his course over the dark waters—when the wild winds rage around him, and the spirit of the storm points to a watery grave, and his heart begins to fail, and the tear-drops start from his eyes—then Hope presents her Kaleidoscope and wakes her golden lyre; and as she sings of his distant home, and the loving hearts and the gentle voices within, her strains soothe the mighty monsters in their polar habitations—and he hears a voice saying to the wild winds and waves, “Peace! be still!” and he seems to tread again his native fields, and anticipates the rapturous reunion and the joys of home.

Hope is the ever-constant soother of our cares and sorrows, and the inspirer of our toils. Without this talisman, even Love, worshipping at the shrine of beauty, would soon remit his ardor, and grow weary of his adoration. Were it not for the suggestions of Hope, the earnest suitor would soon give over his efforts to win the obdurate fair, but Hope cheers him with omens of suc-

cess, and fills his imagination with dreams of quiet happiness by the domestic altar and hearthstone.

The Christian's life is one of trials and temptations, for he is a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth. The Book of God is his Kaleidoscope, nor does he fail to look therein during his earthly pilgrimage, and as he does so, he beholds bright visions of the City of God, and of the mansions prepared for the faithful, beyond the bed of corruption and our sleep in dust. When the heart of the mourner sinks as she tearfully gazes on the cold and lifeless remains of one beloved, she is cheered by visions of the upper sanctuary, for she beholds the loved and lost in the garments of immortality standing by the throne of God, joining in the chorus of the ransomed and the glorified.

Were it not for Hope, our life would be too dark and dreary, and we would pine for a release from its cares and sorrows in the calm and quiet grave. But after darkness, cometh light; after the tempest, the rainbow; and sunshine after the storm—and our merciful Father has given us Hope to illumine the darkness and relieve the disquietudes of our mortal state. All nature, whether robed in green or decked with flowers, is full of hope. Her music floats among the evergreens and blossoms until the little harbingers of summer catch the strain and breathe it into human hearts—diffusing calmness, and serenity, and joy around.

Hail, lovely Hope, immortal never-failing friend of man! Love may grow cold and leave the heart, and friendship may decay; but oh! thou, with thy sunny smiles wilt still linger in the hour of affliction and sorrow. When other friends are false and fail us, thy smiles

are warm and true. Thou art man's first and best friend, and shall be his companion as long as the sun shall run his round;

"Till the heavens and earth are rolled away  
And there shall be no more sea."

And when the works of nature shall fade, and the sun shall cease to shine, thou wilt accompany him to the heavenly mansions, and having fulfilled thy blessed mission upon earth, commit him to Joy, thy celestial sister, who shall be with him through eternity.

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade  
When all the sister planets have decayed;  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!"

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I beseech all persons who shall read this work, not to degrade themselves to a level with the brutes or the rabble, by eating and drinking promiscuously whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understand physic or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees and what does not agree with them, that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of such things as conduce to their health, and forbear everything which by their own experience they find to do them hurt; and let them be assured, that by a diligent observance and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physic or physicians.







HYGEIA, THE GODDESS OF HEALTH.

## HYGEIA.

HYGEIA, the Goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Esculapius; and he, according to ancient mythology, was reckoned the god and inventor of medicine, and received the glory of having discovered the healing art. She is here holding conversation with her Father and the imps of Hell, obtaining secrets in physic from the Devil himself, to enable her, through the aid of her Electro-chymical apparatus, to prepare the celebrated San-guin'e-ous Balsams of Life, which, if used according to directions, and all the laws which govern health be strictly carried out as directed in her following Art of Preserving Health, man can live not only to the good old age allotted to man (threescore and ten), but far beyond that period. Then it's

Hygeia, hail! I'll drink at thy pure spring,  
Where Temperance and Exercise preside;  
And while life's dearest boon thy handmaids bring,  
Though from the wine-press flow the purple tide,  
The tempting goblet from my lips I'll fling,  
Scorning the gifts by luxury supplied.  
Hail! then, Hygeia, hail! "thee, Goddess, I adore,"  
For, blest with health, I'm rich, though scanty be my  
store!

All of the various baleful forms of disease and death  
fly from her presence.

## THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK I.

## AIR.

HYGEIA! whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!  
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,  
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigor through the tracts  
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.  
When through the blue serenity of heaven  
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,  
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,  
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends  
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues  
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings  
Rise from the putrid watery element,  
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,  
Or the vile carnage of the inhuman field;  
Whatever baneful breaths the rotten South;  
Whatever ills the extremes or sudden change  
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;  
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all



The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,  
And all the pale tribes halting in the train  
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught  
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,  
Portend disasters to the vital world;  
Thy salutary power averts their rage,  
Averts the general bane: and but for thee  
Nature would sicken, Nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy  
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
No more the maids of Helicon delight.  
Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay!  
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,  
And let it sweetly teach thy wholesome laws:  
"How best the fickle fabric to support  
Of mortal man; in healthful body how  
A healthful mind the longest to maintain."  
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose  
The best, and those of most extensive use;  
Harder in clear and animated song  
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.  
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace  
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
Through paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,  
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,  
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.  
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,  
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,



Indulge, O Mead ! a well-design'd essay,  
Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I  
My little knowledge with my country share,  
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this fev'rish world would wear  
A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;  
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;  
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world  
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome  
With dim mortality. It is not air  
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
Sated with exhalations, rank and fell,  
The spoils of dunghills, and the putrid thaw,  
Of nature ; when from shape and texture she  
Relapses into fighting elements :  
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
Much moisture hurts : but here a sordid bath,  
With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more  
The solid frame than simple moisture can.  
Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay  
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
This slumb'ring Deep remains, and ranker grows  
With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor  
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)  
Did not the acid vigor of the mine,  
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame  
The putrid streams that overswarm the sky ;  
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode

Those tender cells that draw the vital air,  
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;  
Or, by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn  
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,  
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,  
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds  
Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,  
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
That fans the ever-undulating sky ;  
A kindly sky, whose fost'ring pow'r regales  
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles  
Benign, where all the honest children thrive.  
To us there wants not many a happy seat :  
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
We hardly fix, bewildered in our choice.  
See where enthron'd in adamant state,  
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;  
There choose thy seat in some aspiring grove  
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where  
Broader she leaves fair Richmond's green retreats  
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise  
Rural or gay). O ! from the summer's rage  
O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides  
Umbrageous Ham ! But if the busy town  
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,  
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess  
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;  
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;  
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
Of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unspoiled.  
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;

But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads  
Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.  
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend  
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.  
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest  
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sickening land:  
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,  
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude and pains  
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,  
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;  
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
O'erflow: A short relief from former ills.  
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;  
The vigor sinks, the habit melts away;  
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom  
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
Devoured, in sallow melancholy clad.  
And oft the Sorceress, in her sated wrath,  
Resigns them to the furies of her train;  
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain  
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;  
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:  
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll  
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.  
For from the humid soil and wat'ry reign  
Eternal vapors rise. The spongy air  
Forever weeps; or turgid with the weight

Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.  
Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun  
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,  
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or the moist catarrh;  
Or any other injury that grows  
From raw-spun fibres, idle and unstrung,  
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood  
In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;  
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,  
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
Bare and extended wide without a stream,  
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph  
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay  
Their flexible vibrations; or inflamed  
Their tender, ever-moving structure thaws,  
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins:  
Unactive in the services of life,  
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through  
The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
The melancholic Fiend (that worst despair  
Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man  
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain  
Too stretch'd a tone; and hence in climes a dust  
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes  
Of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.



But as the power of choosing is deny'd  
To half mankind, a farther task ensues;  
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,  
How breathe unhurt the with'ring element,  
Or hazy atmosphere; though Custom moulds  
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;  
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd  
(So kind is native air) may in the fens  
Of Essex from the inveterate ills revive  
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.  
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,  
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up  
Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep  
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;  
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,  
Betray th' unwilling lake into a stream;  
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
To break the toils where strangled vapors lie;  
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.  
Meantime at home with cheerful fire dispel  
The humid air: and let your table smoke  
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds  
Of tamer breed supply, or what the wilds  
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase,  
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years  
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,  
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,  
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heaven.  
But neither these nor all Apollo's arts,  
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
Unless with exercise and manly toil  
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease

Avoid; if indolence would wise to live,  
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year  
In fairy skies. If drougthy regions parch  
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood;  
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat  
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;  
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.  
Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,  
The moist relaxing vegetable store,  
Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied  
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,  
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,  
To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass  
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;  
That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood  
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.  
The fragrant dairy from the cool recess  
Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl  
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve.  
For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups  
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
Yet when pale seasons rise or winter rolls  
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge  
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach  
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air  
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.  
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs  
Bedew'd, our seasons droop, incumbent still  
A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.

Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise  
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,  
Till black with thunder all the south descends.  
Scarce in a showerless day the heav'ns indulge  
Our melting clime; except the baleful East  
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk  
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.  
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes  
This dismal change! The brooding elements,  
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,  
Prepare some fierce, exterminating plague?  
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above  
That lofty Albion melt into the main?  
Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom;  
Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
That drown or wither: give the genial West  
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:  
And may once more the circling seasons rule  
The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime the moist malignity to shun  
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign  
Swells into cheerful hills; where Marjoram  
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;  
And where the Cynorrhodon\* with the rose  
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil  
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.  
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep  
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,  
And let them see the winter morn arise,

\* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common brier.

The summer ev'ning blushing in the west ;  
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind  
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,  
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
O ! when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;  
To sink in warm repose, and hear the dim  
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
Above the luxury of common sleep.  
The murmuring riv'let, and the hoarser strain  
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,  
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.  
To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves  
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.  
Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes  
The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,  
From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
Of purest element, refreshing still  
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.  
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds  
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.  
His purer mansion nor contagious years  
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs from lake or fenny plain,  
Involve my hill ! And wheresoe'er you build,  
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains  
Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,  
On high Blackheath with wintry winds assailed ;  
Dry be your house : but airy more than warm.



Else every breath of ruder wind will strike  
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;  
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your  
voice,

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.  
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell  
In cloister'd air, tainted with streaming life,  
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;  
And still at azure noontide may your dome  
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,  
And theatres open to the south, commend?  
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests  
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,  
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales  
That, circled round with the gigantic heap  
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope  
To feel, the genial vigor of the sun!  
While on the neighb'ring hill the rose inflames  
The verdant spring; in verdant beauty blows  
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;  
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,  
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.  
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand  
The fost'ring sun; whose energy divine  
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat  
Glow thro' the mass of grosser elements,  
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.  
Cheer'd by thy kind, invigorating warmth,  
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!  
If not the soul, the regent of this world,  
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!



## THE COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I FEAR, said the Stomach, addressing the Brain,  
 That my efforts to serve you will soon be in vain;  
 For, such is the weight you compel me to bear,  
 And such are the labors that fall to my share,  
 That, unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,  
 My strength must soon fail—I shall drop on the road.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish,  
 Which serve as a whet to some favorite dish,  
 With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,  
 Or rather to force on the market a trade—  
 Are really too much for my delicate frame;  
 And to burden me thus is an absolute shame.  
 But I do not complain, altho' hard is my case,  
 As many would do, were they put in my place,  
 Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive  
 That some other members have reason to grieve;  
 There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you about,  
 Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;  
 And your hands are so feeble, you scarcely can pass  
 To your neighbor the bottle, or fill him a glass.—

And further the Stomach had gone on to state,  
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined, took up the debate,  
"Did you speak to the Brain?" said a low piping voice;  
(It was just before dinner), I much should rejoice  
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,  
But he and his measures have long had an end;  
A nondescript substance now fills up the space  
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.  
By some 't 'as been thought that your chymical skill  
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill)  
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of  
thinking,  
So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking.  
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,  
Of the passage which told, there was "Death in the  
pot."  
But the sauce is preparing to season the fish;  
When too late 'twill be found, there is "Death in the  
dish."

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To render exercise appropriate, during health, it is necessary that motion be communicated to every part susceptible of it; that the breast be dilated beyond the usual bounds of rest; that all the muscles attain the utmost degree of their extension and contraction; that strength, of course, be exerted, and enjoy all its developments. The effects of such exercise, when not carried to the extent of producing undue fatigue, are to promote the circulation of the fluids throughout the body, to render the digestion of food more easy and perfect, to insure the nutrition of every part of the system, and to enable perspiration and the other excretions to take place with regularity.

## THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK II.

## DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,  
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight;  
A barren waste, where not a garland grows  
To bind the Muse's brow; not e'en a proud,  
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,  
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:  
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads  
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.  
Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts  
Of life; the table of the homely Gods  
Demand my song: Elysian gales, adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
The generous stream that waters every part,  
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys  
To every particle that moves or lives;  
This vital fluid, through unnumbered tubes  
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded; scourg'd forever round and round;  
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin  
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates  
Are open to its flight, it would destroy  
The parts it cherish'd, and repair'd before.  
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide



That ripening nature rolls, as in the stream  
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force  
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,  
That very force, those plastic particles  
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man!  
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,  
Daily, with fresh materials, to repair  
This unavoidable expense of life,  
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.  
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,  
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;  
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide  
To liquors, which, through finer arteries,  
To different parts their winding course pursue;  
To try new changes, and new forms put on,  
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind  
Can labor into blood. The hungry meal  
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;  
By violent powers too easily subdued,  
Too soon expell'd. His daily labor thaws,  
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass  
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;  
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste  
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,  
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste,  
With pale and bloated sloth, the tedious day!  
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid  
The full repast; and let sagacious age  
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food  
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;  
And soon the tender vegetable mass  
Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread  
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,  
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,  
In youth and sanguine vigor let him die ;  
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,  
Absolve him, ill requited, from the yoke.  
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,  
Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,  
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,  
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;  
A race of purer blood, with exercise  
Refin'd and scanty fare ; for, old or young,  
The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd :  
Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
To wholesome food, the abominable growth  
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste  
Rejects, like bane, such loathsome lusciousness.  
The languid stomach curses e'en the pure  
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :  
For more the oily aliments relax  
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph  
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
Coyly they mix, and shun with slippery wiles  
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,  
So gentle late, and blandishing, in floods  
Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence,  
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.  
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make  
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :  
Choose sober meals ; and rouse to active life

Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' infeebling down,  
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.  
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,  
With cheerful ease and succulent repast  
Improve his habit if he can ; for each  
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands,  
Or that complexion ; what the various powers  
Of various foods : but fifty years would roll,  
And fifty more, before the tale were done.  
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,  
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,  
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;  
Which finds a poison in the food, that most  
The temp'rate affects. There are, whose blood  
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,  
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,  
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.  
Of chilly nature others fly the board  
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers,  
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.  
Some e'en the generous nutriment detest  
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.  
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
Of Pales ; soft, delicious, and benign :  
The balmy quintessence of every flower,  
And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;  
The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life ;  
The best refection of declining age ;  
The kind restorative of those who lie  
Half dead, and panting, from the doubtful strife  
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.

Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,  
There is not such a salutary food  
As suits with every stomach. But (except,  
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,  
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which  
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)  
Taught by experience soon you may discern  
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;  
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,  
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue;  
Or much diminish, or too much increase  
Th' expense; which nature's wise economy,  
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.  
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,  
And bid the curious palate roam at will;  
They scarce can err amid the various stores  
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless King  
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;  
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals  
Would at a manger starve: of milder seeds  
The generous horse to herbage and to grain  
Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound  
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.  
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
Each creature knows its proper aliment;  
But man, the inhabitant of every clime,  
With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
Directed, bounded, by this power within,  
Their cravings are well aim'd: voluptuous man  
Is by superior faculties misled;



Misled from pleasure e'en in quest of joy.  
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
With dishes tortured from their native taste,  
And mad variety to spur beyond  
Its wiser will the jaded appetite?  
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;  
And know that temperance is true luxury,  
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim.  
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;  
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,  
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,  
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.  
E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,  
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.  
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm  
But that which binds the mercenary vow?  
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,  
Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade?  
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,  
Or by a heart too generous and humane,  
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,  
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?  
There are, while human miseries abound,  
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,  
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,  
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.  
Such various foods, though harmless each alone,  
Each other violate; and oft we see  
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,  
From combinations of innoxious things.

Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine  
To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.  
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,  
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal  
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,  
Of every realm. It matters not meanwhile  
How much to-morrow differ from to-day,  
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.  
But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
With caution fruits you never tried before.  
For want of use the kindest aliment  
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage  
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heav'n has form'd us to the general taste  
Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd  
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,  
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense  
Of light refection, at the genial board  
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast  
To dull satiety; till soft and slow  
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul  
Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.  
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,  
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues  
The softest food: unfinish'd and depraved,  
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns  
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams  
So to be clear'd but foulness will remain.  
To sparkling what ferment can exalt

The unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill  
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
Of plagues; but more immedicable ills  
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows  
How to disburden the two tumid veins,  
Even how to ripen the half labor'd blood:  
But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,  
And with balsamic nutriment repair  
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid  
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;  
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,  
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.  
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait  
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:  
For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
What nature well can bear; and one extreme  
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse  
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb  
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege,  
And famine, humbled, may this verse be borne;  
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds.  
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main;  
The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;  
Nor crown with festive rites the auspicious day:  
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
Than war or famine. While the vital fire  
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;

But prudently foment the wandering spark  
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :  
Be frugal e'en of that ; a little give  
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;  
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame,  
Revived, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)  
Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails  
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
From this to that : So nature learns to bear  
Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury  
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.  
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers ;  
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,  
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.  
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
The latent seed of woe, which, rooted once,  
Might cost you labor. But the day return'd  
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
Most in the tender vegetable breed ;  
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame  
The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds  
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air ;  
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup  
From the fresh dairy virgin's liberal hand,  
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world  
The dreaded Causos\* roll his wasteful fires.

\* The burning fever.



Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,  
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;  
And longs with old wood, and old wine to cheer  
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,  
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen  
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain  
Descending, nature by degrees invites  
To glowing luxury. But, from the depth  
Of winter, when th' invigorated year  
Emerges ; when Favonius, flush'd with love,  
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride,  
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;  
And learn, with wise humanity, to check  
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky ;  
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand  
The prone creation, yields what once suffic'd  
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young,  
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
The food that suits it most, so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where  
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste  
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;  
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants  
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,  
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,  
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave :  
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god  
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world

Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal  
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn  
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board  
With generous fare, and luxury profuse.  
These are their bread, the only bread they know;  
These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops  
The scrubby herbage on their meagre hills,  
Or scales, for fattening moss, the savage rocks.  
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South  
Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains;  
Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins  
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams  
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,  
Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;  
Nor does the tepid Main such kinds produce,  
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals  
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood  
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain  
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course;  
Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.  
But here in livid ripeness melts the Grape;  
Here, finished by invigorating suns,  
Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows;  
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields  
A generous pulp; the Cocoa swells on high  
With milky riches, and in horrid mail  
The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets:  
Earth's vaunted progeny—In ruder air  
Too coy to flourish, e'en too proud to live;  
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire  
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile  
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn;  
Here buxom Ceres reigns; th' autumnal sea

In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
Nature profuses most, and most the taste  
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine  
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.  
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs  
Supports in else intolerable air:  
While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove  
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage  
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;  
Now let me wander through your gelid reign:  
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po  
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves  
A mighty flood to water half the East;  
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,  
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.  
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades  
Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve  
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;  
And more gigantic still th' impending trees  
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
Are these the confines of some fairy world?  
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds  
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond

Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,  
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,  
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,  
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
Your gifts (so Pæan, so the powers of health  
Command) to praise your crystal element:  
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;  
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;  
The vehicle, the source of nutriment  
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! with eager lips  
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
New life in you; fresh vigor fills their veins.  
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
None warmer sought the sires of human kind.  
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days  
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,  
And, sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd  
They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
Blest with divine immunity from ails,  
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate  
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods  
Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
How would they scorn the joys of modern time  
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!  
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,  
And luxury on sloth begot disease.



Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without disdain  
The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage\*  
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.  
What least of foreign principles partakes  
Is best : the lightest then ; what bears the touch  
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;  
The most insipid ; the most void of smell.  
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides  
Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale  
Forever boil, alike of winter's frost  
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream  
Thro' rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure  
And mellow draughts ; except when winter thaws,  
And half the mountains melt into the tide.  
Though thirst we e'er so resolute, avoid  
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods  
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals  
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green ;  
Squallid with generation, and the birth  
Of little monsters) ; till the power of fire  
Has from profane embraces disengag'd  
The violated lymph. The virgin stream  
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.  
But where the stomach, indolent and cold,  
Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
Th' insipid stream ; the golden Ceres yields

\* Hippocrates.

A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;  
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all  
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss  
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire;  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years  
Embalmed in fiery quintessence of wine,  
The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
Unravellings of minute anatomy,  
Maintain their texture, and unchanged remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame;  
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,  
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught  
Faster and surer, swells the vital tide;  
And with more active poison, than the floods  
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades  
The far-remote meanders of our frame.  
Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,  
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck  
Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian maids  
Another time,\* perhaps, shall sing the joys,  
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;  
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,  
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,  
Roused by the rare debauch, subdues, expels  
The loitering crudities that burden life;

\* See Book iv.

And like a torrent full and rapid, clears  
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world  
Is full of chances, which by habit's power  
To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.  
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,  
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine  
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages:  
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays  
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend  
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?  
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:  
By slow degrees the liberal arts are one;  
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth  
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein  
In cups by well-inform'd experience found  
The least your bane; and only with your friends.  
There are sweet follies: frailties to be seen  
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return  
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,  
Except when life declines, even sober cups.  
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,  
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,  
The sapless habit daily to bedew,  
And give the hesitating wheels of life  
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:  
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,  
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dextrous thousands just within the goal  
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course?  
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,

No morning admonitions shock the head.  
But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace,  
And that incurable disease, old age,  
In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :  
Except kind nature by some hasty blow  
Prevent the lingering fates. For know whate'er  
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on  
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,  
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil  
Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,  
And sows the temples with untimely snow  
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel  
The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,  
The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,  
Acquiring (from their elemental veins,  
Condens'd to solid chords\*) a firmer tone,  
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.  
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse  
And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;  
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.  
Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force  
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;  
Its various functions vigorously are plied  
By strong machinery ; and in solid health

\* In the human body as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body, from infancy to old age, is accounted for.



The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.  
But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point,  
By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.  
For still the beating tide consolidates  
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still  
To the weak throbs of the ill-supported heart.  
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees  
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,  
Through tedious channels the congealing flood  
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;  
It loiters still: and now it stirs no more.  
This is the period few attain; the death  
Of nature; thus (so Heav'n ordain'd it) life  
Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd  
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;  
And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood  
The crash of thunder and the warring winds,  
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,  
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,  
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;  
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.  
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.  
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,  
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,  
The sun himself, shall die, and ancient night  
Again involve the desolate abyss:  
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom  
Extend his arm to light another world,  
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

For thro' the regions of unbounded space,  
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,  
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still  
Between creation and abhor'd decay:  
It ever did : perhaps and ever will.  
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;  
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

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*Fasting.*—Distinct from religious ordinances and anchorite zeal, fasting has been frequently recommended and practised, as a means of removing incipient disease, and of restoring the body to its customary healthful sensations. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin for a period did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased, but why adduce authority in favor of a practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt, whenever they are sick? Happily for them, they have no meddling prompters in the shape of well-meaning friends, to force a stomach already enfeebled and loathing its customary food, to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like. It would be a singular fashion, and yet to the full as rational as the one just mentioned, if on eyes weakened by long exercise in a common light, we were to direct a stream of blue, or violet, or red, or even green light through a prism, in place of keeping them carefully shaded and at rest.

## THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK III.

## EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has past ;  
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.  
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;  
Plain and of little ornament ; and I  
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts :  
Yet not in vain such labors have we tried,  
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.  
To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you  
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,  
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.  
Not to debilitate with timorous rules  
A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave  
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,  
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years  
Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd  
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse  
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow  
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.  
Behold the laborer of the glebe who toils  
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies :  
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.  
He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;  
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs  
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly  
When rapid Sirius fires the autumnal noon.

His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,  
Robust with labor, and by custom steel'd  
To every casualty of varied life ;  
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast  
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;  
Of labor such. By health the peasant's toil  
Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain  
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these  
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;  
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,  
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;  
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd, the vapid old  
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.  
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray  
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :  
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,  
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.  
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost  
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth  
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurys' blasts  
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.  
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
Or fogs relent, no season should confine  
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.  
Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source



Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn  
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed;  
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch  
The tainted mazes; and on eager sport  
Intent, with emulous impatience try  
Each doubtful trace. Or if a nobler prey  
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;  
And through its deepest solitudes awake  
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,  
Nor less delightful, the prolific stream  
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er  
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds  
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;  
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such  
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream  
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,  
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays  
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream,  
Thro' meads more flowery, more romantic groves,  
Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!  
May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
In rural innocence; thy mountains still  
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods  
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay  
With painted meadows and the golden grain!  
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:

Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,  
With the well-imitated fly to hook  
The eager trout, and with the slender line  
And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
The struggling, panting prey: while vernal clouds  
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,  
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.  
But if, thro' genuine tenderness of heart,  
Or secret want of relish for the game,  
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care  
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields  
A soft amusement, an humane delight.  
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;  
Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
The amiable result of happy chance,  
Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,  
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain  
To check the lawless riot of the trees,  
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.  
Oh happy he! whom, when his years decline  
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means  
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;  
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
Even envied by the vain), the peaceful groves  
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,  
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares  
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.

Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites  
A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
Once fellow-rakes, perhaps, now rural friends ;  
With whom, in easy commerce, to pursue  
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :  
A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,  
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs  
The vista best, and best conducts the stream ;  
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;  
Who first the welcome spring salutes ; who shows  
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms  
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice  
To match the sprightly genius of Champaign.  
Thrice happy days ! in rural business past ;  
Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire  
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family  
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,  
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,  
With witless wantonness to hunt it down :  
Or through the fairyland of tale or song  
Delighted, wander, in fictitious fates  
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity :  
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour  
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,  
His neighbors lift the latch, and bless unbid  
His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,  
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;  
And thro' the maze of conversation trace  
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.  
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste  
The native zest and flavor of the fruit,  
Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)

The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman  
Should drown his labor in my friendly bowl  
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,  
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;  
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.  
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath  
Or naked stubble—where from field to field  
The sounding coveys urge their laboring flight—  
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour  
The gun's unerring thunder; and there are  
Whom still the meed\* of the green archer charms.  
He chooses best, whose labor entertains  
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate  
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind  
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;  
Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
But some one part is weaker than the rest;  
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
Or the chest labors. These assiduously,  
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd  
Acquire a vigor and elastic spring  
To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and as your nerves  
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.  
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,

\* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies reward or prize.



At first but saunter ; and by slow degrees  
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
Well knows the master of the flying steed.  
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth  
Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath  
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells  
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,  
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.  
When all at once from indolence to toil  
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,  
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.  
Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
With dangerous inundation ; oft the source  
Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,  
Asthma, and feller Peripneumony,\*  
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what Heav'n denied  
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,  
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels  
His vegetation and brute force decay.  
The men of better clay and finer mould  
Know nature, feel the human dignity ;  
And scorn to vie with oxen and with apes.  
Pursued proluxly, even the gentlest toil  
Is waste of health ; repose by small fatigue  
Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone

\* The inflammation of the lungs.

To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.  
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much  
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.  
But when the hard varieties of life  
You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chase,  
Or the warm deeds of some important day ;  
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs  
In wished repose ; nor court the fanning gale,  
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears  
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,  
Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven  
Such Myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.  
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse  
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace ;  
But there are secrets which who knows not now  
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
Of science ; and devote seven years to toil.  
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears  
With what it little boots you to attain.  
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil ;  
What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds  
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause  
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;  
Whence those impetuous currents in the main  
Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why  
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure  
As red Orion mounts the shrouded Heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
For polish'd luxury and useful arts,  
All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,  
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath,

Th' athletic youths relax'd their weary limbs.  
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs  
Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to soothe and heal  
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
Not much invites us to such arts as these.  
'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace,  
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels  
Such frequent bars from Urus and the North;  
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin  
Too soft; or teach the recremental fume  
Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways.  
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce  
In endless millions the close woven skin,  
The baser fluids in a constant stream  
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.  
While this eternal, this most copious waste  
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,  
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers  
Of health befriended you, all the wheels of life  
With ease and pleasure move; but this restrain'd,  
Or more or less, so more or less you feel  
The functions labor: from this fatal source  
What woes descend is never to be sung.  
To take their numbers were to count the sands  
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air;  
Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils  
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore;  
Subject not then by soft emollient arts  
This grand expanse, on which your fates depend  
To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart  
The genius of your clime: for from the blood  
Least fickle rise the recremental streams,  
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,

Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.  
The temper'd Scythian hence, half naked treads  
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement Heaven;  
And hence our painted ancestors defied  
The East: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures  
Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frosts.  
Except by habits foreign to its turn,  
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.  
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less  
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,  
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.  
Against the rigors of a damp cold Heav'n  
To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
The gelid cistern; and, where naught forbids,  
I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd  
Dreads not the cough, not those ungenial blasts  
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism:  
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,  
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
But all things have their bounds: and he who makes,  
By daily use, the kindest regimen  
Essential to his health, should never mix  
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.  
He not the safe vicissitudes of life  
Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he  
To want the known, or bear unusual things.  
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain  
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)  
Should never with your prosperous days of health  
Grow too familiar: for by frequent use



The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,  
Or the wide flood through rich Indostan roll'd,  
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave  
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free  
Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin  
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;  
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.  
With us, the man of no complaint demands  
The warm ablution just enough to clear  
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep  
The body sacred from indecent soil.  
Still to be pure, even did it not conduce  
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth  
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;  
The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;  
With this external virtue age maintains  
A decent grace; without it youth and charms  
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;  
So doubtless do your wives; for married sires,  
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;  
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil  
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.  
Some labor fasting, or but slightly fed  
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.  
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame

'Tis wisely done : for while the thirsty veins ;  
Impatient of lean penury, devour  
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.  
Now while the stomach from the full repast  
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws.  
Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil :  
And ye whom no luxuriance of growth  
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.  
But from the recent meal no labors please,  
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work  
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :  
A work of time : and you may rue the day  
You hurried, with untimely exercise,  
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.  
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm  
Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.  
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,  
No labors are too hard : by those you 'scape  
The slow diseases of the torpid year ;  
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,  
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves,  
Is pleasure : Oh ! from such inhuman pains  
May all be free who merit not the wheel !  
But from the burning Lion when the sun  
Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood  
Too much already maddens in the veins,  
And all the finer fluids through the skin  
Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade  
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the leafy grove,  
No needless slight occasion should engage  
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.

Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
To shady walks and active rural sports  
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,  
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
Of humid skies ; though 'tis no vulgar joy  
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood  
While the soft evening saddens into night :  
Though the sweet Poet of the vernal groves  
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops  
Through all her works. How happy he whose toil  
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd  
A pleasing lassitude ; he not in vain  
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.  
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
In soft repose ; on him the balmy dews  
Of Sleep with double nutriment descend.  
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings  
Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,  
And waken cheerful as the lively morn ?  
Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest  
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full ;  
But be the first concoction half-matur'd  
Ere you to mighty indolence resign  
Your passive faculties. He from the toils  
And troubles of the day to heavier toil  
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks  
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,  
The busy demons hurl ; or in the main  
O'erwhelm ; or bury struggling under ground.

Not all a monarch's luxury the woes  
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,  
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits  
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,  
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought :  
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,  
And mangled conscience bemoans itself  
Forever torn; and chaos floating round.  
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those  
Portend to sanity, though prudent seers  
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,  
We would not to the superstitious mind  
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.  
'Tis ours to teach you from a peaceful night  
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours  
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine  
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night :  
But surely this redeems not from the shades  
One hour of life. For does it not avail  
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
Of th' ever varying circle of the day ;  
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,  
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,  
Defies the early fogs; but, by the toils  
Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
Weakly resist the night's unwholesome breath.  
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies  
Creep on, and through the sick'ning functions steal.  
So, when the chilling East invades the spring,



The delicate Narcissus pines away  
In hectic languor ; and a slow disease  
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd  
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?  
O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille,  
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind  
Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon  
With generous stream the subtle tubes supply ;  
And soon the tonic, irritable nerves  
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.  
The sons of indolence, with long repose,  
Grow torpid : and, with slowest Lethe drunk,  
Feebly and lingeringly return to life,  
Blunt every sense and pow'rless every limb.  
Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys),  
On the hard mattress or elastic couch  
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth ;  
Nor grudge the lean projector, or dry brain  
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down :  
Nor envy, while the buried bacchanal  
Exhales his surfeit in proluxer dreams.

He, without riot, in the balmy feast  
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,  
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.  
But pliant nature more or less demands,  
As custom forms her ; and all sudden change  
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.  
If faults in life, or new emergencies,  
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,

Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;  
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,  
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd  
Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,  
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;  
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;  
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;  
And aged Autumn brews the Winter-storm.  
Slow as they come, these changes come not void  
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,  
The two great periods of th' important year,  
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:  
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,  
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.  
He well-advis'd, who taught our wiser sires  
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,  
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;  
And late resign them, though the wanton Spring  
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.  
For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring  
Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death  
With sallow Quartanz, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
The omens of the year: what seasons teem  
With what diseases; what the humid South  
Prepares, and what the demon of the East:  
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,  
Or drought, or moisture, dwell, they hurt not you

Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,  
And taught already how to each extreme  
To bend your life. But should the public bane  
Infect you ; or some trespass of your own,  
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality ;  
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides  
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;  
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;  
Be Celsus call'd ; the Fates come rushing on ;  
The rapid Fates admit of no delay.  
While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,  
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak  
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,  
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !  
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
The hardiest frame ! of indolence, of toil,  
We die ; of want, of superfluity :  
The all-surrounding Heaven, the vital air,  
Is big with death. And tho' the putrid South  
Be shut, though no convulsive agony  
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,  
Th' imprisoned plagues ; a secret venom oft  
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !  
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,  
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets !  
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,

Albion the poison of the gods has drank  
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field ;  
While, for which tyrant England should receive,  
Her legions in incestuous murder mix'd,  
And daily horrors ; till the Fates were drunk  
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd ;  
Another plague of more gigantic arm  
Arose, a monster never known before,  
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.  
This rapid Fury, not like other pests,  
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day  
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,  
And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part  
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapor sprung ;  
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ;  
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.  
Thro' all the yielding pores, the melted blood  
Gush'd out in smoky sweats ; but nought assuag'd  
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,  
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.  
The restless arteries with rapid blood  
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd  
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,



A wild delirium came; their weeping friends  
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep  
Wrapt all the senses up; they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first  
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin  
Withheld their moisture, till, by art provok'd,  
The sweats o'erflow; but in a clammy tide;  
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;  
Of tincture various, as the temperature  
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid streams:  
As if the pent-up humors, by delay  
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.  
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)  
With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
To drive the venom out. And here the Fates  
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.  
For, who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,  
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:  
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untaint'd 'scap'd;  
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive:  
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow;  
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.  
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:  
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,  
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.  
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,

Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind:  
In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates pursu'd.  
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,  
To seek protection in far-distant skies;  
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,  
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,  
Was then at enmity with English blood.  
For, but the race of England, all were safe  
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste  
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.  
Where should they fly? The circumambient Heaven  
Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.  
Where find relief? The salutary art  
Was mute; and startled at the new disease,  
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs;  
Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;  
Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued  
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;  
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.  
Infectious horror ran from face to face  
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then  
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,  
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian gods, on whom the Fates depend  
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires  
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye powers  
That o'er th' encircling elements preside!  
May nothing worse than what this age has seen

Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home  
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd Heaven  
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs,  
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;  
While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd  
The death of cowards and of common men:  
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,  
And other themes invite my wandering song.

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*Exercise.*—Throughout all nature, want of motion indicates weakness, corruption, inanimation, and death. Trenck, in his damp prison, leaped about like a lion, in his fetters of seventy pounds weight, in order to preserve his health: and an illustrious physician observes, “I know not which is most necessary to the support of the human frame, food or motion.” Were the exercise of the body attended to in a corresponding degree with that of the mind, men of great learning would be more healthy and vigorous—of more general talents—of ampler practical knowledge—more happy in their domestic lives—more enterprising, and more attached to their duties as men. In fine, it may with much propriety be said, that the highest refinement of the mind without improvement of the body, can never present anything more than half a human being.

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The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

## THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK IV.

## THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,  
The use of Toil and all external things,  
Already sung; it now remains to trace  
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:  
And how the subtle Principle within  
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay  
The passive body. Ye poetic Shades,  
That know the secrets of the world unseen,  
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme  
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)  
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,  
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;  
And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,  
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.  
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades  
The mortal elements: in every nerve  
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.  
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels  
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power  
Wields at its will the dull material world,  
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame;  
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.



Nor less the labors of the mind corrode  
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts  
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves  
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world ;  
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes  
The natural, vital functions are perform'd.  
By these the stubborn ailments are tamed ;  
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;  
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these  
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employ'd)  
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.  
All day the vacant eye without fatigue  
Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent  
On microscopic arts its vigor fails.  
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,  
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.  
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,  
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,  
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,  
Engross the subtle ministers of life,  
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;  
The Lover's paleness ; and the sallow hue  
Of Envy, Jealousy ; the meagre stare  
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence  
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant; who both night and day  
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall ;  
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,

Or sinks in lethargy before his time.  
With useful studies you, and arts that please,  
Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.  
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !  
And ever may all heavy systems rest !  
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,  
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
And gives to relish what their generous taste  
Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,  
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue  
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.  
Toy with your books ; and, as the various fits  
Of humor seize you, from philosophy  
To fable shift ; from serious Antonine  
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;  
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,  
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;  
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive  
The restless blood, which in unactive days  
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.  
Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
What posture suits : to stand and sit by turns,  
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
To lean forever, cramps the vital parts  
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit  
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers :

Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose  
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
Than what the body knows embitter life.  
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,  
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,  
There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,  
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes  
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;  
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads  
The cheerful face of nature: earth becomes  
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.  
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:  
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear,  
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teem  
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath  
A load of huge imagination heaves;  
And all the horrors that the murderer feels  
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride, in solitary scenes,  
Or Fear, or delectate Self-love, creates.  
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind  
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;  
It finds you miserable, or makes you so,  
For while yourself you anxiously explore,  
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,  
Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
And ever galls you in your tender part.  
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
For grim religion some, and some for pride,  
Have lost their reason: some for fear of want  
Want all their lives; and others every day  
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,  
Those fatal guests: and first, the demon Fear,  
That trembles at impossible events;  
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.  
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?  
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven  
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?  
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,  
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,  
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.  
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mis-tun'd,  
These evils sprung; the most important health,  
That of the mind, destroy: and when the mind  
They first invade, the conscious body soon  
In sympathetic languishment declines.  
These chronic passions, while from real woes  
They rise, and yet without the body's fault  
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;  
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
Vain are the consolations of the wise;  
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.  
Oh ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd  
To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n!  
Court not the luxury of tender thought;  
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.  
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,



Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;  
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,  
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.  
Or more advent'rous, rush into the field  
Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,  
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul :  
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,  
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,  
Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl  
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.  
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves  
In empty air : Elysium opens round,  
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,  
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;  
And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :  
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,  
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.  
But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom  
Shuts o'er your head ; and as the thund'ring stream,  
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;  
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast  
Subside, you languish into mortal man ;

You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.  
For prodigal of life, in one rash night  
You lavish'd more than might support three days.  
A heavy morning comes; your cares return  
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:  
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,  
Involves you; such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,  
When, baited round Citharson's cruel sides  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.  
You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,  
The felon, with unnatural mixture first  
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.  
Or on the fugitive Champagne you pour  
A thousand curses; for to heav'n it wrapt  
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.  
Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,  
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,  
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:  
And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld  
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect  
What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,  
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand  
Perform'd a deed to haunt you to the grave.  
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;  
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd  
They hardly know you; or if one remains  
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.

Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left  
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;  
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.  
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd  
All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains  
The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;  
The precepts here of a divine old man  
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd  
His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;  
He still remember'd that he once was young ;  
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he  
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,  
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read  
Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,  
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
He pitied man ; and much he pitied those  
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means  
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
Our aim is happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,  
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;  
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.  
But they the widest wander from the mark,  
Who thro' the flowery paths of saunt'ring joy  
Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage  
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings

To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds  
Should ever roam ; and were the Fates more kind,  
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.  
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,  
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
That all was vanity, and life a dream.  
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,  
And for your friend ; be busy ev'n in vain  
Rather than tease her sated appetites.  
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys :  
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.  
Let nature rest ; and when the taste of joy  
Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest,  
But him the least the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
And virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.  
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin ;  
Virtue and sense are one : and, trust me, still  
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.  
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)  
Is sense and spirit, with humanity :  
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
Knave fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;  
But at his heart the most undaunted son  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.  
To nobler uses this determines wealth ;  
This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days :  
The peace and shelter of adversity.  
And if you pant for glory build your fame



On this foundation, which the secret shock  
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.  
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes  
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness  
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate  
Exalts great Nature's favorites: a wealth  
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.  
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;  
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,  
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.  
But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants  
Are few, and without opulence supply'd).  
This noble end is, to produce the soul;  
To show the virtues in their fairest light;  
To make humanity the minister  
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast  
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage  
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught  
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;  
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway  
He knew, as far as reason can control,  
The lawless powers. But other cares are mine:  
Form'd in the school of Paron, I relate  
What passions hurt the body, what improve:  
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel  
Is hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.  
It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven  
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths  
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;  
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,  
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,  
And yet no friends to life; perhaps they please  
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;  
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,  
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer  
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould),  
May safely mellow into love; and grow  
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.  
Love in such bosoms never to a fault  
Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,  
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve  
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.  
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,  
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
The wholesome appetites and powers of life  
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loathes  
The genial board: your cheerful days are gone;  
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.

To sighs devoted and to tender pains,  
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,  
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first  
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :  
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
And that fomented into serious love ;  
Which musing daily strengthens and improves  
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :  
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,  
If once you doubt whether you love or no.  
The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,  
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets  
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.  
Sweet Heaven, from such intoxicating charms  
Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem  
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.  
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk  
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
Adds bloom to health, o'er ev'ry virtue sheds  
A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,  
And brightens all the ornaments of man.  
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd  
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,  
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.  
And some have died for love ; and some run mad ;  
And some with desperate hands themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,  
A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,  
Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate  
The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.  
Th' event is doubtful : for there are who find

A cure in this ; there are who find it not.  
'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls  
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys  
The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,  
The tender fancy smarts with every sting,  
And what was love before is madness now.  
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,  
Be temperate still ; when Nature bids, obey ;  
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb :  
But when the prurient habit of delight,  
Or loose imagination, spurs you on  
To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
To nature : nature all compulsion hates.  
Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown  
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;  
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,  
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms  
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down  
For from the colliquation of soft joys  
How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was  
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;  
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.  
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly gest, the blood  
Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves  
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)  
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,  
Rapid and restless springs from part to part.  
The blooming honors of your youth are fallen ;  
Your vigor pines ; your vital powers decay ;  
Diseases haunt you ; and untimely age  
Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.  
Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste



The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!  
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,  
And coy perdition every hour pursue

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames  
Consumes, is with his own consent undone;  
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad;  
And warn'd, proceeds, and wilful to his fate.  
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway  
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.  
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,  
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;  
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,  
Desperate, and arm'd with more than mortal strength.  
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man  
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!  
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,  
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,  
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.  
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,  
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;  
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.  
For, as the body thro' unnumber'd strings  
Reverberates each vibration of the soul;  
As is the passion, such is still the pain  
The body feels: or chronic, or acute.  
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers  
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.  
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,  
And sudden grief, and rage, and joy.

There are meantime, to whom the boist'rous fit  
Is health, and only fills the sails of life.

For where the mind a torpid winter leads,  
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,  
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;  
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,  
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.  
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,  
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,  
Wave all dispute ; be cautious, if you joke ;  
Keep Lent for ever, and foreswear the bowl.  
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,  
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,  
And gives to horror all your days to come.  
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,  
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,  
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,  
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong ;  
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.  
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;  
If honor bids, to-morrow kill or die.  
But calm advice against a raging fit  
Avails too little ; and it braves the power  
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,  
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,  
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,  
You reason well ; see as you ought to see,  
And wonder at the madness of mankind :  
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget  
The speculations of your wiser hours.  
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,  
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow :

With all that urge or lure us on to fate :  
What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?  
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles  
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,  
I would invoke new passions to your aid :  
With indignation would extinguish fear,  
With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,  
And love with pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast ;  
Bids every passion revel or be still ;  
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;  
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.  
That power is music ; far beyond the stretch  
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;  
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,  
Who move no passion justly but contempt :  
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)  
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.  
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;  
Good Heaven ! we praise them : we with loudest peals,  
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;  
And with insipid show of rapture, die  
Of idiot notes impertinently long.  
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,  
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.

Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.  
Such was, if old and heathen Fane say true,  
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;  
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,  
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;  
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,  
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;  
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd  
One power of physic, melody, and song.

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“Intemperance is a foe to freedom. A sot is a slave to an appetite, which uses him with more cruelty than ever Algerine task-master manifested to a miserable captive. In the first place the monster-vice strips its victim of his property; secondly, his character and reputation are sacrificed to the insatiate power, in whose manacles he is bound. He is then scourged by disease, stimulated into the commission of crime, and forced to do the foulest work of the foul fiend that possesses him, without fee or reward; thus realizing to their utmost extent the truth of the sacred adages, ‘the way of the transgressor is hard,’ and ‘the wages of sin is death.’ ”

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The door that is not opened to him that begs our alms will be opened to the physician.



## PURE AIR AND PURE FOOD:

THEIR CONNECTIONS AND RELATIONSHIP AS AN ITEM IN  
DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND HYGIENE.

THAT pure air and pure food are essential to health, no one will deny; but trite though it be, the dogma will bear repetition. Theoretically right on the importance of ventilation, is not our community still practically at fault in failing to bring to bear all the means and appliances for securing it? And after all there has been written on the "chemistry of food," and its practical application to cookery, has there been that advancement in this branch of "art" which the real interests of mankind require? Change is not always reform, nor is progress necessarily improvement. We would not indeed go back to the wide-mouthed chimney, down whose ample flues the stars gazed smilingly on the broad hearth, high piled with its load of blazing wood, whose sweeping draught of air sucked in so largely of the pure breath of heaven; but why, in our furnace-heated homes, need we, as is too often done, shut up the chimney's narrow throat, close every vent, and make the rooms air-tight? Pure air a blessing! And you believe it? Take down, then, those double windows, or remove those sand-bags from over the narrow chink between the sashes; unlist those doors, and let Æolus and Boreas blow in with welcome.

Fuel saving is a Christian virtue in the household creed, and where our mothers baked in huge brick ovens, nor spared the wood; or before the glowing embers in

tin kitchens did their roasting, we, wiser grown, discard the latter process, and bake our meats shut up in iron walls, and burn out their juices with the red hot anthracite.\* A range oven and the one of olden time, how wide the difference! Has progress been improvement here? hygienically, we mean, of course.

We are here reminded of, and must refer to, an editorial in a late number of a journal, respecting "sanitary conventions." With the sentiments therein expressed we heartily sympathize, trusting that the "sanitary code for cities" may here and elsewhere become the subject of municipal enactments. Its provisions are admirable, as you say, and "we may well rejoice that the spirit is at least born into our republican atmosphere, which has long lived, flourished, and meted out justice among the people of older countries." Why should the freedom of our land give immunity in the matters of house drainage and public markets from police surveillance, if upon them depends in any degree the purity of the air we breathe, and of the food we eat? With pure air in our dwellings, and pure food filling our larders, have we yet secured the best means of preserving it? Is not the former an important element to this end? We shall presently see. It is not the adulterater's art only we have to fear, for there are other sources of sophistication than those which human agencies adopt. Our climate, though we boast of its salubrity, tends during the heat of many weeks to induce, by its hygrometric condition and elevated temperature, speedy decomposition. Decay, the universal law, comes into play, as the

\* The latest patented "double oven beauty cooking range" is advertised to "do the continuous cooking for the entire day with one hod of coal." True, it is not stated how large the hod must be.

life principle ceases. It seizes all our esculents alike, differing only in degree and form. Fish, flesh, and fowl soon "smell to heaven." Vegetables wither and decay; fermentation and mould attack our fruits; and last, but by no means least in importance, milk, "that model of what an alimentary substance ought to be," upon which so much depends—whether as an ingredient in the many luxuries of adult years, or of infancy, the very pabulum vitæ—is subject to "changing," which carries disappointment into the dining-room, and dismay into the nursery. A condition of *agalacty* is at times a sore trial in the latter department, and any means of keeping this "prototype of nutritious matters in general" intact and pure, should be eagerly sought after. So many infants at the present day fail to derive a supply from the maternal source, that its preservation is hygienically important.

Our fathers sought refrigeration in the dark cellar and in the cool, deep well. Ice, though indigenous with us, has not been cultivated till these latter days, but has now become a universal luxury, and necessity as well. Refrigeration by its instrumentality is the great preserver, but, as now employed, does it not fail to secure, as regards length of time and contamination, the end in view, beyond the limit required by science and philosophy?

That modern device, the refrigerator, is now a household institution in our land. Without condemning it in toto, we would question the salubrity of the air-tight provision chamber common to most of them; we say air-tight, for this seems to be a point made prominent in commendation of some of them, or at least their ice-preserving qualities are urged. Ice-saving is another cardinal virtue in the domestic creed. But may it not be an unwise economy? To make cool and keep it so, and

shut up the body of air within it, is the aim; but beyond a certain point, or time, cold, damp air (as this must be), thus confined, fails to preserve. An article of food of the temperature it would be in summer, deposited within, receives the moisture by precipitation on its surface, and this promotes decomposition.\*

On the other hand, and here comes our point, a gentle and uniform current of dry and cool air passing through the provision chamber will insure the prevention and even arrest of decomposition. Ventilation, then, should be the end sought in constructing a refrigerator, and this by no means involves a waste of ice. What though it may beget an increased consumption of this abundant article—its compensation for this will come in the shape of increased purity and flavor of food and fruits, and their consequent greater healthfulness. It is allowed by close observers, that provisions are rendered unwholesome by being kept in a receptacle in which the air is not constantly and effectually changed, and the health of individuals has no doubt suffered in consequence. Most refrigerators, though under the supervision of careful housewives, do acquire a musty and offensive smell, a pretty sure indication of their pernicious tendency.

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*Change of Clothing.*—By throwing off thick clothing too soon in spring, and putting it on too late in autumn, we run the risk of having fevers in summer and colds in winter.

\* Such an arrangement may answer when it is intended to keep food and luxuries from meal to meal only, but beyond this they fail, as your own experience must have taught you.



THE PROPER AND MOST NATURAL WAY OF BOILING,  
ROASTING, FRYING, BAKING, &c., OF FLESH  
AND OTHER FOOD.

THE proper and natural way to boil flesh and other food, that the spirits and life of it may be preserved, is, *first*, to put your flesh into a pot or vessel that is *large*, and can hold a good *store of water*. For this element of water being of itself sweet and pleasant, does cleanse and sweeten all things, especially *flesh*, which is full of gross matter; but you are to note, that your *flesh* is not to be put into your pot or vessel unless it *first boil*; for if it lie in the water and receives heat but gradually, it *dulls* and makes *flat* the spirituous part thereof. Likewise when your flesh is put into your vessel, let your fire be increased, that it may not *lie long* in the water before it boil, and as soon as it boils, you are to uncover your vessel, and to keep it boiling very quick without intermission till it is ready for eating. The pot or vessel is *not to be covered* any time of the boiling, for thereby the sweet and refreshing influences of the air are hindered that they cannot have their free egress and regress, which does, as it were, suffocate and destroy the pure and volatile spirits in the food; for the *air* is the life and preserver of the spirit, and the spirit is also the life and preserver of the balsamic body in everything; and in what thing soever the spirits suffer violence, the sweet body and oil turneth *sour*, as is most manifest in all fermented liquors; if such liquors be exposed to the open air, the spirits will evaporate, and then the sweet body turneth sour, and becomes of a heavy dull nature and operation; but in the preparation of all gross

phlegmy bodies, the free influence of the air keeps the spirit *living* till such bodies are digested and the spirits set at liberty, then if such preparations or digestions be continued, the spirituous parts will also either become suffocated or evaporated, according to the nature of the thing, as in making and preparing of *hay*, the gross phlegmatic body in grass could not be digested or exhibited but by virtue and power of the sun and air; but when they have destroyed the gross humidity and phlegm, if the preparation and making of it be continued, that is, the *hay* continued in the sun and air, it will exhale, and cause the spirituous part to exhale also.

The very same or like is to be understood in the preparations of *food*; for these fiery sulphurous fumes and vapors which proceed out of these vessels all the time of the *boiling*, being forced back and kept in, become gradually more intense and raging, and because of the want of the free influences of the air, the pure spirits and balsamic body are wounded, which does destroy the true natural *color* with the pure *smell* and *taste*; also, it makes it lumpish, close, heavy, dull, and gross on the palate; this kind of preparation is likewise *heavy*, and hard of digestion in the stomach, and generates thick blood and gross nourishment, from whence proceed dull indispositions, with fumes flying into the *head*. For the digestive faculty and true virtue of all sorts of *food* does consist in the *spirituous* parts, and if any violence be done to them in the preparation, then such *food* becomes dull and *half dead*; for those fumes and vapors that pots and vessels send forth, are of a sulphurous and poisonous nature, as you may perceive if you take up any sort of *food*, when boiled, and presently while it is hot cover it close, which will force those fiery fumes back,

insomuch that the re-entering the food destroys and suffocates the pure spirits, therefore all such food will not only be heavy but it will have a dull gross taste and smell, very unpleasant both to the palate and strong of concoction; the truth of this every one knows if they would be so wise as to take notice of it; for those sulphurous fumes that food sends forth, as also the vessels, is altogether of a contrary nature to the heat and genuine virtue of the food, as you also may perceive so soon as the food is prepared and taken from the fire. This fiery heat will of its own accord evaporate and separate itself from the food; it dwells no longer there-with than it is forced by the continuation of the fire; it hath no natural simile with the food, therefore it will not incorporate itself with it, and nothing is more unnatural than to eat and drink any kind of food whilst those fiery steams and fumes be in it, for it swells the body and generates wind, sends fumes and vapors into the head; it also infects the blood with a hot, sharp, humor. But this unnatural heat is made by custom the more friendly, as you may perceive if you give dogs or any other creature pottage, or the like, whilst they are hot, will cause a mange in their blood. The very same operation it hath in men, but not so violent, because of the continual use of such things. In this particular I shall be blamed by many; for, say they, I have found by experience that cold food will not agree with my stomach, neither will it satisfy my appetite. This may be true, yet, nevertheless, this does not make it healthful nor wholesome; for if you use yourself and stomach to the frequent eating and drinking of physical things your stomach will long after them, and will not be satisfied without them. One example we have

amongst others in taking of tobacco, which at first is most unpleasant and loathsome, but, through custom, and by degrees, it hath awakened its simile in the elements of the body and made that quality strong, which, at the first taking of it, was weak, or lay, as it were, hid under the qualities that did predominate; therefore, at the first taking of such poisonous or physical things, they generally disorder people, but when (as it is mentioned before) the continual use has made this weak quality strong, then it oftentimes proves as great a difficulty to refrain it as it was to make it friendly at the first taking, or rather more. For in men is contained the true nature of all things, only one property does predominate and is stronger than the other, which quality hath the chief dominion in the government of life; therefore, there is a possibility in the human nature to alter or change itself for the better or worse, that is, through use and custom of meats, drinks, exercises, and communications, viz., to make that quality that in the radix was weak to become strong, and, on the contrary, that which was strong, weak, so great is the power of custom and the continual use of things; for everything, be it what it will, hath a secret power in itself to awaken its simile, both in the evil and also in the good. Likewise there ought to be a great care taken that the food be not over nor under prepared: of the two it had better be a little under; for as soon as the gross, phlegmatic body in the food is digested the pure spirituous parts become volatile, and then, if the preparations be continued, they evaporate and go backward towards the centre of Saturn, and so loseth its pure color, smell, and taste, and becomes of a heavy dull quality, and especially if the vessel be close covered;



for so soon as the egress and regress of the air is hindered immediately the spirits suffer violence. For the pure essential spirits which dwell in the sweet oil, whence the fire has its bright, shining, pleasant, and friendly quality, will not endure those violent raging fumes and vapors. Their nature may be understood by their furious motion, and if those fiery fumes be by the force of covering the vessel kept in, then they become tenfold more terrible and fierce, as you may perceive, when any vessel is boiling; if you uncover it the steams fly out like a clap of thunder. Indeed, all such fumes and vapors are of a dark fiery nature and operation, for being kept in by force they seek out their centre, and do, by way of simile, incorporate themselves with their like spirits in the food or whatever else it would be, so that those fiery, sulphurous, dark spirits and fumes become stronger and more powerful in their operation; for they being of a saturnine and martial nature—the nature of Saturn is to contract and very vigorously draw and inclose the spirit, which Mars cannot endure, and the more Saturn contracteth the matter the more furious and raging Mars becomes (as you may perceive by the fiery, quick, furious motion such sulphurous fumes have when you open such vessels that do boil)—which do wound the pure spirituous parts, and the balsamic body becomes wounded and sick, more especially if the preparation of such food be continued too long, for so soon as the gross body or phlegmy matter in food is in part digested, then presently the spirituous parts appear externally, which did not only lie hid, but also the body of the phlegm, before the preparation, did keep the spirits from evaporation, which all corporeal bodies do, for the body is the house of the spirits.

Therefore great care ought to be taken in all preparation of food both for man and beast, except that most friendly element the air hath its free influences, because it is the life, and gives power and virtue to the spirit. Also this is to be minded, that when your gross body in the food is by your preparation digested, whether it be by the heat of the sun or by the common fire, then ought you to proceed no further, nor continue your preparation longer; for when the pure spirituous part becomes volatile, the same air which did keep and preserve the spirit from suffocation in the preparation will now cause it to evaporate, which every country husbandman knows in the making and preparing of his hay, which neither the housewife does understand nor consider in her preparations of their food, nor the physicians in the preparations of their physic; these things are of greater consequence as to health than most do imagine. I do not desire any to give credit to me, but I would have them so noble as to try whether it be so or not, health being the best treasure in the world, and all those that want it do esteem and desire it more than any other thing; though few do take right measures when they enjoy it to continue it.

Thus much for the right and most natural way of preparing food by boiling; and whosoever shall observe the afore-mentioned rules and observations, shall find great benefit and pleasure. The very same rules ought to be observed in the preparation of all pottages, green herbs and pulses, except dry pulses, which will admit of a slower and more gentle fire than the green.

## OF ROASTING OF FLESH.

The roasting of flesh is a good commendable way of preparation, and is rather sweeter than boiling ; it affords a good, dry, firm nourishment, but it is somewhat harder of concoction, but very sweet and pleasant by reason that the friendly influence of the air hath its free egress and regress, not being anyways inclosed, so that the pure spirituous parts are kept living, which do render it brisk and lively.

There are two things to be observed in the flesh you roast: 1st. That you have your flesh (if beef) as soon as it is thoroughly cold, and then to give it some salt, and to keep it in a cool place a day or two ; for if you salt it much, the salt being of a fiery hot nature, when the flesh comes to the fire, it does (as it were) scorch or burn it, destroys the spirits and sweet oil, insomuch that it becomes in its nature and operation hot and unpleasant, causing great thirst in the eater. In roasting it is also to be considered, that you have a good, clear, strong, and equal fire, and that your flesh be placed at a convenient distance, not too near, because it will burn or scorch, and so harden the outside that the heat shall not be able to penetrate into the middle thereof, so that the outside will be too much, and the inside too little ; neither is your flesh to be too far off, for then it flattens the spirits ; such flesh loseth its pure sweetness, with its color and fragrant smell, being dull on the palate and heavy on the stomach, in comparison of that which is placed at a convenient distance, having a continued brisk fire.

The next thing that you ought to observe is, that it be neither over nor underdone, but of the two, it is better

to be underdone; the point of time when the preparation is at the height is difficult, and it can be no other way known but by its color, smell, and taste, which by a little custom every housewife may understand, for that palate that is used to eat and drink things well and properly prepared can presently distinguish the contrary; and so, on the other side, those that do accustom themselves to either food or drinks ill-prepared, cannot distinguish the good from the evil, or the right from the wrong. The same is in the sense of smelling, as all such that do use to kill beasts, and to be much in slaughter-houses amongst the dead carcasses, the terrible fumes and stupefied stinks are hardly smelled or perceived by them; the same is to be understood of tallow chandlers and other stinking trades, for every particular thing has power to strengthen and awaken its simile, therefore there are but few that have their perfect taste or smell; only those that do accustom themselves to the eating and drinking such things as are well prepared, their palates are made the more perfect thereby. But of all the ways of preparing flesh, boiling is the easiest, if the rules be followed set down in the foregoing paragraph.

#### OF BAKING OF FLESH.

This preparation is neither so wholesome nor healthful as either boiling or roasting, for the following reasons:—

First. Most sorts of food that are baked are deprived both of the element of water, and also of the air, which are not only the purgers and cleansers of all food, but the support and life of the spirit.

Second. The air in ovens become sulphurous and deadly, by the reason of the stopping of it, that the re-



living and refreshing influence of this element has not its free egress and regress, so that the pure spirituous parts become, as it were, suffocated. Nor can such flesh be supplied with convenient quantities of water, which in all preparations of flesh is a great cleanser and upholder of the spirits, so that it boils in its own gross humidity, which all flesh does plentifully afford. Also, the heat of ovens is fiercer and more sulphurous than the heat of other fires, where the air has its influences; the air also being confined, is of a deadly poisonous nature and operation; it also destroys the natural color. Therefore flesh baked does no ways look like that which is boiled or roasted; besides it is of a strong, fulsome taste in comparison of the former, and a less quantity will cloy and fill the stomach, more especially if such flesh shall be eaten hot, which renders it much more wholesome than cold, for those sulphurous fumes and vapors that do proceed from baked food are much more hurtful to the health than that which is either boiled or roasted, for there are but few vessels in which food is boiled that are or can be kept so close as ovens. This way of preparation is chiefly followed in summer, especially in August, September, and October, the air in this season being sulphurous and fainty, and the weather hot, the making fire in their houses is troublesome, therefore baking saves them the labor. Now at these seasons of the year flesh is unwholesome, and very apt to burden nature, and to bring diseases, as I have discoursed in another place; the frequent use of baked flesh in this season, with other evil circumstances which do then concur, does beget divers obstructions, and generates an unfirm nourishment, because most sorts of flesh at this time are more subject to putrefaction than any other, whence

so many fevers, fluxes, gripings of the bowels, and other diseases do very frequently reign, for flesh in its best condition is full of gross juices and matter for putrefaction, by reason of the great store of phlegm and humidity, therefore it ought to be helped as much as can be in the preparation, which never can be well done except there be plenty of the element of water and the free egress and regress of the air; for those elements have a living power in them, by which they do qualify and mix with it, purging and cleansing that raw phlegmy juice or matter, which all flesh does afford. Also, where these two elements have their free operation in the preparation of all sorts of food, they preserve not only the pure spirits, but also the sweet balsamic body, from being suffocated or destroyed, maintaining the natural color, with the smell and taste, which makes all such food lively and brisk, easy of concoction, generating a far better nourishment than any kind of baked meat.

#### OF STEWING OF FLESH.

This kind of preparation of flesh is much of the same nature with the former, for it has neither benefit of the air, nor a convenient quantity of water; in this and all other preparations of food, where these two elements are hindered from having their free influences and operation (as is mentioned before), neither flesh nor any other food can be well prepared; for the radical and pure spirits (where these two elements are penned up from having their influences) cannot subsist, neither will the fire burn, but presently the pure spirits and oil in the wood, or other things, becomes suffocated; for the water and air are the true life and power of every being; whence it

comes to pass in all preparations, both of food and physic, where these two elements have not their free influences and operations, the pure spirits become suffocated, and the sweet oil is turned sour, and becomes of a stinking quality, which is the cause all sorts of food so prepared become strong in scent and also in taste, and it loseth its natural color; if (as I have said) the pure spirits and balsamic body be hurt, then there follows presently an alteration, and the original quality of the dark, brimstone spirit of Saturn and Mars gets the dominion, which was, as it were, hid before; but so soon as the true life is wounded, this crude fire becomes many degrees stronger than before, as is seen in charcoal and in many other things; for these pure spirits and oily body, whence the true light hath its bright, shining quality, are the qualifiers or moderators of this dark, fierce fire, as I have elsewhere largely discoursed of, touching the nature of brandy; of this all housewives ought to take notice, for if the pure spirits and sweet body be not preserved in the preparations of food, such food is rather a death to the body, and also to the spirits, than life. The greatest wisdom in all preparations is to preserve the pure spirits and sweet body from being either suffocated or evaporated, and yet at the same time to digest and open the body, for the crude matter in all food must be digested, or else the pure spirits cannot be set at liberty, or freed from the phlegmy matter; which pure spirits and sweet body do tincture the food, as we see when any food is properly prepared, which comes to pass through the preparation, it digests the gross crude parts, and then presently the true spirits appear in their friendly forms, which before the preparation were captivated or hid by the gross

phlegmatic body; the same is done in malt, but in a higher degree.

Most certain it is that the pure spirits and balsamic body cannot be supported and continued without the help of the air and water; therefore it is a gross mistake and error amongst most housewives, to think that by covering the vessels wherein food is prepared, to preserve the spirituous parts; thereby imagining, that if such vessels be open, the spirits will evaporate, which never happens till the gross body in the food be digested, and the food be sufficiently prepared, which does (as is said before) set the spirituous parts at liberty, that they become volatile, and then if the preparation be continued, they will evaporate, but not before; for in the preparation, the elements of air and water, having their free influences, keep the spirits and oily body living, and if these two elements be prevented, then the fiery, sulphurous fumes become so raging that they seek out their centre, and incorporate themselves with the gross humid part of the food, so that they greedily devour and suffocate the pure life and sweet oil; the very same is to be understood in all physical preparations.

The observation and true knowledge of these things are very material, as to the preserving of health; but first they must be understood in a man's self, for before a man can essentially know anything, the cognoscible, and the knowledge thereof must be manifested in himself, or else it is impossible for any one to know any thing truly. Whatsoever may be known or understood of God and Nature, is essentially in man, or else he could not be called the image of his Creator. Therefore every one ought to turn the eye of their under-



standing inward, and diligently search themselves, which study is preferable to all other things.

#### OF FRIED FLESH.

The frying of flesh and other food in pans, is a preparation much in use in England, but not so good or wholesome as either boiling, roasting, or broiling. The goodness of all food does arise and proceed from the essential spirits and balsamic body, which is the true life and virtue of everything, and if these essential virtues do not suffer violence in the preparation, then such food will have a most pleasant smell, a brisk, lively taste, very delightful to the palate; also, it retaineth its natural color, according to that color that was predominant in the radix of that thing, be it either white, green, or whatsoever else, which can no way be maintained in the food, but by the benefit and help of the water, and the pure influences of the air. Where the operation and influences of these two elements are hindered, the pure spirits do suffer violence, which alters and changes both the color, smell, and taste; then it has a strong and odious scent, and its taste is also more unpleasing than the former, and the stomach does not so eagerly desire it. Likewise, its true color is lost, or in some degree destroyed, as is most manifest by all fried flesh; it does send forth a strong, fulsome smell in comparison of either boiled or roasted; its taste is stronger, and its natural color is changed, by reason the pure spirits and sweet body are (as it were) suffocated by that fiery, harsh heat the pan does contain; this heat is more poisonous than the common heat of fire, which is caused by the metal, whether it be brass or iron, for the fire

does not only awaken the poisonous nature that such metal does contain, but the pleasant quality or oily body in the fire (whence it hath its bright, shining, friendly quality) is suffocated; therefore all such heat that proceeds from pans is of a harsh, fierce nature and operation. The truth of this is further manifested by those that shall be burned or scalded by such pans, which is more poisonous, and the flesh is harder to be cured than what is burned by common fire, and often proves more dangerous; the very same matter does cause any kind of food to have such a strong smell, for in all preparations that cause the smell to become strong, it is a sure sign that some violence is done to the pure spirits and balsamic body, which doth awaken the centre of the dark, wrathful nature. The very same is to be understood in all other things, and that is the reason why fried, baked, and stewed food does send forth a stronger and fulsomer scent than other preparations, and all such food will sooner cloy and dull both palate and stomach, except in some few whose natures and stomachs have a simile with such food. It is also to be noted, that the fat which is used in frying, that lies or runs between the thing fried and the pan, is by this sulphurous heat, and the want of the free influences of air, and the benefit of a convenient quantity of water, turned into a stinking oil, which does neither retain its color, smell, nor taste, but is of a contrary nature to what it was when it was put into the pan. For these reasons all fried food is of a stronger, fulsomer nature than either boiled, roasted, or broiled meat, harder of concoction, and does cloy the stomach.

Therefore all housewives and others that do prepare food, if they regard the health of the body and true

pleasure of the palate, ought to understand the possibility of nature in all preparations, that they may digest the raw gross body of food, without offering any violence to the pure spirits and balsamic body, and then all such food would be of a most pleasant smell, color, and taste, for if the pure spirits be kept free and not suffocated in the preparation, such food becomes friendly to nature, affording good, firm, and wholesome nourishment, easy of concoction; the frequent eating of such food makes a man airy, full of lively spirits, and of a good complexion. So, on the contrary, if they be suffocated, then presently the sweet oil is turned sour, or into a stinking quality; then such food so prepared will have (as is mentioned before) a strong smell and taste, not retaining its natural color; for in all sorts of food, in which the spirituous parts and balsamic body are strong, their smell, color, and taste are pleasant and friendly. Also, it is to be noted, that most preparations of food, the quicker they are performed (provided there be no violence done to the spirit) the better and more friendly such food will prove, for slow and intermitting fires, in either boiling or other preparations, do flatten and dull the spirituous parts. Therefore no baker can preserve the pure white color in his fine small bread, if he be not quick about it, for if any preparation be continued too long the volatile spirits become in a degree suffocated; then Venus, Sol, and Jupiter grow weak, and according to the length of time and degrees of heat, so the natural colors do alter and change, for the colors of all sorts of food (when prepared) do arise by degrees one after another gradually, and when the gross body is digested, then the inward virtue (which lay hid and captivated in the body of phlegm) appears in its own friendly form, with a most

lively and pleasant color, smell, and taste; this is the point of time all preparers of food ought to understand, for if their preparation be continued any longer, the operation of nature goes backward towards the centre of the original fire, then Saturn and Mars and their properties are presently awaked, which do cause the color, smell, and taste of such food to change; the first degree the color alters to, is a dusky yellow, and if the preparation be continued, by degrees it turns blackish, till at last it will become black or a deep red, or of a mixed streaked color, all according to the property which does predominate in the original or dark fire, also, all such food is of a gross and fulsome smell and taste, unpleasant both to the palate and stomach.

Preparing of food is a greater art and mystery than many housewives and others do think, and if it be well and properly performed, it adds much to the preservation of the health both of body and mind, for everything has power to awaken its simile in the body. Therefore every one ought to use that care and understanding in the preparations of all sorts of food, that the meek and most friendly life be preserved from suffering violence.

#### OF BROILED FLESH.

Broiled flesh was much used in former ages, but now it is little in fashion, in comparison of the afore-mentioned preparations. Flesh dressed this way is much sweeter and fuller of life and spirit than baked or fried, by reason it does not boil in its own fat, as the other two do; also, it is quickly prepared, and the gross humidity in the flesh does freely purge and run into the fire; it has likewise the free egress and regress of the



air, the fire being full of lively, brisk spirits, which in ovens and frying-pans are destroyed, by which means the heat becomes more gross and sulphurous, like the heat of charcoal, which does suffocate the pure spirits, and then the fat becomes of a heavy, gross, and oily quality, with a strong taste and smell; which gross matter in broiled flesh is destroyed; therefore it does not only eat sweeter, but breeds better nourishment, if the fire be clear, and done as it ought; the fire of wood does prepare all sorts of food sweeter and better than coal, and renders it much wholesomer; for in all preparations in which the food does boil in its own fat, or in fat put to it, if it hath not plenty of water and the free influences of the air, the gross humidity in the fat does suffocate the pure spirits, and then the sweet body (which all fat does afford great store of) becomes gross and fulsome in smell, taste, and operation, which will quickly cloy the stomach, and generates burdensome humors in the body, because the pure virtue and friendly quality in food so prepared, is in part destroyed. If this was understood, people would not be in love with such preparations, for through frequent use and continual custom of eating food badly prepared, the palate is adulterated; and although such food be strong and fulsome (which always comes to pass when the pure spirits are wounded in the preparation), nevertheless the palate is not capable to distinguish tastes, for the senses are easily made friendly (by use and custom) to the greatest part of things. Do not all stinking trades (which at first are unpleasant to the sense of smelling) become after a little use and custom easy to be endured? and such cannot well distinguish the air of tallow-chandlers' and butchers' shops from sweet, pleasant airs. If this

were not so, it would be impossible for nature to endure those adulterations and unnatural preparations of food. Therefore we see what a wonderful power there is in everything to awaken and strengthen its likeness in the human nature; for this very cause the most illuminated Prophet Moses commanded the People of Israel that they should not only abstain from eating unclean creatures, but that they should also separate themselves from every unclean thing, for he was sensible that man was capable to be wrought on by all things, because he has a simile with all. There is more in this than many imagine, which every one ought to consider, not only in preparations of food, but in all other things.

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*Suggestions to the Newly Married.*—Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage—watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses to pieces.

OF ALE, AND ITS NATURE AND OPERATION, AS  
ALSO OF BEER.

ALE hath the first place of all drinks made with malt, and is of greatest antiquity. That ale is best that is made after this manner:—

1st. That the liquor or water that you put to your malt be made boiling hot, but not boil, and then put into your mash-tub or vessel, and let it stand a little while before you put your malt to it, which will somewhat moderate the fierce heat of the water, thereby rendering it more capable to receive the virtues and sweet quality of the malt, which violent hot water will not do so well; for it doth not only hurt the pure spirituous parts of the malt, but will fix or harden the malt, so that the sweetness and good virtues will not so easily give themselves forth into the water; also, if you put the malt into the water very hot, then it will tinge, or cause the wort to become of a red, martial color; but on the contrary, the cooler the water is when you put in the malt, the paler or more venereal will the color of your wort be, which is the best color of the two, for all ale that does look clear and white is to be preferred before that which hath a high, martial, red color. And in some parts of England there is such ale made, which is much liked; but this commendable white color depends also upon the well making of the malt, viz., in the fuel and degrees of fire they dry or fix it with, for if the heat be too strong or fierce, or if the egress or regress of the air be hindered, or any other accident happen of the like nature, then such malt will make ale

and beer to look of a reddish, martial color, which is not to be commended, though some ignorantly cry it up. For the predominant quality in all sorts of corn stands in the white, and all the pure virtue and sweet body of it proceeds from the predominant quality of Venus, therefore the more gentle, mild, and natural the preparation is from the beginning to the end, the more wholesome and balsamic will the ale be. If the malt be dried with too hot or fierce a fire, whence the color happens to the ale, it shows violence done to the essential spirits, which also happens in brewing when the malt is put to the water too hot, or by overmuch boiling of the wort, which is not commendable in ale, for good ale may be made with little or no boiling, and indeed there is not much reason for the much boiling of any sort of drink made of malt, except you design to keep it a great while. For the boiling of ale doth cause a too great evaporation of the volatile spirit and balsamic virtues, which will not endure the harsh fire, for this cause strong wort will waste and evaporate as much in quantity in one hour as small shall in three and more. Besides, boiling these liquors destroys their mild, gentle, cleansing qualities, and fixes them, making them hotter and fiercer in operation, for the more you evaporate or destroy the sweet body of anything, the stronger and fiercer the original qualities become, and appear more external, but so long as the pure volatile spirit and sweet balsamic body predominates, the strong, fiery original spirit of Saturn and Mars lies as it were hid; and seeing all the friendly and wholesome virtues of ale reside in the sweet body, you ought not to destroy that by overmuch boiling.

Nay, I will add, that the best and most wholesome ale may be made, and not boiled at all, as some in this



nation do, which does but waste it in quantity, and make it worse in quality, so that it becomes hotter in operation, and a friend to the generation of the stone. Every one knows, or may know by experience, that beer heats the body more than ale; the reason is, the balsamic virtues in beer are in part destroyed by boiling, so that it becomes more like a spirit, and therefore it will keep longer, and because of its lasting, most people imagine it the best, which is a great mistake, for they might as well say, that the best sack drawn off by distillation into a spirit, is better to drink than the sack was; whereas, I think the contrary is known to everybody of common sense. The nearer you bring anything to its original, by destroying the balsamic virtues and middle qualities or vegetative virtue, the longer that thing will keep sound; this is manifest in all spirits drawn from any wines or other balsamic liquors; for this reason, beer that is boiled most will longest keep from turning sour or flat; but still, this is no argument that it is therefore the best and wholesomest; for the predominant quality in all strong beer, especially if it be kept to be stale, is of a fierce, harsh, martial, and saturnine heat, of a hard, greedy nature, which infects the blood with fretting, eating humors, very prejudicial to health; also, it generates the stone, not so much from the hops (which many accuse as the chief cause), but for that the pure, sweet body is in so great a measure destroyed in the boiling it to such a height that it might keep; not but that the hops do help to heat the body, and cause the stone and other diseases, but not purely and merely as they are hops; but this comes to pass from the preparation, for hops in their own nature have no such operation to cause the stone, but altogether

the contrary, for hops are of an opening, cleansing nature, and they powerfully purge by urine, and make excellent medicines against the stone and dropsical diseases; but all their natural medicinal virtues are destroyed in their being boiled in the beer, and then there remains in them chiefly the martial, harsh, fiery property, which helps to preserve the beer from growing flat or eager, but it augments its heat, and makes it of a harsher operation. And as the boiling of ale destroys the sweet, cleansing, purging quality, and causes it to evaporate, just so it does by hops, and so much the more, because in them the volatile spirit stands, as it were, external, for the sun and elements have exhaled the gross, phlegmy substance, and thereby set the spirituous parts at liberty, only being close stuffed into bags, preserves them from evaporating whilst there they continue, but as soon as they come into the fierce, boiling liquor or wort, these essential virtues and good qualities are destroyed and flee away; but still there remains the original strong, bitter quality, which cannot be destroyed by boiling, except they be annihilated, for it is the root of its life. Now this bitter quality in hops is of a harsh, astringent nature, and very hot, as the original spirit in all things is. For this cause all beer that is boiled much, and hath store of hops in it, will keep a long time; but then it heats the body and causes the stone, if it find matter to work upon, and several other infirmities, so that it is no ways to be accounted so good as ale.

For ale is a very excellent sort of drink, if well ordered, and as the predominant quality in beer is martial and saturnine, hot and fierce, so, on the contrary, that in ale is solar and venereal, viz., sweet and balsamic, indued with a mild, soft, friendly nature and gentle

operation; it sweetens the blood, opens the body, and purges by urine. Hops are very wholesome to be put into ale in a small quantity, but they ought not to be boiled; but thus you may do it; fill your copper or vessel you use for that purpose with your wort, make it boiling hot, then take what quantity of hops you please, and infuse them about half an hour, and then strain them out, not letting it boil at all, and then for certain you have all the virtues of the hops that are proper for the body, for the wort will extract and receive the pure spirituous parts and balsamic virtues of the hops in as little or less time than the hot liquor did the sweet quality of the malt in the mash-tub. There is the very same cause and reason for the one as for the other.

Likewise the ale ought to be thoroughly wrought or fermented, that thereby it may be cleansed from its teasty substance, which most ale in London is clogged with, which makes it grow sour in a few days; and besides, before it is sour it fouls the body and sends dull dark fumes into the head, palls and flattens the edge of appetite, and disorders the stomach. But none of these inconveniences happen when ale is well brewed, and has wrought as it should do, wherein special care is to be taken that it be not set to working whilst the wort is too hot, for that causes too violent a motion, which weakens the original heat, suffocates and wounds the pure spirit, which some call fretting, and this does in some degree destroy the balsamic or sweet body; and whenever it happens, or that your drink works too much or too furiously, be it ale or beer, it will not keep, but turn sour or eager sooner than the other that is put to work in such a degree of heat as it will but just move or ferment gently and mildly; for if your wort be put

a working before the fiery heat or sulphurous vapors be extinguished, which are of a contrary nature to the genuine natural heat of the wort, as containing the fierce spirits of the fire, then presently the balsamic body is wounded and turns sour sooner or later according to the degree of the motion; for this fierce motion or working wastes the pure spirituous balsam, and awakens the original qualities of Saturn and Mars, viz., an astringent eagerness, or sour, hard quality, that would not have been manifested if this irregular motion had not excited it.

On the other side, the wort ought not to be cold, for then the spirituous quality becomes (as it were) flat, for the heat that proceeds from fire, and remains in such liquor, is a great quickener and awakener of all the properties, and of good use in this respect, provided it be not too fierce. And further note, that all stale, hard beer, whether strong or small, is more or less injurious to most men's health, especially those whose natures are subject to breed the stone and gravel.

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“Abstinence starves a growing distemper.” And, doubtless, were greater regard paid to the dietetic part of medicine, to temperance, and abstemiousness, very little occasion would there be for alexipharmic boluses, febrifuge draughts, or cordial juleps. To extinguish the trade of the doctor, the cook and the wine merchant, whose very arts minister to and promote those vices which cause disease, must be made to relinquish theirs.



## DEATH'S SERMON.

"What man is he that liveth, and shall not see Death?"—PSALM lxxxix.  
v. 48.

"Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee a crown of Life."—REV.  
ii. v. 10.

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and the man that sat on him was Death"—

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free-man, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains."—REV.  
vi., v. 8 and 15.

WHAT wild creation of a fev'rish brain  
Is this, which mocks my sight with ghastly forms  
Of skeletons—grotesque yet terrible?  
Is 't an illusive vision, conjured up  
To cheat the eye and scare the tim'rous soul?—  
Ha!—no—'tis real! see—one moves! he speaks!  
And in the attitude of preaching stands—  
His book before him, resting on a desk  
Made up of human bones!—Ah! now I see  
'Tis Death! gaunt Preacher! whose rude pulpit's placed  
Within the precincts of the charnel house;  
Where bones on bones, in heaps unnumber'd, lie,  
And fetid exhalations taint the air!  
There, on the mould'ring relics of mankind,  
The all-subduing Monarch of the Tomb  
His station takes—as if to make frail man  
With man's inevitable fate familiar.—  
Mark ye his outstretch'd arm and withering look!  
While tones sepulchral from his lipless jaws  
Resound, like thunder in a troubled sky



DEATH PREACHING.



When nature is convuls'd, and man and beast  
 Quail at the crash, and dread of the fiery bolt!  
 And see—the hollow sockets of the eyes  
 Gleam with a lurid light, which fearless none  
 Can view! O how terrific is the scene!—  
 Now all is hush'd; for e'en the last faint sound  
 Of murm'ring echo dies away. The pause  
 How drear!—Now, now again his deep-toned voice  
 Is heard in accents superhuman, loud,  
 And awfully sublime!

“ Though truth may sound  
 Ungracious to the ear, where flattery pours  
 Its honeyed poison—still the truth I'll speak,  
 And though my form appalling to the sight  
 Be deem'd—still shall that form be view'd.  
 Mercy and Might with Death go hand in hand!  
 And Mercy bids me throw aside the veil  
 That screens mortality from outward ken,  
 And keeps mankind in ignorance of self!

“ The great Deliverer of Man am I,  
 Although of mortal Life the Conqueror;  
 For though at human pride my shafts I hurl,  
 And into atoms crush the saunting fools  
 Who, with prosperity intoxicate, affect  
 To heed me not—yet from the direst woes  
 I rescue the oppress'd, and with a wreath  
 Of never-fading glory bind their brows.  
 And shall my wondrous attributes remain  
 Unnotic'd or condemn'd my pow'r forgot,  
 Which earth, and air, and sea encompasseth?  
 Shall I not use that glorious privilege,



Which both to mercy and to might belong—  
Now striking terror in obdurate hearts,  
And punishing men's crimes—now turning from  
The error of their ways the penitent,  
And leading them in paths of righteousness ?

“ When hydra-headed Vice o'er all the earth  
Triumphant stalks—and man is sunk in crime ;  
When mad Ambition, Av'rice, lust of Power,  
Hate, Rapine, Envy, and fierce Discord reign ;  
And when the child of Merit droops his head,  
And pines in want, while bloated Ignorance  
Luxurious revels in his splendid halls,  
In vain shall Man exhort his fellow-man :  
A worm, alas, remonstrates with a worm !  
In vain shall Preachers, whatsoev'er their creed,  
Anathemas denounce, or woo their flocks  
With promises of pardon and of peace :  
Though gifted with persuasive eloquence,  
Though every precept spoke a truth divine,  
Without My aid would Preachers preach in vain,—  
Their words—as evanescent as the wind  
That whispers in the grove at eventide,  
And then is heard no more.

“ But I am fear'd !

For my dominion over all extends,  
And naught can circumscribe my sov'reign will,  
To Me, though not in homage, all men bow !  
Yea, e'en the mighty puppets of the earth,  
Surrounded by the minions of their will,  
And deck'd in all the mockery of state,  
Crouch, like the veriest slaves, at my approach,

And by pray'rs, and vows, and floods of tears,  
To 'crastinate their sure impending doom.  
Yet such is oft their arrogance and pride,  
And such the madness of the vassal crew,  
Who blindly follow in the vain pursuit  
Of glittering glory and of noisy fame;  
That were not I to check their vile career,  
Ills, far more grievous than Egyptian plagues,  
The world would so infest, that Honor, Truth,  
Love, Friendship, Hope, and heav'n-born Charity,  
To other spheres would flee, and leave this orb  
To man's unbridled violence a prey.

“ Yet though none dare dispute my boundless sway,  
My actions none will bear in memory.—  
When foam-crown'd billows sweep across the deck,  
The awe-struck seaman, clinging to the mast,  
Sees me with terrors arm'd, and dreads the surge  
That soon may overwhelm him in the deep:  
But when the storm subsides, forgotten quite  
The waves which, tempest-toss'd, dash'd o'er his head,  
And but an hour before had fill'd his mind  
With all the horrors of a wat'ry grave!—  
'Tis thus with all mankind. When near I'm view'd,  
Appall'd by guilty fears, they dread my dart;—  
But seen afar, or veil'd in some disguise,  
They act as though my power they despised,  
Or treat me as a bugbear, fit for naught  
But keeping fools and children in subjection.

“ 'Tis strange—'tis wonderful—that Man, endow'd  
With reasoning pow'rs—with faculty of speech—  
With clear perceptions, knowing right from wrong;—

That Man, who bears the impress of his God ;—  
That Man to whom the sacred truth's reveal'd  
That mortal life is but probationary ;  
And that his essence, purged from fleshly sin,  
Shall at the last great day e'en Death and Time  
O'ercome, and take its flight to realms of bliss,  
Surrounded by the spirits of the just,  
And angels, hymning great Jehovah's praise ;  
'Tis wonderful, that Man, of this assur'd,  
And the dread certainty before his eyes  
That everlasting woe the wretch awaits  
Who scorns high Heaven's reward—should plunge in  
    crime,  
And rush, regardless, tow'rd's a precipice,  
Beneath whose frightful brink perdition yawns !

“ What ! will you risk your soul's eternal peace,  
To gain some perishable gewgaw here ?  
Or, what more likely is—to lose the substance  
And the shadow too—to earn men's curses first,  
Then die the martyr of some guilty wish,  
Some meditated, unrepented crime ?  
Alas ! ye will. Then am I man's best friend,  
And most his friend when speedy aid I give,  
To save him from himself—his direst foe !

“ Dark is the picture, but the tints are true ;  
For though the gloss of flattery I despise,  
No shades unreal, for effect, I use ;  
'Tis color'd from the life—the life of man !

“ And what is Life ?—at best a dream of Hope,  
Where fairy visions of delight appear

To dance before the eye ; but vanish quite,  
And leave a dreary blank behind, when those  
Who trust in their reality awake !  
O 'tis a pageant—unsubstantial, vain,  
And falsely gay!—and what are all its joys ?  
Mere childish baubles—playthings of an hour—  
Call'd pleasure, wealth, or fame ; which if possess'd,  
Bring with them anxious cares and countless toils  
In lieu of earth's best treasure, sweet content !

“ From infancy to age, the scenes of Life,  
Howe'er the colors vary, all abound  
With sombre shadows of mortality.—  
The laughing eye and dimpled cheek of Youth  
Though bright and blushing as the rosy morn,  
At unrequited love or blighted hope  
Change fearfully.—In all the pride of strength  
Manhood may walk erect ; but soon the brow  
With care's deep furrows is engrav'd—the eyes  
With tedious vigils red—the firm, bold step,  
Cautious and timid grows—while anxious fears  
Are painted on the sallow cheek, where health  
Once bloom'd, and manly beauty shone. Then Age  
(If Life's contracted span to Age extend)  
Comes tott'ring on, in sad decrepitude,  
Bending beneath a load of pain ; while scanty  
Locks of silvery hair, and eyes grown dim,  
And ears which sluggishly their task perform,  
Are Nature's never-failing messengers,  
Old Age to warn, that death in mercy comes  
To close the scene, and from its bondage free  
Th' imprison'd soul, which pants for liberty !



“Thus having Life’s brief hist’ry fairly sketch’d,  
Now let me turn to what Life leaves behind.  
Look here! around me lie the frail remains  
Of rich and poor, of weak and strong, of sage  
And fool, of culprit and of judge. This skull,  
Now crumbling into dust, was once th’ abode  
Of brains which teem’d with scientific lore;  
And when its owner dropt into the grave  
(But not till then), the giddy multitude  
Enamor’d grew of that which erst they scorn’d,  
And treated as a maniac’s rhapsodies.  
The reason’s plain. Int’rest his soul ne’er sway’d;  
He neither truckled to the great, nor bent the knee  
At Mammon’s shrine; gold he accounted dross;  
And spurn’d all laws save those by Virtue made.  
He heeded not the scoffs and sneers of men:  
Science his mind illum’d; Hope cheer’d his path;  
And when I call’d him hence his placid eye  
Was lighted up by an approving conscience,  
That gave assurance of eternal bliss.  
That was the cranium of a senseless dolt—  
One of those barren spots on Nature’s map,  
Where mental tillage is a hopeless toil:  
Yet while he liv’d, although his ev’ry act  
Was folly, and stultiloquence his speech,  
The world applauded him, and flatt’ers round  
His table throng’d, like drones about a hive:  
And why? The dunce was rich, and lavish’d all  
His wealth upon the fawning knaves who bow’d  
Before this ‘god of their idolatry.’

“See what a motly and incongruous heap,  
In undistinguish’d fellowship are here!

The head which once a proud tiara wore,  
Unconscious, rests upon a ploughman's cheek;  
And that which, animate, promulgated the law,  
Serves as a pillow for a felon's skull.  
Huge legs, that once with sinews strong were brac'd,  
And arms gigantic, that, encas'd in steel,  
Wielded the sword, or rais'd the massive shield,  
Now rest in quiet with the stripling's limbs,  
Or relics sad of beauty's fragile form.  
And where's the difference now?—What boots it, then,  
To know the deeds or qualities of either?  
Rank, honors, fortune, strength Herculean,  
Fame, birthright, beauty, valor, or renown,  
What trace is left of ye? What now denotes  
Th' imperial ruler from the meanest boor—  
The recreant coward from the hero brave?—  
Here all contentions cease. The direst foes  
Together meet—their feuds for ever past;  
No burnings of the heart, no envious sneers,  
No covert malice here, or open brawls  
Annoy. All strife is o'er. The creditor  
His debtor no more sees; for here all debts  
Are paid—save that great debt incurr'd by Sin,  
Which, when the final day of reck'ning shall  
Arrive, cancell'd will be, or paid in full!  
Let, then, this solemn truth your minds impress—  
In your heart's core O let it be engraved—  
That, though the body in the silent tomb  
Be laid—though greedy worms the flesh destroy,  
And 'dust to dust return'—the soul shall live  
Eternal in the heav'ns, or dwell in realms  
Where fell Despair and endless Terror reign.  
Then—if the dazzling lustre of high birth

Shall fail to shield you from the woes of life ;  
If grandeur be accompanied by care ;  
If under glory's mask, or fame's disguise,  
There lurk the latent seeds of deadly strife ;  
If ills prolific fill the breast of pride,  
And pomp external hide deep inward griefs ;  
If jealousy on beauty's vitals prey  
Or envy give a jaundiced hue to eyes  
Which else with genius' brightest rays would shine ;  
In fine—if perfect happiness on earth  
Exist but in the visionary's dream ;—  
The first great object of your soul's concern,  
Is—how t' obtain th' invaluable key  
By which the gate of mercy is unlock'd,  
And life and happiness eternal gain'd ?

“What ! do I read in your inquiring looks  
That you would fain this sacred treasure find ?  
Go, then, and Virtue ask ;—she'll loud proclaim,  
'The key to Heaven is a conscience clear.'  
Conscience ! thou never-erring monitor ;  
Throughout life's pilgrimage the faithful guide ;  
Conscience ! by whom the soul of man is warn'd  
To shun the quicksands of a treach'rous world ;  
How little art thou heeded !—Yet Life's bark,  
Though toss'd by storms of trouble and despair  
Upon the billows of uncertainty,  
Guided by Conscience, safely shall arrive  
At that bless'd port of everlasting rest,  
That haven of perpetual delight,  
Whose waves pellucid lave Jehovah's throne.”

Ha !—see, the awful Preacher disappears !  
His desk and book are gone—and once more all

Is still !—Yet there's the charnel-house ; and there  
The auditors in wild amazement stand !—  
O let me homeward turn, and meditate  
Upon the solemn scene.

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*Attention to Health.*—Among the innumerable follies by which we lay up, in our youth, repentance and remorse for the succeeding part of our lives, there is scarce any against which warnings are of less efficacy than the neglect of health. When the springs of motion are yet elastic, when the heart bounds with vigor, and the eye sparkles with spirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves, which are now braced with so much activity, will lose all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbness, and totter with debility. Health is, indeed, so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly ; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and disease upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and the clamors of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as the robber of the public—as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station—and refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.



## DEATH (A DEALER)

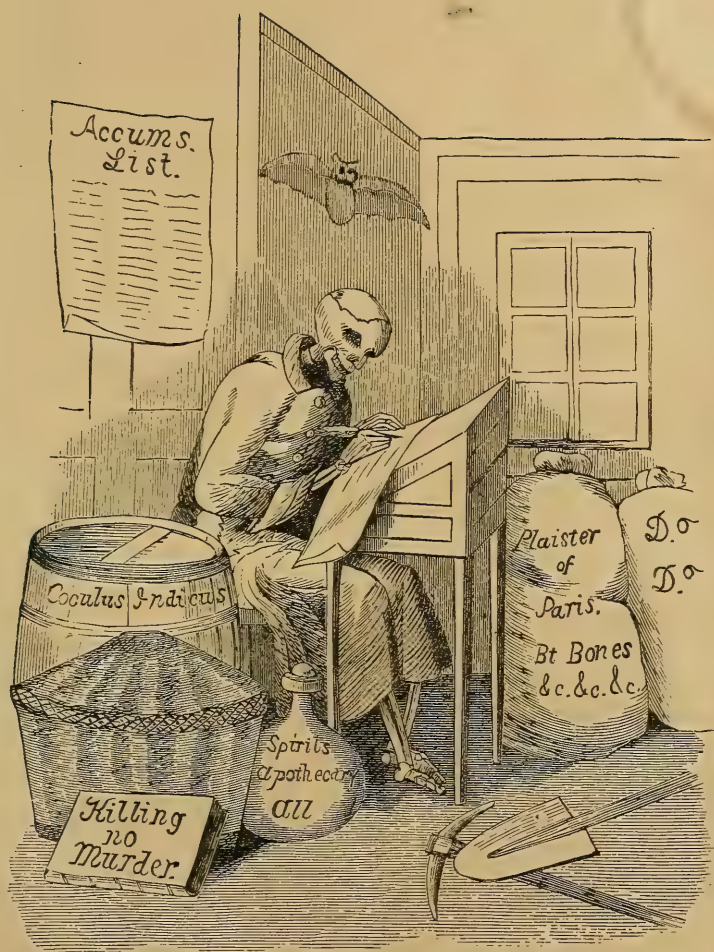
TO HIS AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

PER post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,  
No consignment of your's ever suited me better:  
The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,  
And the *cocculus indicus* beer was delicious.

Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan  
Of destroying that long-living monster, poor man:  
With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,  
And a duke with a *paté à la perigord*;  
But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,  
For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their face.

Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily alter'd,  
And the poor be got rid of without being halter'd:  
For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as  
Your extracts of *cocculus*, *quassia*, and *copperas*—  
Call'd ale, from the hundreds that ail with them here,  
And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier!

In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—  
*That* decoction's peculiarly favored by me;  
*Sloe-leaves* make the tea—*verdigris* gives the bloom—  
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb.  
As for coffee, Fred Accum well knows the word means  
Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas and  
beans.



TO HIS AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.



But let us suppose that they drink only water—  
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter  
A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me  
By swallowing that tasteless liqueur,— Well, then,  
d—— me  
(You'll pardon my wrath), they shall drink till they're  
dead  
From lead cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead !

When deeper-purs'd fellows, addicted to swill, would  
Drink port—I'll make use of your load of Brazil wood :  
But I wish you'd send more laurel-leaves and sweet  
brier

For such as may like sherry flavored much higher !  
For the bottles,—you know, Sir, I'm fairly entrusting  
'em

To your tartrate of potash for finely incrusting 'em :  
Laurel-water, oak sawdust, and quicklime have come  
Just in time to be mixed with the brandy and rum.

Beer, tea, coffee, wine, rum, brandy, water—I think  
We've prepared for the stomachs of all those who  
drink.;

And you'll kindly assist me to work a like feat  
By pois'ning the stomachs of all those who eat.  
Alum, clay, bones, potatoes, shall mix in their bread,  
And their Gloucester derive its deep blush from red  
lead !

But why do I mention such matters to you,  
Who without my poor hints know so well what to do ?  
You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,  
As they in their turn do for the undertaker.



P. S.—By the by, let me beg you, in future, my neighbor,

To send me no sugar that's rais'd by free labor,  
 Unless you can mingle a little less salt  
 In the pound—for the public presume to find fault  
 With the new China sweet'ning—and though they  
 allow

That they'll take the saints' sugar (attend to me now),  
 Even *cum grano salis*—they do say that such  
 An allowance as 30 per cent. is too much.

Yours, etc.,

DEATH.

*Causes of Disease.*—Nothing pesters the body and mind sooner than to be still-fed—to eat and ingurgitate beyond all measure, as many do. By overmuch eating and continual feasts, they stifle nature, and choke up themselves; which, had they lived coarsely, or, like galley slaves, been tied to an oar, might have been happily prolonged many fair years. I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess; thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgetting and discontenting yourselves about that which cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions, and worldly cares pressing upon the mind, disturb the action of the brain, and do a great deal of harm.

Feed sparingly, and defy the physician.

## OF THE EXCELLENCY OF TEMPERANCE,

THE KNOWLEDGE OF A MAN'S SELF, AND THE MIGHTY  
BENEFITS OF ABSTINENCE AND SOBRIETY.

TEMPERANCE is a divine gift, and whosoever obtaineth the perfect government and knowledge of himself, is endued with the spring-head of all virtues. The fear of the Lord being the first step of all true wisdom, both spiritual and natural, the root of all knowledge that man is capable of, is in himself; therefore if any will understand anything truly, he must first turn the eye of his mind inward, not outward, as the custom of most is, for man is an image and likeness of all things, both spiritual and natural; in him is contained the true nature of all things, and he that doth know and understand himself, and the principles and operations of his own nature, both in body and mind, and what properties in the seven-fold Nature of this World are predominant in him, and to what his inclinations are most naturally propensive, both as to virtue and vice, he may thereby not only shun many inconveniencies, but also so much as he knows of himself, he also knows of his Creator, and of all other things. And so, on the contrary, he that doth not know and distinguish the principles of God and Nature in himself, does neither see nor know any other thing as he ought; therefore all such who are ignorant of themselves, are subject to be changed or altered out of one opinion into another, always leaning hard on the shoulders of Custom, supporting their ignorance with the truth of Tradition, having one of

their eyes, if not both, amongst the multitude. But all true sight in divine and natural things, does arise and proceed from the unalterable divine principle or gift of God, for the natural man, as he is wholly blind as to things divine, so neither does he see even into natural things any otherwise than a beast, beholding the outward substance, but knowing nothing of the inward power of the spirit; or if such do understand anything further or more than beasts, it is either by chance or custom. But when the eye of a man's understanding is opened in the true spirit, he then seeth into his own essence and properties, and by the same sight has a prospect into the nature of all other things, more especially if he be one that is born with a nature adapted for the comprehension of such things.

For this reason it is said—The spiritual man discerneth all things, even the deep things of God. But nothing hurts and hinders man from obtaining the true knowledge of God and Nature in himself, than his looking abroad out of himself, imagining that Wisdom and Understanding is to be found and learned in and from some other thing. Neither do many consider that worthy saying of the Apostle, avouching, That whatsoever may be known of God is manifest in man, not without man, but within himself. Man is that city the wise man speaks of, in whose gates Wisdom cries; but if man will be gazing abroad, and not regard the inward voice in the heart (as most do not), then he can never come to any true judgment either in things divine or natural, because the foundation of wisdom and right-knowing is within a man's self.

Let us appeal to common Reason. How is it possible, if a man do not observe the particular principles and

operations of his own nature, that he should observe and understand those of other things, whose motions and various operations he is more remote from, and doth not feel? Therefore if a man would know how to rule, govern, and preserve any creature or thing, this Wisdom and Knowledge must be first essential in himself, and to understand in particular what things are extreme in him, and the contrary, which will much help in the way of Temperance and Moderation, with a due consideration had to the nature of the food, the age, air, employments, etc.; and also the quantities of all those things ought to be regarded, and not to heap together too much; this being a sure rule of health, if a man finds himself as lightsome and brisk after meats and drinks, or rather more than he was before; for the intention of food is to refresh Nature, and not to dull, oppress, and incommode her, as most in this particular do, especially those whose natural heats are great, and appetites strong.

But full meals, and too frequent use of rich food and strong drinks, do breed too much nourishment, which is the original of many diseases; it furs and stops the passages, generates too much blood, and thick, dull spirits, which makes the body heavy and lumpish, and by awakening the central heat, causes the external parts of the body to glow with an unnatural flame, which obstructs the powers, so that the pure, thin vapors of the air (which are the refreshing zephyrs of Nature) cannot penetrate them as they are wont to do, when the elements of the body are free from disorder, for then they suck them in like sponges, which renders the body full of spirits, brisk, vigorous and sprightly as virgins at a wedding, or boys at a festival.



But this pleasant condition is never felt when the body is over-fraught with nourishment, and like a lamp ready to be extinguished by superfluity of oil ; therefore solemn feasts, and set times for meals, and eating and drinking whether they have appetites or no, and other circumstances that attend them, are friends to gluttony, but mortal enemies both to temperance and health, when people deluge down various sorts of rich food, and cordial drinks in a formal method, sitting perhaps two hours, enticing one another to gormandize and guzzle, not only beyond necessity, but even above the power of Nature, and yet not content, after they have already exceeded all bounds of temperance with strong foods, then in wine, various sorts of fruits, tarts, sweet-meats, and a thousand kickshaws, enricht with the East and West Indies ingredients, of themselves more than sufficient for a sober and a temperate meal ; in the mean time, few do consider the injuries hereby done both to body and mind, for this variety hath power to prolong the pleasure of the wanton palate, beyond the need of nature, or ability of the digestive faculty. For every particular thing opening by simile its like property in the stomach, it comes to pass when a person has eaten to the full, and to the satisfaction of the palate of one thing, nevertheless, when another of a contrary nature and taste comes, the appetite is awakened, and he can with pleasure fall to again, and so of several varieties, the invention whereof at one meal was merely to gratify luxury, by prolonging the pleasure of the palate, which could not be done with simple meats and drinks. Not but that a man may eat several sorts of food and drinks at one meal, without injury to health, but then they must be homogeneous, that is, agreeable to each other, and also he that so eateth,

must as the wise man adviseth—Put a knife to his throat, which very few in this age do observe; but of this we shall speak more hereafter.

As abstinence and sobriety does always fortify the observers thereof against many evils, so they make the body pleasant, healthful, and fit to discharge all its functions, and prepare the mind to be The Temple of the Lord, as St. Paul calls it. Those that take meats and drinks only for the necessities of nature, and observe that the food be not stronger than she, but, on the contrary, she stronger than it, such have for the most part great spirits, and but little flesh, whereas gluttons have much flesh and little spirits. Have not all the holy prophets and renowned law-givers from the beginning, been persons of a wondrous sobriety and temperance, as Moses and Elias, who fasted forty days, and yet the face of Moses shone, and he could guide his body as if it had been a spirit? And several other (indeed all) holy men endued with divine understandings, have been remarkable for their temperance. For the spirits of men are not earthly things to receive their nourishment through the organs by the concoction of meats and drinks only, but derive their purer aliment like sponges through the whole body, from the clear, thin vapors of the air, which do powerfully penetrate the body on all sides, but are hindered through superfluity of meats and drinks, and so the spirits in the body, for want of being sound with these refreshing gales, become thick, and as it were suffocated.

For this cause most that abandon themselves up to gluttony and epicurism seldom attain to old age, or if by means of an extraordinary tough constitution they do rub out, 'tis with tortures and misery, their bodies

being as full of diseases as an hospital. But on the contrary, many of the sober and temperate men have lived to great ages, and yet very free from distempers, with mean and spare food, whence does proceed a cool airy pleasantness, the sweet influences of all the elements freely courting the body, which renders the spirits many in quantity, and fine in quality, and thence arises light-someness to the body, and vigor to the mind.

The truth of this men may experience, if they will but give themselves the leisure to reflect and consider, whether or no they do not before meals ordinarily find themselves pleasant and lightsome in body and spirits, but after they have indulged their appetites with an over-plenteous feeding, the one is heavy, and the other dull; whereas had they but eaten temperately of simple food, it would not only have continued their strength, but also have refreshed their spirits, for the pure spirit is the true life, pleasure, delight, and beauty of every creature according to the nature of each, and causeth the sweet oil to burn friendly, and shine with a comfortable ray, if it be not wounded by disorders; this spirit being so volatile, and surpassingly pure, that it will not endure the least violence, for when any injury is offered to it, it either becomes evaporated or suffocated, and then presently the vigor and beauty of that thing faileth, be it either animal or vegetable.

Therefore those that do regard the health of the body and mind, ought to preserve the spirit free and potent, which must be done by sobriety, gentleness, and temperance in meats, drinks, and exercises. The Prophet Daniel and his companions were sensible of this, when they were courted, and also threatened with the displeasure of the king and his servants, if they would not

eat of the various sorts of flesh and fish that came from the king's table, but Daniel entreated leave to continue that clean, simple food they had accustomed themselves unto, viz., herbs, grains, and fruits, and pure water for drink. Should not we in this age be ready to count a man a fool, and out of his senses, that should refuse royal delicacies from the king's table, and choose to live upon such mean, coarse fare? But Daniel did with a divine eye see into the radix of all such things, and understood their sympathetical operations, and therefore chose the most simple, harmless commons; for by compounding many rich things together, especially such as contain the animal and bestial nature, all such things lose their simplicity, and the true life and pure spirits of each become adulterated and changed, and being destitute of its proper virtues, becomes of another operation, which hath an evil influence on our bodies and spirits, whence proceed those frequent infirmities in most that live in the height of dainties, the same being neither well-pleasing to God nor nature. But, on the contrary, were not the sober, clean, and abstemious lives of the Rechabites well-pleasing to the Lord? And did not the Prophet Jeremiah call them up into the House of the Lord, as a reproach to the Children of Israel, for that they had faithfully kept the commandments of their Father, and observed the Rule of Moderation, and contented themselves with pure water for drink, and with mean and simple food, and therefore he promises them, that the sons of Jonadab should never want a man to stand before the Lord. 'Tis most certain that the Lord hath been and is near all those that live in temperance and simplicity. Therefore the Apostle saith, Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand.



The Prophet John contented himself with locusts and wild honey, of whom our Saviour Christ saith, That there was not a greater prophet born of a woman. Also James, the brother of our Lord, was eminent for his abstinence (as Eusebius reports) insomuch that he ate no flesh, drank no wine nor strong drink, and wore no woollen garment, but linen, which is of a cleaner radix than the other, for woollens do retain the bestial nature, as you may more manifestly perceive by the smell, if you burn them, no washing or other cleansing will purge them from that fulsome quality which they send forth when they are burnt. Now this stinking nature, so long as it continued entire, was hidden or captivated, but the fire opens the gross body, and manifests the root; for this cause the prophets and holy men have so often said, That the saints and people of the Lord should be clothed in white linen, and the priests of the Lord were to wear a linen ephod, for all vegetives are indued with a simple, innocent nature and operation, and therefore they have been compared to the divine nature, because they bear some affinity unto it.

Those that would have their spirits pure and potent must use clean food, which will extenuate the gross, superfluous humors, by which the body becomes easily penetrable, and he that doth not preserve his body clean, the pure spirit becomes, as it were, suffocated, whence proceeds a heavy dulness that is not only burdensome, but hinders all meditations, and makes the soul incapable of every good work; but abstinence and temperance do dignify a man, and render him fit for the exercise of virtue and piety, and is the root of strength and fortitude. As the mother of Samson was commanded by the Angel of the Lord, to abstain from wine and strong

drink, during the time of her being with child, so was Samson, her son, whom the Lord indued with wonderful strength; but when he gave himself up to wine and strong drink, and other intemperances, he lost all power and virtue, and became weak both in body and mind, and a prey to his enemies. And is it not so in our days? Of most of the miseries and troubles man ensnares himself, is not superfluity a main cause? Wherever we see vice, there is also intemperance, and where we see temperance and abstinency, we may justly expect other virtues, because no superfluous matter is bred that may dull or indispose the fancy, the soul being watchful in words and works, and also keeping the body under, which by the power and virtue of temperance, is subjected to the influences of the light and love of God.

Temperance, cleanliness, and abstinence have greater power over the soul and body than most in our days imagine. Did not our forefathers live to wonderful ages in perfect health, their food in those days being chiefly herbs, fruits, and grains, and pure water their drink? They did not make their stomachs the burial-places of dead bodies, but their meat and drink was innocent and simple, by which they were able to check and regulate the extravagant motions of the mind, and insurrections of the flesh. Hence some of the ancients have delivered it as a maxim, that none could understand God and his works, and enjoy perfect health and long life, but those that abstain from flesh, wine, and vices, bounding their desires according to the ends and necessities of nature. For where uncleanness and intemperance reign, the soul is subjected with the body that it cannot discern things celestial; but sobriety and purity of body and mind renders it the Temple of God, wherein his blessed

spirit delights to dwell, and communicate its gifts and graces.

Most men will, in words, confess that there is no blessing this world affords comparable to health, yet rarely do any of them value it as they ought to do, till they feel the want of it. To him that hath obtained this goodly gift, the meanest food, even bread and water, is most pleasant, and all sorts of labor and exercise delightful, but the contrary makes all things nauseous and distasteful. What are full-spread tables, riches, or honors to him that is tormented with distempers? In such a condition men do desire nothing so much as health, but no sooner is that obtained, but their thoughts are changed, forgetting those solemn promises and resolutions they made to God and their own souls, going on in the old road of gluttony, taking little or no care to continue that which they so much desired when they were deprived of it. Happy it were, if men did but use the tenth part of that care and diligence to preserve their minds and bodies in health, as they do to procure money and riches, which many never obtain, and those that do, it serves them chiefly to procure those dainties and superfluities which do generate diseases, and is the cause of committing many other evils, there being but few men that do know how to use riches as they ought, for there are not many of our wealthy dons that ever consider, that as little and mean food and drink will suffice and maintain a lord in perfect health as the poorest peasant, and render him more capable to enjoy the benefit of the mind, and pleasures of the body, far beyond all dainties and superfluities. But, alas! the momentary pleasures of the throat, custom, vanity, etc., do ensnare and entice most people to exceed

the bounds of necessity or convenience, and many fail through a false opinion or misunderstanding of nature, childishly imagining that the richer the food is, and the more they can cram into their bellies, the more they shall be strengthened thereby, but experience shows to the contrary, for are not such people as accustom themselves to the richest compounded foods, and most cordial drinks, generally the most infirm and diseased? For all such things contain great store of virtue, and ought to be eaten between whiles, according to reason and experience, for when the mouth of the stomach is open, the pleasant relish of such dainty food does so entice and increase the desire of eating and drinking beyond what is needful, that a man may eat too much, and yet give off with some little appetite, of which we may be sensible by that general dulness and indisposition, which we find in ourselves for two or three hours afterwards.

People are much mistaken in thinking that so long as the appetite desires, and the pleasure of eating continues strong, they may eat on without damage to their health. But the truth is, this is one of the chief reasons why men are gluttons, and there is but little difficulty in temperance, save only in this particular, it being somewhat hard for an healthy, good stomached man to give off eating in the midst of the pleasure he receives by it, especially when meats by art are made on purpose, not only to prolong the palate, but also to delight it. But in him that uses himself to simple meats and drinks, the snare of provoking the palate, beyond the necessity of nature, is removed, for such cannot entice nature out of her way, nor awaken any other properties or appetites in the stomach but its own likeness; where-



as varieties of food do stir up as many various qualities in the stomach, so that there is still a fresh desire to eat of each thing, till nature is over-cloyed, and therefore varieties are always dangerous if great care and temperance be not observed. But he that limits his desire by wisdom, and has the understanding both of the quality and quantity, may eat of sundry sorts of food at one time, but the ignorant and unwise very rarely do it without prejudice to their health.

As the pleasure of Temperance, and the many benefits that follow Sobriety, cannot be imagined by those that live riotous lives, so neither can the sweet influence thereof (especially the first) be enjoyed without some trouble to Old Adam. There must be self-denial in the case, and a man must live in this world as if he were alone, for there is but little company in the ways of sobriety. When a man comes once to espouse them in earnest, presently most of his friends and acquaintance will suspect and condemn him as a conceited, whimsical, capricious fellow, or a kind of madman, because he will not run with them to the same excess and riot. For the flesh and spirit of this world have no affinity with sobriety and temperance, proceeding from fountains whose waters are of quite contrary nature to the others, the one being clear, and pure, which purgeth and cleanseth, preserving both the body and spirit in perfect health; the other, being defiled with many superfluities, destroys the health of both. Therefore, he that would enjoy the true pleasures, and flourish in the virtues that attend sobriety, ought to be as strong as Samson was in his innocent life, that he may be able to cut off all superfluity in the bud; For it is not that which goeth into a man (as our Saviour Christ saith), but that which proceeds out of him :

for all kinds of intemperance are first conceived in the heart, and if such imaginations are not cut off or overcome by wisdom and temperance, then they grow strong, and become, as it were, essential; and when the spirit and understanding of a man is captivated, then a man becomes a tyrant to himself, and a perfect slave to gluttony, being defiled by everything, meats, drinks, words, and works; as the wise man saith, Even the plowing of the land is evil to the wicked, for all uncleanness and defilements that happen either to the body or soul, do arise and proceed from within, and if such lewd desires, opinions, and customs were cut off in the bud, then neither body nor soul would be hurt by superfluity of meats, drinks, or any other thing; for every man that commits any intemperance, be it what it will, acts it first within, and makes it substantial in the spirit, and then it becomes corporeal; for the body is forced to obey the dictates of the spirit, whether good or evil, for this cause Christ saith, That nothing that went into a man defiled him, for he pointed and had an eye to the root whence all evils and intemperances arise. His words are spiritual, and not otherwise to be understood, for he makes no exception, but saith, Nothing that goeth into a man defileth him, which words, should they be taken in a carnal sense, then our daily experience shows the contrary, for many thousands are destroyed both by quantity and quality of meats and drinks, but they are first defiled in the root of their spirits.

But, on the contrary, no meats or drinks have power to hurt or defile that man whose heart and desires are governed and moderated by wisdom, and therefore saith the Apostle: From whence proceed wars and fightings, all lusts, false imaginations and intemperances? Do they

not all proceed from within ? For, if a man be ignorant of the true nature of things, his understanding and soul darkened, then he is subject to be defiled by everything, for if the nature of things be not discerned nor distinguished by the spirit, such are always liable to be defiled by every sort of food and drink, either in quantity or quality, for where ignorance governs the extravagant desires are not bounded. For, first, every man is defiled by his desires and imaginations, as our Saviour Christ saith in another case, He that looketh on a woman, and lusteth, is defiled thereby : the same is to be understood of all other uncleanness both of body and mind, only the evils and defilements are greater when a man proceeds to put in practice those things which he first conceived within by imaginations, for no outward uncleanness could ever hurt any man, if the inside were kept clean. If understanding and the pure spirit govern within, then all unclean desires and imaginations are, as it were, cut off in the bud, and not suffered to proceed to a substance, and then a man is not defiled either by that which goes out, nor by any sorts of meats, drinks, or other things that go into the body. And so, on the contrary, when the evil, corrupt nature is awakened, and has gotten the inward government, then all the desires and imaginations are formed, and do proceed from the evil principle which first defiles the soul, and then afterwards the body.

This is the very root and foundation of all uncleanness, superfluity, and intemperance ; for every property in nature must be supported and fed on its own food. Hence all sorts of animals, whose predominant quality and ascendant chiefly proceeds from the wrathful and unclean nature, do desire a proportionable food, viz.,

raw flesh and sordities ; but, on the contrary, those animals whose dignification and chief quality stand in and proceed from the clean nature, such creatures also do desire clean food. The same is to be understood in the human nature ; according to the principle or property that is awakened and most predominant, so is the man either clean or unclean, good or evil, from thence are all his desires and imaginations framed.

Thus we see that cleanness and sobriety in meats, drinks, exercises, etc., have a greater virtue and excellency in them than people think, for their power proceeds from an inward principle, and they endow their observers with the riches both of Time and Eternity, for Temperance makes all her lovers truly sensible of God's blessings ; how sweet is every mean thing to the sober mind, and how ready are such men to give the Lord thanks and humble acknowledgments for his mercies ? They see, feel, and taste the most pleasant operation of the divine hand in all things, their bodies are delighted with the meanest of food, their minds satisfied, their beds easy, and their sleep sound ; they are not subject to indispositions, nor molested by fevers, their heads are not dulled with fumes, nor their stomachs oppressed with fainting fits or windy, griping humors, they rise as fresh as the morning sun, and are fit for all exercises, both of the body and mind, their radical moisture flows freely through every part, like a pleasant gale of wind, which moderates the central fires, that they burn not too violently.

But this excellent state is not obtainable without Self-denial, and suffering now and then a little gentle hunger, which cleanseth the stomach and passages from all superfluous matter, frees the spirits from all imper-



fections, prevents all obstructions, and preserves health far better than any physical evacuations. It hath a certain occult quality, for the digestive faculty and natural heat is never idle, therefore when the stomach is not filled with superfluity of food, and often eating, it draws away all the superfluous matter that furs and stops the passages, and which were apt to cause shortness of breath, send troublesome fumes and vapors to the crown, hinder the free circulation of the blood, and make the spirits impure. These evils and many others, temperance and moderate fastings do prevent, the stomach naturally drawing this phlegmy substance out of all the vessels and passages, when meats and drinks come not too quick, and casts the lighter part thereof upwards, and the more gross, heavier parts downwards into the bowels; for this reason when a man does fast a little longer than ordinary, he will feel a kind of a gnawing or disorder in his stomach for a little time, and then it will cease, and after some space do so again, the occasion of which is this, the natural heat does very powerfully draw matter unto itself for sustenance, but finding no proper nourishment, makes a separation of the gross, phlegmy substance that lodges in the vessels of the stomach, and casts it forth, both upwards and downwards, and having done this, craves afresh for more work, and more proper matter of aliment.

Nor should a little trouble (thwarting our humors, debauched with ill customs and wantonness) or some small inconveniences, divert us from getting ourselves possessed of this jewel Temperance, the true philosopher's stone, which turns all into the golden elixir of health, content, and serenity, since we see none of the little perishing goods of this world are to be obtained without

trouble and difficulty. Do not youths serve seven years, enduring hard labor and many other inconveniences for a trade, whereby to get an outward livelihood? Do not men travel by sea and land, through a thousand miseries, even to the hazarding of their lives and liberties for meat, drink, and a little raiment? And those few that do obtain their desired ends, if temperance be wanting, the enjoyment of them proves not only burdensome, but so full of snares, that they had better been without them; for plenty has destroyed more than necessity (some say, than the sword), the one having wherewithal to gratify his superfluous desires, and so destroy himself, which the other has not. What a deal of pains and charge are people at to please their liquorish palates? The Indies must be sent to for rarities, and the utmost parts of the earth for dainties; such abundance, such variety provided, as if all the beasts and fowls in Noah's Ark, with an addition of all the fishes in the waters, and vegetables of earth, were scarce enough to furnish one luxurious board! And then what curiosity in sauces? What fantastic humors for dressing? The more extravagant and unnatural, the more genteel and acceptable, forsooth! Whereas those things that are necessary to support and preserve the body in perfect health, are easily procurable, of small charge, soon made ready, and with very little trouble; they are in most places ready and familiar, to be obtained with ease and pleasure, without violating justice, or hazarding either your conscience or your liberty.

Furthermore, temperance is a strong bulwark against that pernicious enemy of mankind, viz., despair or suspicion of the divine hand of Providence, against the frowns and casualties of this world. What cares that

man if he have not money to buy wine, who, by use, finds water no less pleasant, and more wholesome? Why should one bemoan not having half a score of dishes, when one will serve him not only as well, but better? Sobriety makes a man superior to those vain, fearful, repining imaginations, whereunto most, or indeed all superfluous, intemperate people are subject, and when poverty comes upon them they are doubly miserable, because they had inured themselves to unnecessaries before, the absence of which more torments them than any real wants that they lie under. But he that gives the government of himself to wisdom, and has the true knowledge of God's love, and the eternal principle of light in himself, and admits it to have its operation in the soul and body, and who sees with an inward eye the great virtue and fortitude there is in every simple grain, fruit, and herb, and who hath also bounded his desires to the necessities of nature, there is no such great reason that such a man should trouble his head with care and suspicion, and tire his body with over laboring; for fruits, herbs, milk, bread, and water are easily procured. And what sober man in the world is reduced to that extremity, as to want such things, except in universal calamities?

Every man ought to understand that heaviness, oppression of nature, and dulness, proceed from the abundance of thick, putrid humors, which stop up the passages and cloy the joints, filling them with gross moisture, so that the course of the spirits is hindered, and they, as it were, suffocated, which causes various distempers in the body, that men would give all the world, if they had it, to be cured of—but no physic can help them, unless the excellent lady Sobriety be their

doctress, for it must be a clean, simple, well ordered diet only, that can fine the blood by degrees, out of which pure spirits are generated, in the goodness of which all health, and the whole prosperity of the body and mind doth consist, whereas surplusage of nourishment destroys the spirits and damnifies all the senses, as that of seeing is hurt by gross humors that obstruct the optic nerves. And therefore those that are subject to weak eyes ought to abstain from all such things as replenish the head with fumes, such are all sorts of fat meat, butter, and the like, taken in too great a quantity, as also strong, thick drinks, especially such wherein wormwood, or any strong, bitter herbs are infused, for all such things are very hurtful to the eyes, as experience shows. Likewise, such superfluous matter offends the organs of hearing, and mars the sense of tasting, by breeding choleric, salt humors, so that those who accustom themselves to excess generally have their palates debauched, and cannot give a true judgment of the taste of things.

Now the sorts of food and drinks that breed the best blood and finest spirits are herbs, fruits, and various kinds of grains, also bread, and sundry sorts of excellent food made by different preparations of milk, and all dry food, out of which the sun hath exhaled the gross humidity, by which all sorts of pulses and grains become of a firmer substance, so likewise oil is an excellent thing, in nature more sublime and pure than butter; and if you do eat fat flesh, let it be sparingly, and not without good store of bread and herbs.

There are two things in the practice of temperance chiefly to be regarded, viz., quantity and quality; the latter ought to be considered by every one that is desir-



ous to preserve nature, but error in the former does generally the most mischief. For if meats and drinks be of a raw, gross nature, and not so well prepared as they ought to be, yet if a man eat and drink but sparingly with a perfect appetite, the stomach (nature's laboratory) will make better nourishment thereof, than it can of the best food, when too great quantities are crammed into the belly, for the natural heat and stomach are of a wonderful nature; when free from these burdensome, gross humors it can, as it were, digest and kill the poisonous juices of unclean food, and by an innate power cast off the malignancy thereof if the quantity be not too great. In this case abstinence hath been found by experience to cure most diseases that have proceeded from superfluity, if not gone too far. Therefore quantity is more dangerous to destroy health than quality, though they are both very bad, and often meet together, and then health is destroyed with a winged speed, which is the chief cause that there are so few, either men, women, or children, in perfect health. Where can you find a man or woman among such as are intemperate, who have attained to the age of forty years, that are in perfect health? the best of them being afflicted with windy and scorbutic diseases, which are bred by eating too much in quantity, and of an unclean quality. These windy diseases are also much increased by the continual eating of their food too hot, that is, before the sulphurous, moist vapors, which are of a fierce and sharp nature, are evaporated, for this sulphurous heat, which goes away in the moist steam or vapors, does contain the spirits of the fire, as also two qualities, viz., a windy, moist, dulling nature, and a fierce, sharp, fiery one; the first of these is the cause of most windy diseases, and

the second does generate in the blood a hot, salt, sharp humor, which causeth an itching and breaking out in the flesh with spots of various colors, as also a weariness and indisposedness through the whole body; this likewise is the grand cause of many leprous and mangy diseases, especially when the food is gross and not well prepared, and too much in quantity, which maladies do often happen altogether. All food that is prepared by fire, should not be eaten till those thick, sulphurous, and moist steams be evaporated; herein many are mistaken, and even nature itself is little understood, for the generality of people account hot food best and most profitable for health, and the good dame will be angry if her servants delay to eat their food whilst hot.

But the continual eating of hot food from the womb has depraved their stomachs and natural heat, so that if they eat their food cold, it will not give them satisfaction, although hot food is contrary to the pure, simple nature, and the health of the body, nevertheless, the continual use of such things have awakened their similes in the stomach, and that requires their continuation, and if a man does leave them, at the first, nature seems to want them; the like effect is produced by other unnatural customs, as in taking tobacco, it being a strong, martial, saturnine herb, of a loathsome, poisonous nature and operation, whose predominant quality is of a contrary nature to the stomach and natural heat, therefore, the first taking of it in pipes is both difficult and troublesome to nature, and there is no preparation known that will make this herb friendly or familiar to nature, but only the continual custom of taking it, which does awaken and strengthen its own quality in the stomach, which in the beginning was weak, but by custom is be-

come strong, so great is the power of everything in increasing its likeness, and it becomes as though it were natural, and there is as much difficulty to leave the use of those things (if not more) as there was at first to make them familiar; the like is true in brandy, etc., for the more unnatural and greater the extreme is, the more troublesome it is to leave it.

As for those who are used to eat hot food, and are not satisfied with cold, a little custom will bring them to a liking of it, for man being a complete image of the whole nature of this world, and being endued with the true nature of all elemental things, therefore custom will make everything, whether good or evil, familiar, to his nature. As for my own part, I have not been troubled with windy diseases, since I left off eating hot food, which formerly I was afflicted with; likewise, the same quantity of any sort of food eaten cold, when a man is a little used to it, will be much easier and pleasanter to the stomach than hot, for this swells the body, sends fumes into the head, and causeth a heavy indisposition through the whole body, but there is such a sottishness and ignorance possesses most people, that they will not go out of their old path, following their false prophets, custom and tradition, esteeming themselves to be sufficient judges in these things.

Now these windy diseases, and fiery, thin, salt humors that are occasioned by the afore-mentioned intemperances, are very rarely or seldom ever cured; for what medicines have power to cure, when the same superfluities are continued, which are the original of the diseases? Pray, where is the medicine that will cure the French disease, if the person infected goes on in his old way of wantonness? The very same is to be understood of all other distempers, therefore temperance and sobriety are virtues

that are absolutely necessary, not only to help and cure diseases when they have invaded the body, but also to prevent the generations of them, for most distempers, with a little help of physic, might be mitigated, if a sober, temperate life were observed, so that by degrees little or no inconveniency would be felt, but what hopes are there, so long as people prefer superfluity and the pleasure of the taste beyond health, eating and drinking of various sorts of rich food, and cordial drinks, to the full satisfaction of their appetites, which break the bounds of temperance, the stomach not being able to make a perfect concoction, so that every such meal sows the seeds of some gross matter and evil juice, which by degrees stops the passages, obstructs the veins, corrupts the blood, and from thence flows various indispositions, according to the nature of each man's constitution and the degree of matter. There are but few that think that those oppressions and diseases proceed from a disordered life, and a too great quantity of nourishment, but most will be apt to believe themselves, alleging, that they got cold by leaving off a coat, or by accidental sweating, or some other act of carelessness, which must be a mistake, for such things have little or no power to hurt the health, if there be not matter beforehand, for you may be sure, if leaving off a coat do occasion a cold or any kind of stoppage, there was some part obstructed before, and the radical spirits of that part were weakened by some disorder, or else outward colds would not have had any power to seize that part of the body. You may also observe, that if any member or part of the body be weakened by any accident, that part will first complain, when either cold seizes it, or when there is any change of weather, from whence you may conclude, that the root



of all or most diseases is, first, some inward contraction of matter, caused by superfluity, or other disorder, which have weakened the pure, essential spirits, and the balsamic oil and virtues in that part become, as it were, sour or sharp, which infects the blood, and then presently ariseth a loathing, and the palate cannot distinguish the pure relish, nor taste the goodness of any food, the attractive quality, and also the natural heat of the stomach lose their strength and power, then also the retentive and digestive faculties do cease from their natural operations, for when there does happen any violence to the pure, volatile spirit and balsamic body, then presently the action of the stomach ceases, and then begins a loathing, and the original poisons and central heats are awakened, which set the whole body into a flame, which poisonous fire lay, as it were, hid so long as the pure spirit and balsamic body were strong, and this continual fiery or brimstony spirit was only a cause of motion, giving strength and vigor to the oil of life, which oil does mix and incorporate with this sulphurous, fierce fire, and makes it more gentle and friendly; for this oil is generated from this sulphurous, poisonous spirit, and is, as it were, its sun, and shins back thereinto, and does cause it to burn more gently; but if this pure spirit and oil be by any kind of intemperance wounded or suffocated, by overcharging nature, then the original poisons and sulphurous fires do manifest themselves in their own forms, which were captivated and moderated so long as the pure spirits and essential oil were strong, for this essential oil is the true life of nature, and the moderator of the original fire, even as it is in the fire of wood, so long as the wood remains entire, and no violence done to the pure spirits or essential oil, this fire gives a

most pleasant and friendly refreshing heat and light, it sends forth a bright shine and wholesome smell, very agreeable to the pure spirits of those that are near it; but you will find the contrary, if you offer any violence to the pure spirits and essential oil, whence the bright shine and friendly nature of wood fire does proceed, as is done in making of wood fire into charcoal, for these pure spirits and sweet water or oil are suffocated in all charcoal.

For this cause the fire of charcoal is not only stronger than the fire of wood, but it sends forth sulphurous fumes, which will stupefy and suffocate the pure spirits, and dull all the senses, and send dark fumes into the head; the truth of this all people are sensible of, and it is for no other reason but because the pure spirits or sweet water or oil in the wood, is totally suffocated in making it into charcoal, and then the original poisons and fierce fire is no longer moderated, but does burn and manifest itself in its own nature and form; this makes the difference between the fire of wood and charcoal, the one being pleasant and wholesome, the other the contrary, and yet they have but one foundation; the very same is to be understood in the human nature, and in all other creatures, and in everything according to its nature. For this cause, when a man has, through any kind of intemperance or superfluity, overcharged nature, by which the pure, essential spirits are either evaporated or suffocated, and the oil (whence the natural life hath its true being) becomes, as it were, soured and made keen and sharp, then immediately follow fevers, for all fevers do proceed from the awakened poisons (which is the original of every life) which should not be stirred or awakened. For this cause most people, when sick, are

afflicted either with internal or external fevers, some greater, others less, according to the age or strength of each man's nature; and when men die in the strength of their lives, and especially such as have strong fires, what terrible fevers will such have, which burns and consumes nature in a moment's time! But those that die or are sick in age, and are of weaker heats, their fevers are more gentle; if people understood this, they would not be so guilty of intemperance, and so overcharge nature, for the meek, friendly life will not endure any violence or inequality without prejudice to the health; for as soon as the pure spirits are wounded or evaporated, nature falls into an unequal motion, and then the wrathful, fierce fires are stirred up, and then nature is in danger. Take what creature or thing you will, if you wound the pure spirits, the balsamic body presently turns sour, for one cannot subsist without the other, and when this is done, then, in a moment's time, the poisonous fierce fire does of its own accord manifest itself, which it could not do, so long as the pure spirits and balsamic body were strong, and did predominate, which does moderate and cause this fire to burn more gently. For this cause all wise and seeing men have advised to Temperance, and have commended all simple and mean food and drinks, especially those things in which the qualities of nature stand nearest equality; for all such food and drinks do distribute and administer due and moist nourishment to both body and spirits in an harmonical way, which is very agreeable to nature, for all things desire concord and unity, it being the highest degree that nature can attain to; also all sorts of food and drinks that do chiefly consist of equality, do powerfully beget and maintain its likeness in the body, and also in the mind.

And so, on the contrary, high, rich foods, which consist of many ingredients, are of disagreeing natures; and drinks, in which the fire burns too fiercely, do often prove dangerous to health, because such things are unequal in themselves, and except they be taken very sparingly, they awaken their likeness in the body, causing nature to be unequal in her operations; therefore, after eating and drinking such things there follow indispositions; the veins glowing with heat, fumes and vapors flying up into the head with a dull heaviness, which is caused by the inequality of the food, and the greatness of the quantity, which do, for a time (until the natural heat hath overcome the food, and made separation), suffocate the pure spirits and the oil of life by its gross juices, and affording too much nourishment, and if such food and drinks be continued, there are but few constitutions that can withstand the inconveniences that attend such a life, but Abstinency and a sober diet, with exercise, are the only means to abate all superfluous matter—and indeed it hinders the generation of all offensive humors. Abstinency is the only physician that a man can make use of, for it secretly does digest all kind of obstructions, and that with great ease and pleasure to the patient, far beyond the common and gross drugs which physicians administer. Also Abstinency is the most skilful cook, giving a most pleasant taste to every mean thing, by which a simple person becomes skilful, for he can distinguish the taste and the inward sweetness of each thing, and he is thereby stirred up with an inward inclination to praise and admire God in the use of all his blessings. Abstinency does weaken and abate the fury of the most choleric complexioned people, that they become more sanguine: it openeth the gate of Humility,



and is a friend to Charity, it encourageth Hope, and is the only enemy of that base and cruel spirit, Suspicion, the universal fomentor of mankind. Abstinency is a sure counsellor and a conductor of all the observers thereof, in the ways of Truth, increasing Faith, and causeth them to eye and follow the divine hand of Providence, giving peace and tranquillity to the mind, and health to the body: many are the virtues and benefits thereof. It also gives Time and Opportunity, and is the forerunner of Wisdom. It openeth the hidden and secret doors of Nature in a man's self, and renders him capable of all discipline, and is the only enemy to all Evil, and a friend to all Virtue. The wise and prudent in all ages have accounted her their chief friend and guide; by her virtues they have overcome the inward enemies of their members. Abstinency also preventeth the generation of all superfluous matter, whence diseases in the body do proceed; she abateth the desires, because a small matter will suffice a regular appetite; resisting pride, and careth not for estimation, she conquereth all her enemies, and maketh no noise, she beats no drums, nor dischargeth no guns; she punisheth not the body with labor, nor burdeneth the mind with care; she wearieth not the life by sea nor by land, to obtain that which will not stand her instead; she will not admit of any controversies nor law-suits; she will not contend for much, for a little supplies her; she standeth still and is silent, and yet obtaineth all things.

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Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

## HEALTH.

HEALTH was personified, in the mythology of the ancients, by the goddess Hygeia. With equal nature and poetry, they indicated as her favorite abodes spots most remarkable for sylvan beauty—the mountain with its shady grove, or the undulations of hill and dale, with the clear meandering stream, while over the whole expanse blew the light western and southern breeze. She received no sacrifices of blood or oriental perfumes; her altar was strewn with flowers; her festivals were kept with the music of the shepherd's pipe and the dance of the rustic maidens. Temples were erected to her in the cities: but she was most appropriately invoked in the sports of the gymnasium and palestra. Here the youth were trained to endurance of fatigue, and acquired that strength of body and contempt of danger which made them the terror of their enemies. As at once a relaxation from the severer exercises, and a means of renovating their vigor, they had frequent recourse to bathing. At Rome, the combatants, in racing and wrestling, pitching the quoit and throwing the javelin, while yet warm and panting would plunge into the Tiber. To this the poet of the Seasons alludes, when he says—

“ ———Hence the limbs  
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm  
That rose victorious over the conquer'd earth  
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.”

Hygeia is ever the companion of true liberty, not less than of orderly habits and pure morals. The periods of the greatest degradation of the human species from mis-

rule and vice, have been also those of the most destructive pestilence; and hence it has been truly said, that general health is inconsistent with extreme servitude. The fourteenth century, in which the night of ignorance and barbarism was darkest in Europe, was also the age of the most numerous and almost universal plagues. With freedom and equal rights, are associated diligence and success in the culture of the soil, and consequently greater purity of the air; dwellings are raised with a view not merely to temporary convenience, but permanent comfort; food is abundant and nutritious, and the freeman is not afraid of tempting the cupidity of tyrannical superiors by a display of attire, either called for by his wants or dictated by his taste.

Greece, with the loss of her liberty and the ruin of her cities, has an altered climate; and the country surrounding Rome, which could in ancient times boast of its hundred cities, is now a waste, tenanted by a scattered peasantry, who wear on their countenances the hue of disease and the imprint of slavery. Contrasted with this picture is the reverse change brought about by the free and frugal Hollanders, who converted dreary swamps into green fertile fields, and built numerous and flourishing cities on spots where the foot of man could not once have trodden with safety.

In every code of laws framed with an eye to the general good, there have been incorporated in it precepts for the preservation of health, and prevention of disease. Climate has been productive of the most remarkable differences in this branch of legislation. Without bearing this in mind, we should consider as absurd many of the injunctions of Moses and Mahomet, which were rendered of imperative necessity by the peculiar situation of the

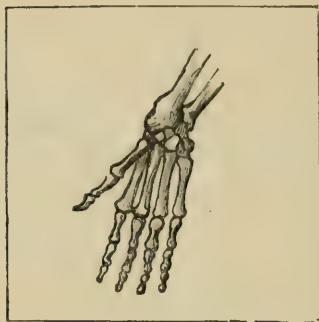
inhabitants of warm latitudes. In legislation like our own, which fluctuates with the wants and wishes of the people, it is very evident that a knowledge of rational precepts for the preservation of health, or, as they are technically called, the laws of Hygiene, must be of paramount value to guide to the enactment of good laws. This is a question of high interest to every citizen, whether he regard his individual welfare or the flourishing condition of the body politic.

*Hygiene* is the art of preserving health, that is, of obtaining the most perfect action of body and mind, during as long a period as is consistent with the laws of life. In other words, it aims at rendering growth more perfect, decay less rapid, life more vigorous, death more remote. The effects of diet and of exercise are considered the basis of Hygiene. There should be an exact balance between food and exercise, or disease will result from excess either way.

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*Nature and Art.*—Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is the practice to spoil her with indulgences from the moment we come into the world. A soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified; on the contrary, our feet must be wrapped in wool and silk; we must tread upon carpets; breathe, as it were, in fire; avoid a storm which purifies the air as we would a blast that contaminates it, and guarding every crevice from the wholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing; lie down upon a bed of feathers, which relaxes the system more than a night's lodging upon flint stones.





## THE HUMAN HAND.

THE *human hand* stands alone in its ingenious construction and usefulness. How varied are the uses to which it is adapted and applied! Glowing thoughts are penned by it upon the author's pages; it causes the artist's canvas to assume the delicate tints or brilliant hues, which Nature in her varied moods is wont so lavishly to wreath about her form; its beauty stands alone in its superlative excellence, in the whole animal world. In no other species of animal is the hand so wonderfully formed and so perfectly developed as in man. By means of its vibrations, the musical instrument is made almost a thing of life. It plays, it works, it acts, it talks; except the tongue, it is the orator's chief aid in giving expression to his lofty strains of eloquence, or his pathetic and powerful appeals; it gives great pathos to the pleader's prayer, and tells with tenfold force the tale of love and sorrow, suffering and woe. In the sense of touch seated in the hand, man claims the superiority. We do not realize how many notes in the tune of life, the hand is made to play. Its beauties and its uses are almost beyond our thought, and he who is deprived of it sustains a loss that none can estimate.

The farmer's toil, the housewife's task, the mechanic's skill, are all wrought out by the human hand. Springing in a compactly moulded body from the wrist, and provided with fingers possessing expanded tactile extremities, composed of an exquisitely sensitive and discriminative integument, it is endowed with all the essential attributes of strength and mobility, and exalted powers of perception of delicate and varied operations, that the ordinary purposes of life, and the industrial and constructive skill of an intellectual being can require. To preserve the delicacy and beauty of the hands, some little care, and more than that which is ordinarily bestowed on them, is required. Foremost in consideration must be the subject of cleanliness. Dirty and coarse hands are no less marks of slothfulness and low breeding, than clean and delicate hands are of refinement and gentility. To promote the softness and whiteness of the skin, mild emollient soaps, or those abounding in oil or fat, should alone be adopted. Rain-water or soft water is the best natural water for washing the hands. Roughness of the hands, induced by exposure to cold and drying winds, may, in general, be removed by the use of a little powdered pumice-stone with the soap in washing them, and a few drops of almond-oil or glycerine, well rubbed in at night, will usually effect the object completely. The finger-nails require special attention if we desire to preserve them in their highest condition of beauty and usefulness. To keep them clean the nail brush and soap and water should be used once, or oftener, daily. To remove stains and discolorations of the nails, a little lemon-juice, or vinegar and water, is the best application. Should this fail, a few grains of oxalic acid, diluted with warm

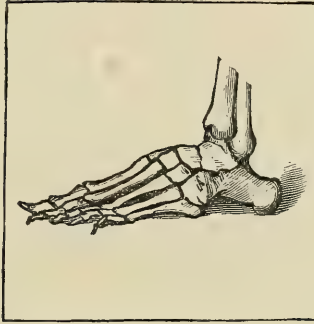
water, may be applied. Chapped hands are common among persons with a languid circulation, who are continually “dabbling” in water during cold weather, and particularly among those with a scrofulous taint. The best preventives, as well as remedies, are the use of warm gloves out doors, and the application, night and morning, of a little glycerine, diluted with twice its weight of water, or a little cold cream. Gloves are the obligato complement of every costume. Excessive moistness or perspiration of the hands, without obvious cause, is generally indicative of debility or disordered stomach, and requires corresponding treatment.

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*Beauty of Health.*—Females should be early taught the important fact that beauty cannot, in reality, exist, independent of health; and that the one is absolutely unattainable by any practice inconsistent with the other. In vain do they hope to improve their skin—to give a “roseate hue” to their cheeks, or to augment the grace and symmetry of their forms, unless they are cautious to preserve the whole frame in health, vigor, and activity. Beauty of complexion, and, to a certain extent, that of shape also, is nothing more than visible health—a pure mirror of the perfect performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effect of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance, and of exercise, uninterrupted by any species of unnatural constraint.

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All women are good, viz., either good for something, or good for nothing.



## THE HUMAN FOOT.

THE *human foot* is also a wonderful piece of organic mechanism, composed of many bones, ligaments, muscles, and tendons, associated with arteries, veins, nerves, and other vessels. We look with admiration and pride, upon what is being done by man in every direction; we see his skill displayed in various arts, and his reason and intellect in the wonderful works of his hands. We boast of our ships, our steamboats, and our telegraphs; we are proud, and justly proud, of our bridges, and our Atlantic cable; but where in the whole range of arts, mechanics, architecture, or engineering, can we find such a structure as the human foot? How manifold are the functions it is fitted to perform? Not only does it sustain weights, but it must carry them. Man in his labors and his toils is obliged to walk, run, leap, jump, climb, etc., and upon the foot must he depend for the performance of these several duties. And in order to secure in the foot the requisite firmness in standing, it is articulated with the leg at right angles, so that the heel and toes touch the ground, and the joint is placed nearer the posterior than the anterior part of the foot, so as to increase the base



of support in that direction towards which the body tends most to fall; it offers not only the advantage of a strong support, but one which is highly elastic, yielding without injury in alighting on the feet, and acting as a spring in progression. To preserve the feet in a thoroughly healthy and comfortable state, the first object of attention should be cleanliness—thorough cleanliness. For this purpose they should be frequently soaked and well washed in warm or tepid water, good soap being freely used to remove the dirt and perspiration which accumulate about them. This should be done, if possible, every day in summer, every other day in spring and autumn, and twice a week in winter. The appropriate time for the operation is at night, before retiring to rest. Nails that have a tendency to spread sidewise and to grow into the flesh—a thing that always originates in pressure—should be kept carefully pared at the sides or offending part. Very great care should be taken to avoid cutting the toe-nails too short. The best treatment of tender feet is soaking them nightly in tepid water, to which a handful of bran may be added to the water. When the tenderness is extreme and persistent, a little powdered borax or sal-ammoniac should be added to the water. Coldness of the feet indicates delicate health and a feeble state of the circulation. It should be met by active exercise and friction, the use of warm woollen stockings, and efforts to improve the general tone of the system. The peculiar and very disagreeable odor evolved by the feet of some persons in hot weather generally arises from unnatural perspiration, insufficient attention to cleanliness, and from wearing cotton stockings and non-ventilating boots or shoes. The remedy is obvious. The feet should be soaked and

washed nightly in warm water, soap being at the same time freely used. Sore feet, produced by walking, or in any other similar manner, may be treated as noticed above under "tender feet." The feet, owing to the less vigorous circulation of the blood in them, are very liable to chilblains; the most common cause of them is holding the feet to the fire after they have been exposed to cold. Any sudden change of temperature, under such circumstances, especially from cold to heat, should be carefully avoided. The best treatment is with local stimulants and counter-irritants. Among these may be mentioned, painting the parts twice a day with strong tincture of iodine, or friction with oil of turpentine, opodeldoc, camphorated oil, hartshorne and oil, glycerinated lotion of sal-ammoniac. All these are proper applications only while the skin continues sound. When the inflamed parts ulcerate and break, the usual treatment is to dress them with a little resin cerate, or spermaceti ointment and powdered galls.

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The habitual drinker of ardent spirits is liable to changes in his stomach, liver, brain, heart, lungs, and the functions of each respectively. And yet, deplorable infatuation! the misguided creature often alleges, as an excuse for his tippling, or daily use of ardent spirits, which is tippling, that he suffers in some one of these organs, and gets momentary relief in this way. But what a relief! A pleasurable moment to be repaid by hours and days and weeks of disease. The use of ardent spirits acts on the blood, impairs its vitality, diminishes its red color, and renders it unfit to stimulate the heart.

## CORNES.

THE daily exercise of walking being essential to the preservation of the health and vigor of the system, everything calculated to prevent its being indulged in to a sufficient extent, must necessarily be a matter of serious import.

There is nothing, perhaps, which impedes the free use of the feet to so great an extent as the presence of corns; for though a few may boast that they experience but little inconvenience from them, to the majority they occasion, by times, a degree of suffering which totally incapacitates them from walking or even standing. We propose, therefore, to call the attention of our readers to the means of preventing, or when present, of remedying this evil.

The feet being cramped in small or badly-shaped shoes, produces corns in a great many cases. They may be, also, occasioned by walking much in shoes of too large dimensions, and formed from materials of a hard and unyielding nature. The feet being subjected, in the one case, to long-continued pressure, and, in the other, to repeated friction, the skin, particularly at those points where it is in almost immediate contact with the bone, becomes hard and thickened. If the pressure or friction be continued, both the density and thickness of the skin increase, and a corn is formed, which being forced down by the shoe, becomes imbedded into the parts upon which it is seated, and by its pressure upon the delicate skin beneath causes this to become inflamed and exquisitely sensible.

Corns are not always confined to the feet; various other parts of the body may be affected with them, if subjected to constant pressure or friction. Thus, they are very commonly produced on the more projecting portions of the hands of ploughmen, gardeners, reapers, blacksmiths, and various other mechanics, from the pressure and friction to which these parts are subjected in handling their respective tools.

From the preceding remarks, the means of preventing the formation of corns will suggest itself to every one. It is to remove from the feet all unnecessary pressure, and to carefully guard them from repeated friction. To this end, the first thing to be attended to is the shoe. This should be made sufficiently large and of a shape exactly correspondent to that of the foot. No one can promise himself an exemption from corns unless the shoe be of sufficient dimensions to permit of all the motions of the feet and toes being performed without restraint. It is important, also, that it be formed of a suitable material, and rise as high in the instep as it can be worn, in order that all pressure or friction may be taken off the toes. Shoes made of soft calfskin, or of buckskin, are the best. Previously to being worn, to render them flexible and more capable of adapting themselves to the form of the foot, the upper leather should be well oiled, until perfectly soft and flexible; afterwards the oil may be discontinued if thought proper. Great care is taken in the army "to see that the men are provided with proper shoes, with good thick soles, roomy about the toes, and that in every other respect they fit well; and it is astonishing to find among so large a body of men so few afflicted with corns." There is, however, another thing in favor of the soldier against corns,



namely, he is taught to walk ; and if any perceptible awkwardness or partial deformity of the foot originally exist, this is corrected by the drill sergeant, who teaches him to plant his feet fairly and uniformly on the ground, and to turn his toes in such a direction that each part of the foot may sustain a proportionate weight, and all its articulations have their full and unshackled play."

An all-important means, therefore, of preventing a disposition to corns, is to correct any awkwardness in the gait ; in other words, for the individual to learn how to manage his feet in walking so as to subject them, on their upper surface, to the least possible pressure or friction. The time and patience necessary for this will be amply repaid by the advantages of a fine, easy, and graceful gait.

It is certainly true that some individuals are more liable to be affected with corns than others. A few who always wear tight shoes, and take but little care of their feet or manner of walking, are never incommoded with them ; others, on the contrary, can scarcely put on a pair of new shoes, or walk more than usual, without having them produced. It is a curious circumstance, also, that persons have been tormented with corns for years, and then become, all at once, entirely rid of them, though they continue to wear the same kind of shoes and walk to the same extent as formerly.

Another important measure for the prevention of corns is frequently bathing the feet. Clean feet, clean stockings, and a pair of easy shoes, are the most effectual preventatives of injury to the feet, and as great a luxury as it is possible, where personal comfort is duly appreciated, for any one to enjoy. A warm bath, with the free use of good soap, is that best adapted to the feet. The

most proper time for the use of the foot-bath is in the evening on retiring to bed. The instant the feet are removed from the bath, they should be promptly dried with a coarse towel, and well rubbed; and unless the individual goes immediately to bed, a pair of soft woollen stockings should be drawn on. By these precautions all possible danger of taking cold will be avoided. They who have habitually moist or perspirable feet should bathe them at least three times a week in summer, and twice in winter; but when the feet are habitually dry, the use of the bath twice a week in summer, and once in winter, will be sufficient.

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*The Time and Mode of Sleeping.*

Six hours of sleep suffice for sire and son;  
Seven hours we grant to sloth, and eight to none;  
In less than seven be all thy sleeping done.  
If nine are needed, take not thou a tenth;  
Conform thy sleep to night's appointed length.  
Should health demand, from morning take a third;  
Better that one from bed all day ne'er stirred,  
Than rob his limbs of their accustomed rest;  
And for such sleep the morning hour is best.  
Sleep in due measure profits every one,  
But through excess much ill is often done.  
Nothing is worse than on the back to lie;  
While prone relieves a couch, yet hurts the eye.  
'Tis well to change from side to side at night,  
And, naught forbidding, choose at first the right.  
Upon this side begin thy night's repose,  
And on the left let sleep her season close.

## ON SALT,

## AND OTHER MINERAL CONSTITUENTS OF FOOD.

THE following extract from a highly interesting and instructive lecture on this subject, will serve to show the absolute necessity of keeping the system fully supplied with a due proportion of its mineral elements as well as its organic constituents, in order to thus insure the normal nutrition and development of all the various tissues of the body, and preserve as well as restore, when lost, the healthy integrity of the several parts and of the whole economy.

“I wish to bring before you what I have called the Mineral Constituents of our Food, to which, generally speaking, we attach very little importance. Persons who prepare our food—cooks in the kitchen, ladies who superintend cooks and order dinners for large families—and people who consume food from day to day, never think of asking whether food contains mineral constituents in the right proportions to secure health, and without which babies get rickets, young ladies get curved spines, fathers get gouty, and mothers get palpitations; and they do not think of ascribing these to the food which has deprived them of the proper mineral constituents. I think I can show you that the importance of this consideration can hardly be overrated.

“In order to illustrate the importance of these things, I must show you the elementary constitution of human beings. Suppose we take a human being, put him in a retort, and apply heat to him; we shall find that, first, 111 pounds of water will actually rise up from a body weighing 154 pounds; and the next thing that comes

off will be carbonic acid gas; there will be ammonia; and then you might get a little sulphuretted hydrogen and phosphuretted hydrogen, and gases of that sort; but you will at last get a quantity of ashes. Now, in the water you get the oxygen and the hydrogen. In the carbonic acid gas you get carbon and oxygen, and in the ammonia you get nitrogen and hydrogen. In the ashes which are left we get phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, fluoride of calcium, chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, carbonate of soda, phosphate of potash, sulphate of potash, peroxide of iron, phosphate of iron, phosphate of magnesia, and silica. These are the things without which we cannot live. And if you will persist in having only refined sugar and the whitest flour, rejecting the brown; if you will persist in rejecting the salt and avoiding the liquor in which meat is boiled, you may get albumen and fibrin, but none of these mineral substances; and then the first attack of fever or cold may prove fatal. Four men shall be travelling outside of an omnibus—one may get acute inflammation of the lungs, another bronchitis, and the other two shall come off free. Was it the riding outside of the omnibus that did it? No; it was the state of their blood. They had lived somehow irregularly. So you may find half a dozen children all exposed to the contagion of scarlet fever; two take it, one dies, and the other four are free; but the two that have caught it have lived in such a way that their blood has readily taken in the contagious disease: and the one that has died has got in such a condition as to produce death. Hence the importance of attending to these subjects thoroughly—not getting a little knowledge of them, but a knowledge of what is necessary to the feeding of men. If not, we shall somehow or other suffer.”



## ATTENTION TO HEALTH NO BAR TO ENJOYMENT.

ALMOST every attempt that has been made to instruct the public generally, upon the means by which disease may be avoided, and the health and well-being of both mind and body best preserved, has been met by ridicule. The individual who would live according to the dictates of prudence and good sense, has been described as one fearful of enjoying the common gifts and blessings of Providence, of partaking of the most simple food, or of breathing the purest atmosphere, lest he may admit into his system some noxious power to rob him of his health. "Such a one," says the scoffer, "is little better than a constant valetudinarian—with him, plain old common sense is turned out of doors, to make room for prudery in regimen; and every generous energy is crippled by coward caution."

These vulgar and absurd objections to a rigid observance of the rules of health, are thus refuted by a very excellent writer engaged in the same cause with ourselves.

"If," says he, "no evil has followed from the pains that have been so wisely taken towards putting all upon their guard against deadly nightshade and against sugar of lead, why should any be produced by a completely reasoned catalogue of poisons, in the most comprehensive sense of that term? The lead does but occasion palsy; and whatever destroys activity and enjoyment produces palsy too, of the worst species. For the advantages of sprightly vigor over pining sickness, is greater than

that of the enervated over the palsied, or of the palsied over the dead. Can we seriously fear, that if we suffer ourselves to be persuaded out of the use of poisons, both quick and slow, that the feast of nature would not be various enough for a healthy appetite? Did any one, when once acquainted with their effects, ever pine for the berries of the nightshade, or the sweets of lead? or, has a knowledge of their poisonous qualities caused any one to partake with diminished confidence of such species of food, of the wholesomeness of which he has been well assured? Certainly not. Neither, therefore, will a single individual find the comforts of life diminished—nor hesitate a moment to make a proper use of them, when once he is convinced of the deleterious influence of intemperance and gluttony, of indolence and lust; or, rather, when he has been taught in what each of these vices actually consists.”

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*Heavy Suppers.*—Supper should be taken about dark, and when the nights are short, about sundown. This will allow sufficient time for the food to digest before retiring. The stomach should have rest at night, as well as the other organs of the body. Heavy suppers distend the stomach, impede the respiration, oppress the brain, cause disturbed sleep, horrid dreams, nightmare, and, in many cases, sudden death. If you would enjoy quiet, refreshing sleep, and avoid disease and sudden death, shun heavy suppers. This meal should consist mostly of toasted bread, wafers, biscuit, a small quantity of fresh butter, with milk or water for drink.

## THE BEST MEANS OF PRESERVING THE HEALTH AND VIGOR OF THE BODY.

WITH the name and character of the philanthropic Howard, all our readers must be intimately acquainted. The following extracts are from a communication made by him to exhibit the result of his experience as to the best means of preserving the health and vigor of the body.

“A more ‘puny whipster’ than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out in the evening without being wrapped up: I could not put on my linen without its being aired: I was, politely speaking, enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was, occasionally, troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced that whatever enfeebles the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us all as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming disorder since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this I used to be a miserable dependant on wind and weather; a little too much of the one, or a slight inclemency of the other, would postpone, and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties: or, if pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was

sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like a dislocation, and the sight of a bank or a precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult place. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and large fires were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage, and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, etc., were to be instantly put on: the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot on going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning a dram was to be swallowed, in order to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

“Every man must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on himself. I did this by a very simple, but, as you will think, a very severe regimen, namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always harder to get rid of a bad habit than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgences by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or at least disinclined, to any useful exertions for some time after dinner hours: and if the dilutive powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper came in so close upon it that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed,



where I finished the enervating practices by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen hours on the stretch. You will not wonder that I rose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened.

“To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food, and a teaspoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions, without any injury to the corporeal—nay, with increase of vigor to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining on many dishes to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

“My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, health, and spirits augmented. My clothing, etc., underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, damp feet, night air, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections.”

In his 63d year, Mr. Howard was in full possession of his mental and physical powers. He, however, accidentally contracted a malignant fever whilst visiting the sick in an infected district, which terminated his life in a few days.

## TIME FOR SLEEP.

SLEEP, "tired nature's sweet restorer," is well known to be essential to the existence of man. Those who are long deprived of a necessary proportion of it have their health impaired, and not unfrequently the period of their existence abridged. Many would appear to imagine that provided a certain number of the twenty-four hours be passed in sleep, it matters little how or where such repose is obtained. This, however, is a very gross error. The accommodations of the night, equally with the occupations of the day, exert a very powerful influence upon the health and well-being of the system.

Night is evidently the period appropriated by nature for repose, and general experience has proved that it is the only one during which we can with certainty obtain that sound, sweet, and refreshing slumber so necessary for the preservation of health. Sleeping during the day is, indeed, on many accounts a pernicious practice, which should be carefully avoided, excepting under particular circumstances of disease, or when a sufficient amount of repose cannot be obtained at the natural periods. This, however, does not apply to infants. For the first months after birth, a healthy child sleeps full two-thirds of its time. This propensity requires to be indulged by day as well as by night; but, with judicious management, it may be brought, in a short time, to require and enjoy repose during the latter period only. Young children, when fatigued by exercise, will also, in general, be found inclined to sleep during the day; from indulging them in a short repose, under such circumstances, no bad

effects can result, provided their clothing be perfectly loose, so that every part of their bodies is freed from bands or ligatures.

The popular maxim, "early to bed and early to rise," is one which should be rigidly observed by every individual. It has been remarked that, in the natural state, the disposition to sleep usually comes on soon after the commencement of darkness; and, according to the oldest and most accurate observers, three or four hours' sleep before midnight is very nearly as refreshing as double that portion in the morning. Persons who spend the day in manual labor, or active exercise in the open air, with great difficulty keep awake for a few hours after the night has closed in; and this disposition to early sleep is, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of perfect health.

The studious are noted for their disregard of "the regular hours of rest." The solemn stillness of night, inviting to those pursuits which require a fixed attention, and a connected series of thought and reasoning, leads them first into the habit; which is subsequently strengthened by the circumstance of intense application of the mind, uninterrupted by sufficient and appropriate exercise, producing a state of nervous irritability inimical to sleep. Hence the student fears to leave his midnight lamp for a couch which he can only occupy in a state of restlessness. Let him, however, relinquish his nocturnal studies, and seek, during the natural period, that repose which his mind and body alike demand, appropriating "the hours of early morn" to study, and the residue of the forenoon to exercise, and we are well persuaded that, while his progress in the pursuit of knowledge would be in no degree retarded, he will be the gainer, not merely in the enjoyment of more perfect health, but in the

increased clearness and vigor of his intellectual faculties. It has been very correctly remarked "that the atmosphere of the night is always more vitiated, and consequently less fit for respiration than that of the day; and as we respire a greater portion of air while awake than in a sleeping state, it follows that from these, independent of other causes, the system is more liable to injury in the former than in the latter state."

Early rising is equally important to the health of the system as early rest. On no account should any one permit himself to again slumber, after the moment of his first awaking in the morning, whether this happen at the early dawn, or before the sun has risen; even though from accident or unavoidable causes he may not have enjoyed his six or eight hours of repose. It is much better to make up the deficiency, if necessary, at some other time, than to attempt taking another nap. Whoever shall accustom himself thus to rise, will enjoy more undisturbed sleep during the night, and awake far more refreshed, than those who indolently slumber all the morning.

Even this second nap is, however, by no means so injurious to health as the practice of continuing in bed of a morning, long after waking; nothing tends, especially in children, and young persons generally, more effectually to unbrace the solids, exhaust the spirits, and thus to undermine the vigor, activity, and health of the system, than such a practice.

Let any one, who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by five or six, spend an hour or two in walking, riding, or any active diversion in the open air, and he will find his spirits more cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite more keen, and his body more active and vigorous.



Reese, in his life of Dr. Kippis, attributes the uninterrupted health of the latter to the habits of early rising, as well as to the uniform regularity and temperance to which he had been accustomed from his youth. It may be added, that, however different in other respects may have been the habits of those who have been remarkable for their longevity, they were all early risers.

The habit of early rising is one of great importance in reference to the health of young persons: when commenced in the first years of life, it will be persevered in from choice. "Hence," to use the language of an experienced writer, "while under the eye of parents and guardians, children may be taught to rise constantly at a certain hour, which will render it more easy for them to persevere in the habit after they are removed from under that control. If no disease or accident intervene, they will need no further repose than that obtained in their first sleep, which custom will have caused to terminate, of itself, just at the usual hour, and then, if they turn upon the other ear to take a second nap, they will be taught to look upon it as an intemperance, not at all redounding to their credit."

No one should retire to rest immediately after a full meal, or in an agitated state of mind. Indeed, after a light supper, at least two hours ought to elapse before bedtime; and as a requisite for sound and invigorating repose, it is necessary to banish all anxious, gloomy, or depressing ideas and thoughts, and every species of mental exertion. To the same intent, every circumstance calculated to excite the senses should be removed. The pernicious practice, adopted by many, of reading in bed until they fall asleep, is particularly to be avoided. In place of this dangerous expedient to invite sleep, it would

be more salutary to walk up and down the room for a few minutes, or to partake of any other gentle exercise. Fortunately, however, the individual who lives a life of temperance and virtue, and partakes daily of sufficient active exercise, requires no opiate to lull him to repose :

———"On him the balmy dews  
Of sleep with double nutriment descend."

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*Reasons for Early Rising.*—Independent of the injury which the eyes sustain from studying or laboring by candlelight, those who spend the night in occupation of any kind, and waste the morning in sleep, lose the most beautiful period of the day, and the one best adapted for either mental or bodily labor. We may consider each day as a sketch in miniature of human life, in which the morning represents youth; noon, manhood; and evening, old age. Who would not then employ the youthful part of each day in labor, rather than begin his work in the evening—the period of old age and debility? In the morning we are renovated in the properest sense of the word: the mind, also, is at that period the clearest, and possessed of the most strength and energy. It is not, as at night, worn out and rendered unequal by the multifarious impressions of the day, by business and fatigue; it is then more original, and possesses its natural powers. This is the period of new mental creation, of clear conceptions, and exalted ideas. Never does man enjoy the sensation of his own existence so purely and in so great perfection as in a beautiful morning. He who neglects this period, neglects the youth of his life!

## PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

VIGOROUS exercise, and a free exposure to the air, are by far the most efficient remedies in pulmonary consumption. It is not, however, that kind of exercise usually prescribed for invalids—an occasional walk or ride in pleasant weather, with strict confinement in the intervals—from which much good is to be expected. Daily and long-continued riding on horseback, or in carriages over rough roads, is, perhaps, the best mode of exercise; but where this cannot be commanded, unremitting exertion of almost any kind in the open air, amounting even to labor, will be found highly beneficial. Nor should the weather be scrupulously studied. Though I would not advise a consumptive patient to expose himself recklessly to the severest inclemencies of the weather, I would nevertheless warn him against allowing the dread of taking cold to confine him on every occasion when the temperature may be low, or skies overcast.

“I may be told that the patient is often too feeble to be able to bear exertion; but, except in the last stage, where every remedy must prove unavailing, I believe there are few who cannot use exercise without doors; and it sometimes happens, that they who are exceedingly debilitated, find, upon making the trial, that their strength is increased by the effort, and that the more they exert themselves, the better able they are to support the exertion.”

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Eat a bit before you drink.

## STIMULANTS.

THAT man is a maniac, a deliberate suicide, who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind, to induce him to perform a work in hand, and when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and public favorites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writers, have filled but too often a drunkard's grave. Now that the press has become such a great power in the land, when the magazine must come out on a certain day and the daily newspapers at a fixed hour, nothing waits, everything must give way to the inexorable call for copy, and, sick or well, disposed or indisposed, asleep or awake, that copy must come; the writer must compose his article, whether he feels like it or not, and if he is not in the vein for writing, he must whip himself up to it by the stimulus of drink. Some of the greatest writers of the century have confessed to the practice, on urgent occasions, of taking a sip of brandy at the end of every written page, or even oftener—Lord Byron at the end of every paragraph sometimes!

It may have escaped the general reader's notice that more men have died young, who have been connected with the New York Press, within ten years, and that too from intemperance, than in all the other educational callings put together; young men whose talents have been of the very first order, and gave promise of a life



of usefulness, honor, and eminence. The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too tired to perform a task, or too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week, if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain power; the only actual renewal of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a sense at rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of the consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. That supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutrient particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted, that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutrient particles during the state of rest, quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves—they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted, that there is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst or starvation that there is not strength enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. This incapacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant; in an instant falls in convulsions, in an instant loses all sense, and he is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this very sort, in the very middle of a sentence of great oratorical power, one of the most eminent minds of the age forgot his idea, pressed his hand against his forehead, and after a mo-

ment's silence said, "God, as with a sponge, has blotted out my mind." Be assured, reader, "there is rest for the weary" only in early and abundant sleep, and wise and happy are they who have firmness enough to resolve that "by God's help I will seek it in no other way."

But let it be understood that under all circumstances of extraordinary exhaustion from over effort of mind or body, stimulants of tea, coffee, or spirits are imperatively demanded at the earliest moment afterwards, to prevent the system from going down to that point of weariness when the body loses the power of rest, and the mind the power to sleep, for many have found themselves at times too tired to sleep. But then stimulants are taken, not to enable the person to attempt more work, but to enable him to take rest and sleep, by preventing the system from getting so low as to banish both.

#### TEA, COFFEE, AND LIQUORS.

All are stimulants, and within ten minutes after taking them we lose the sense of fatigue which depressed us, and the feeling of hunger which seemed to be gnawing at our vitals. By using them largely we are able to work until the very moment that paralysis, apoplexy, or death shows how much the system has been outraged.

The action of the stimulus is to force the blood to the various parts of the body, when it would not have gone there sufficiently by its natural action. This blood contains nutriment—hence the feeling of hunger abates; but, a mere stimulant having no nutriment, the time comes when the blood has yielded up all it has, and the body dies of starvation and debility and utter exhaustion.

Persons who are starved to death become idiotic towards the last, because there is not nourishment in the blood to feed the brain to keep up its activities.

It was observed during the potato famine in Ireland, that when money, instead of food, was given to the starving, they uniformly spent it in tea, tobacco, or spirits, because they found that they removed the sense of debility and hunger at a cheaper rate than solid food, and the relief was more instantaneous; but they failed to notice that it was also more transient, and thus more deceptive; they gave no actual strength to the body—they only seemed to do it; they merely brought the very last reserves “to the front,” but added not a man to the general army; so when the last reserves were used up, the battle of life was over, and death was victorious. Hence, strength, kept up by the use of mere stimulants, is always at the risk of reason and life. True strength, real recuperation, comes from the digestion of nutritious food, and can come from no other source.

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Happy is he who learns caution from the danger of others. Be appropriate. It may with the greatest right be claimed by those who learn caution with regard to their own health, that it is from observing what brings infirmity upon others.

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*Vice.*—Vice needs every discouragement to prevent its seeds from growth; and it would be happy if man would consider that he cannot long enjoy health with a poisoned mind or an upbraiding conscience.

## POISON.

THE instant a person is known to have swallowed poison by design or accident, give water to drink, cold or warm, as fast as possible, a gallon or more at a time, and as fast as vomited drink more; tepid water is best, as it opens the pores of the skin and promotes vomiting, and thus gives the speediest cure to the poisonous article. If pains begin to be felt in the bowels, it shows that part at least of the poison has passed downwards; then large and repeated injections of tepid water should be given, the object in both cases being to dilute the poison as quickly and as largely as possible. Do not wait for warm water—take that which is nearest at hand, cold or warm, for every second of time saved is of immense importance, at the same time send instantly for a physician, and as soon as he comes turn the case into his hands, telling him what you have done. This simple fact cannot be too widely published; it is not meant to say that drinking a gallon or two of simple water will cure every case of poisoning, but it will cure many, and benefit all by its rapidly diluting quality.

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*Wetting the Hair.*—The head and hair need cleansing equally with the rest of the body, and water is the only proper fluid to do it with. It does not injure the hair as commonly supposed, but improves it, unless carried to excess. Constant brushing of the hair injures it, as does also the application of bay rum or other irritants, oils, etc.



## SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

THE material "progress" of the world has brought the most distant nations to our doors, and put rivers, and mountains, and seas between friends and neighbors. All of us feel that there is far less social intercourse between families than there was a score or two of years ago; the essential reason of which is, it requires so much more effort to keep our houses and ourselves in a presentable shape, that we have not time to make an old-fashioned visit; that is, to go and see a neighbor before sundown, and stay and take tea, and then laugh and talk to a late hour in the night, reaching home with pleasant memories of the good cheer, the well-spread table, and the vigorous appetite for its consumption. All thoughtful minds should cultivate social intercourse as a matter of principle, and pleasure, and duty; it breaks up the monotony of domestic life, it promotes that interchange of ideas, and that reciprocity of courtesies which cherishes self-respect, which wakes up those ambitions and commendable rivalries which are calculated to elevate the individual in particular, and society in general.

Our farmers, especially, work too hard in the daytime, and are too tired, when evening comes, to dress and go and see a neighbor; hence, there is a monotony in their existence which allows the faculties to go to sleep; and to this monotony they soon become so accustomed that they become, in time, but little more than machines, have not the energy requisite to take them out of one tread-mill course, and they go round and

round the same beaten track until they die, and too often but little above the elevation of mind which belongs to the brute creation.

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## MAXIMS FOR PARENTS.

ATTEMPT not the treatment of your own, or your children's colds, lest what may in reality have been, in the first instance, a trifling disease, should by your mismanagement be converted into a confirmed consumption. All remedies which do no good, in either colds or consumptions, invariably do a very great deal of harm. A strictly sober life, regular, active exercise, and a cheerful and contented mind, are the most certain means by which those predisposed to consumption may escape its attack, and preserve their lives to an advanced period. The most certain means by which the predisposed, even when guilty of no intemperance, may invite the attack of their lurking enemy, is a plentiful use of pectoral balsams, balms of life, lung restorers, cough-lozenges, or indeed any of the list of the certain cures in the newspapers.

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The difference between excess in eating and the drinking of distilled or fermented liquors is marked by the following among other lines of distinction. The one is the abuse of a good thing, and the other is the use of a bad thing. In the former case we take too much food, in the latter case we swallow more or less poison. Aliment should be taken with moderation; alcohol, however mixed, disguised, diluted, or compounded, should not be taken at all.

## STAMMERING

Is a nervous disease. One of the most inveterate stammerers became possessed with the idea that he would make a good playactor; the apparent absurdity of the thing attracted public attention, and his first appearance was greeted by one of the largest London audiences, and, to the surprise of every one, he went through his part without one single blunder or hesitation. In this is the principle of cure in every conceivable case given for that purpose; and by knowing the principle involved, by having the key to one case, we have the key to all. This man's attention was so completely taken up, the nervous power was so strongly diverted to the memory of the words, only the ordinary amount went to the tongue.

A man stutters because the tongue is too full of nervous force; so full that the mind cannot restrain, regulate, guide. Most machines will work badly if worked too fast; every one knows that it is possible to be so much in a hurry to do a thing, that it cannot be done at all, giving rise to the saying, "More haste, worse speed." This is but a stammering of the hands or fingers.

All that is necessary to a cure in any case, is to obtain self-control. There is an excessive run of nerve power to the tongue; divert a portion of it in another direction, and the cure is certain in every case. For example, when the stammerer attempts to speak, he should endeavor to do something else at the same time, say with foot or finger. Let him stamp his foot on the ground

at the same time that he utters each syllable, and stammering is impossible.

The most inveterate stutterer reads as distinctly as any man, although we do not remember to have seen this fact noticed; it is because part of the attention is attracted to the notice of the words; it answers the same purpose to tap the finger against some object at each utterance. In this way the most obstinate case can be permanently cured in a few months. In the case of children, it should never be remarked upon; some parents get angry, and begin to scold or threaten, and even punish the child on the instant of its beginning to stammer; this only aggravates the case, because it confuses and alarms, and is fixed for life. Better do all possible to encourage, to compose, to give confidence; ridicule deepens and fixes the habits. Many other nervous affections, twitches, motions, noises from the nose, mouth, lungs, etc., are aggravated and deepened by harshness, as well as by ridicule, and become lifelong blemishes.

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*Diseased Meat.*—When poultry or other meat is fresh and good, it has a firm, hard feel, and is elastic; tainted meat feels soft, and returns to its shape slowly when indented, like dough when pressed with the finger. Fresh meat, well killed, does not moisten the finger; tainted meat does, and has a slimy feel. Keeping meats until they are about “to turn,” makes them tender to eat, but they are harder to digest than fresh meat.



## FATUITY

Is weak-mindedness, imbecility: that form of it which is the result of old age, manifests itself in a want of memory, which causes many foolish and silly things to be said and done; there is also a want of judgment in many of the common affairs of life, and the mind seems to have lost its balance as to the most ordinary transactions, while on a few subjects—that one subject in each, which has been the ruling passion of life—there is a degree of acuteness, the more marvellous from its contrast, with an almost entire absence of sense in other things. Some call it childishness, which minds approaching it regard with peculiar horror; just as persons whose dread of cancer is almost the terror of life, do at length become its victims.

For the fatuity of old age there is no cure, because the state of mind which induced it has worked organic changes in the brain; has in a sense changed the nature of its substance, as life-long scars are left as effects of wounds on the body. Fatuity may be modified, may be kept at bay to a certain extent, so as to make comparatively a very slow progress, by a simple effort of the will in cultivating company and lively conversation. Encourage visiting; go and see your friends every day if possible, and make friends happy who come to see you—then they will come oftener—the happiness which arises from a sincerity of reception, where there is a true whole-heartedness, no sham, no pretence, no hypocrisy.

Fatuity may be prevented by following the opposite of the things which bring it on. The chief causes of fatuity are:—

1st. Living a secluded life: some persons have no sociability; they do not go to see others, they do not want to have others come and see them. This is generally the result of intense selfishness; they are so immersed in their own affairs, so busy in their own interests, that they do not like to be interrupted; hence, there is more or less of coldness or reserve, and that visitor comes no more; or if there is an occasional call, it is stiff and formal; there is no going out of heart to heart; there is no reciprocity of frankness and true friendship; and soon the heart becomes an icicle, and the affections are dead. Thus it is that there are not a few who die, and not a single human being sheds a tear at the grave; not only no regret is felt at the final passing away, but there is an absolute feeling of relief at the riddance. The very contemplation of such an ending is positively terrible.

2d. There are others of the old who arrive at the same destination from a miserly disposition, practised in youth, from necessity it may be, and in later life from the sheer greed of gold. The habit of saving becomes so infixed that it is impossible to break it up; it is a second nature, an uncontrollable passion; it becomes meat and drink, and existence itself; everything is swallowed up in it, is sacrificed to it, and all sympathy, friendship, affection, love, and even a common humanity, are irrevocably dead.

As we grow older, then, let us practise benevolence more; cultivate geniality, social intercourse, and a

generous reciprocity of all the sweet courtesies of social and domestic life, and then tears and flowers will be mingled at our grave, and the memory of us will be blessed.

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IF consumption has prevailed in either of your families, use the earliest precautions to prevent your children falling victims to the same disease. Though consumption may not have been common on the side of either, yet precaution is not the less important. Two or three neglected colds in winter, or a cutting blast in spring, with improper clothing, may, in an infirm constitution, securely seat the relentless destroyer; at the best, wretched health will be a certain consequence. When they who must be ignorant of the essential difference between a common cold and consumption, boast of their cures, hear, but heed them not: ask this question of your own common sense, what experience or inspiration can instruct such pretenders? It is wise to check a cold the first week; but much wiser the first four and twenty hours.

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SINCE it has been shown that persons in every variety of climate and exposure, of occupation and trade, have preserved their health and strength, and have attained a cheerful old age, with no other drink than simple water, no one can contend for the necessity, to man's well-being, of any other drink. But the plea of necessity being abandoned, that of gratifying the taste, cheering the mind, and giving strength and vivacity to the body, has been urged by many members of temperate societies in favor of fermented liquors.

## A DREARY PROSPECT.

Is it true that, owing to the gradual increase of population, the surface of the earth is destined, in the course of ages, to refuse its aliment to the human race, and that a day will come when the sun will shine on an unpeopled and desert globe? Such is the question started by many eminent men since the commencement of the present century. It is a positive fact that, in consequence of the populous state of many countries which, during the middle ages, were but feebly peopled, it has become impossible to leave a large quantity of land alternately fallow for a certain time, until the soil has regained the phosphorus which, under different forms, it has yielded to the grain, so necessary to the sustenance of man. It is equally true that the manure spread over the fields is insufficient to renew the supply of phosphorus; and that countries which, in the olden time, were remarkable for their fertility, have since been transformed into deserts. Nor can it be denied that in taking food we absorb an enormous quantity of the fertilizing phosphorus—in order to build up and repair our osseous system, which is almost exclusively composed of phosphate of lime. Did we, on quitting this sublunary abode, restore to the earth what we received from it, the loss to the community would be comparatively small; but this is what we do not; our dead are inclosed within stone vaults or impenetrable coffins, and thus, out of filial piety or respect for the dead in general, we are induced to withhold from our mother earth that very nutriment which she is so much



in want of to feed us, while we multiply in nearly a geometrical ratio, and go on drawing upon her resources until she must be reduced in the end to a state of hopeless barrenness. And what is then to become of the human race? Will it have to live upon fish, or will anthropophagy be its last resort? To these dismal presentiments, the accomplishment of which we may comfortably view from the convenient distance of many centuries, we would reply that from the moment chemists discovered that the great agent of civilization is phosphorus under various forms, the problem may be considered in a great measure solved, since it is reduced to the simple condition of providing that great agent. Among the chief remedies against any deficiency in the natural supply, there are the importation of guano, and the application of mineral phosphates to agricultural purposes; and, before these fail, other sources will, undoubtedly, be discovered by science. To these reflections we may add that increase of population is invariably regulated by the means of existence, and that, whenever there is any danger of an excess of the former, nature applies a corrective in the form of some pestilence or other great calamity—even when men themselves do not, following their instincts, either destroy each other in battle, or drain off the surplus by emigration. These, history itself shows, are quite as natural checks (though apparently of a political nature) as those alluded to, which are independent of our will.

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Let but the drunkard alone, and he will fall of himself.

## MAXIMS FOR THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

To such of our readers as have passed the meridian of their days, and who are desirous of prolonging their lives, health, and happiness for a still longer term, we recommend a close attention to the following maxims. They form part of "A code of resolutions for declining life," drawn up by an old physician. The entire code is well deserving of careful perusal; but the part which we have thought proper to pass over would appear to belong rather to a code of ethics than of health. The resolutions to be adopted by all who are in the decline of life are:—

To endeavor to get the better of the intrusions of indolence of mind and of body, those certain harbingers of enfeebling age.

Rather to wear out, than to rust out.

To rise early, and, as often as possible, to go to bed long before midnight.

Not to nod in company, nor to indulge in repose too frequently on the couch by day.

Not to give up walking, nor to ride on horseback to fatigue.

Experience and a staid medical authority determines from six to ten miles a day. Nothing contributes more to the preservation of appetite, and the prolongation of life, than the constant use of the feet.

To continue the practice of reading, pursued, it is to be hoped, for more than half a century, in books on all subjects—for variety is the salt of the mind, as well as "the spice of life."

To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination.

To try to live within one's income, be it large or small.

Not to encourage romantic hopes or fears.

Not to drive away hope, the sovereign balm of life—though it be the greatest of all flatterers.

Not wilfully to undertake anything, for the accomplishment of which the mind or body is not sufficiently strong.

To avoid being jostled too much in the streets—being stunned by the noise of the carriages—and not to be carried, even by curiosity itself, into a large crowd.

Not to run the race of competition, nor to be in another's way.

To preserve one's temper on all occasions; and, hence, never to give up the reins to constitutional impatience.

If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing on every trying occasion, yet to endeavor by every means to pull the check string against the moroseness of spleen, or the impetuosity of peevishness. Anger is a short madness.

To contrive to have as few unemployed hours as possible, that idleness, the mother of vices and of crimes, may not pay her visits. To be always doing something, and to have something to do. To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal to fill it up with—for time is the material of which life is made.

Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the Spectator, seem to be hovering over the dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold on every help when

the spirits begin to droop; but let it be recollected that while love and wine are good cordials, they are not to be forced into common use.

To resolve never to go to bed on a full meal. Exercise, a light supper, and a good conscience are the best promoters of a good night's rest, and the parents of undisturbing dreams.

Not to be enervated by indulgence in tea-drinking.

Not to debilitate the mind by new and futile compositions. Like the spider, it may spin itself to death. The mind, like the field, must have its fallow season.

To enjoy rationally the present—not to be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom, or ridiculous fears as to the future.

To resolve more than ever to shun every public station, every arduous undertaking. To be satisfied with being master of one's self, one's habits, now a second nature, and one's time. Determined not to solicit, unless cruelly trampled on by fortune, nor to live and die in harness of official station, of trade, or a profession.

Not to lose sight, even for a single day, of the good and proverbial doctors—Diet, Merryman, and Quiet.

Resolve to remember, and to recommend, towards tranquillity and longevity, the three oral maxims of Sir Hans Sloane: "never to quarrel with one's self, one's wife, nor one's friend."

Not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements, as modified by the sun, the wind, the rain, and the night air.

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Butter is gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night.



## TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

"'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
The restless mind."

THESE maxims are most strictly true. It is of the highest importance of health to preserve the tranquillity of the mind, and not to sink under the disappointments of life, or give way to the turbulence of the passions; for nothing injures more the nervous system, and more effectually impairs the digestive powers of the stomach, than the influence of the various mental affections, such as fear, grief, anxiety, disappointment, anger, despair, rage, or any other violent passion, whether sudden, or attended by protracted painful sensations. When they become vehement and immoderate, they disorder the body in various ways, chiefly by their impression upon the nervous system, and by their accelerating or retarding the circulation of the blood, and the various secretions.

From the influence of the passions upon the system, when they are allowed to escape from under the control of reason, a large proportion of the most dreaded diseases to which human nature is subject originate. They increase, also, the malignity of disease, change its ordinary course, and aggravate it by a thousand incidental evils. During the prevalence of epidemics, they augment in a very considerable degree the susceptibility to an attack.

But, while the indulgence of the passions injures, in various ways, the health both of the body and the mind, a calm, contented, cheerful disposition is invariably a fruitful source of health. Looking at the favorable side of things, and, independent of the other advantages

afforded by equanimity of temper, we are assured "that a cheerful tone of mind helps digestion more than is imagined," and all are aware of the saying of the wise king, "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." The stimulus of the joyous and gently exciting passions, in suspending the incipient symptoms of various diseases, is often almost miraculous, while during the course of a severe and protracted complaint, a favorable or unfavorable issue is often mainly determined by the nature of the mental emotions indulged in by the patient.

For the due preservation and enjoyment of health, observe fair play between cares and pastimes, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments, cultivate your evening fireside or domestic circle, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music and amusing books, an urbane and a generous gallantry.

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*Medical Antidote.*—To sailors or soldiers on foreign coasts, especially where dampness prevails. This will often prevent fevers, and other fatal diseases: *R.* Peruvian bark one ounce, orange-peel half-ounce, snakeroot two ounces; to be added, coarsely powdered, to one quart of brandy, and infused for fourteen days; half a wine-glassful of which is to be taken two or three times a day, when the stomach is empty. This has been found to be an excellent antidote against fluxes, putrid, intermitting, and other fevers in unhealthy climates. It may be infused in water, wine, or spirits, as above, or made into an electuary with syrup of lemon, oranges, or the like.

## EXPERIENCE OF JEFFERSON.

OF his habits of temperance, and their beneficial effects on his health, Mr. Jefferson speaks as follows, in a letter to a friend:—

“I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as an aliment so much as a condiment for the vegetables, which constitute my principal diet. I double, however, the doctor’s glass and a half of wine, and even treble it with a friend; but halve its effects by drinking the weak wines only. The ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits in any form. Malt liquors and cider are my table drinks, and my breakfast is of tea and coffee. I have been blest with organs of digestion, which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them; and I have not yet lost a tooth by age. I was a hard student until I entered on the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fulfil them; and now retired, and at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. Indeed my fondness for reading and study revolts me from the drudgery of letter-writing; and a stiff wrist, the consequence of an early dislocation, makes writing both slow and painful. I am not so regular in my sleep as our friend says he was. I devote to it from five to eight hours, according as my company or the book I am reading interests me; and I never go to bed without an hour or half hour’s reading of something moral whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep. But whether I retire to bed early or late, I rise with the sun. I use spectacles at night, but

not necessarily in the day, unless in reading small print. My hearing is distinct in conversation with an individual, but confused when several voices cross each other, which unfits me for the society of the table. I have been more fortunate than my friend in the article of health; so free from catarrhs, that I have not had one (in the breast, I mean) on an average of eight or ten years through life. I ascribe this exception partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning for sixty years past. A fever of more than twenty-four hours I have not had above two or three times in my life. A periodical headache has afflicted me occasionally, once, perhaps, in six or eight years, for two or three weeks at a time, which seems now to have left me; and except on a late occasion of indisposition, I enjoy good health—too feeble, indeed, to walk much, but riding without fatigue six or eight miles a day, and sometimes thirty or forty.”

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*Health and Wealth.*—There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

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Gnaw the bone which is fallen to thy lot. That is, he that hath an ill wife must patiently bear with her. It may also be applied to other things.



## PRACTICE OF WESLEY IN REGARD TO SLEEP.

THE celebrated John Wesley, who paid every attention to the best means of invigorating his body, in order that he might be enabled to exert himself for the general benefit of his fellow creatures, to the utmost his corporeal and mental powers would allow, informs us that he had been accustomed to awake every night about twelve or one o'clock, and lay without sleeping for some time: he, therefore, very justly concluded that this was caused by his lying in bed longer than nature required. To be satisfied upon this point he procured an alarum, which awakened him next morning at seven, nearly an hour earlier than his usual time of rising. He still lay awake at night. The ensuing morning he rose at six; but notwithstanding this he lay awake the second night. The third morning he rose at five; but, nevertheless, lay awake the third night. His next hour of rising was at four, and lying no longer awake, he, for a period of about sixty years, continued the same practice; and, taking the year round, never lay awake for a quarter of an hour at a time during a month. He justly adds, that by the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, any person may discover how much sleep he really stands in need of. Mr. Wesley was in the habit of going to bed at ten, so that by rising at four, he had six hours uninterrupted sleep, which he considered to be sufficient for his own health: he, however, very properly remarks, that invalids and persons of a delicate constitution, and those accustomed to much bodily fatigue during the day, may require seven or eight hours' sleep.

## EAT OF ONE DISH ONLY.

“As to the quality of food, although whatever is easy of digestion, singly considered, deserves the preference, yet regard must be had to the palate and to the appetite; because it is frequently found that what the stomach earnestly covets, though of difficult digestion, does, nevertheless, digest better than what is esteemed of easier digestion, if the stomach nauseates it. I am of opinion, however, each person ought to eat only of one dish at a meal.

“Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species—fish of that—and flesh of a third.”

“Be content with one dish at a meal; in the choice of that, consult your palate.”

“Things disagreeable to the palate seldom digest well, or contribute to the nourishment of the body.”

“The stomach of an invalid requires occasionally a little humoring—but what may be termed simple diet is to dine off the first course, which, for the most part, in what is termed a homely way, consists of a joint or rib, and the necessary vegetables. Persons who confine themselves to this are by far the most healthy, as well as the most hearty eaters.”

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Honor a physician before thou hast need of him. That is, we must honor God in our health and prosperity, that He may be propitious to us in our adversity.

## TRAVELLING WITH AN OBJECT IN VIEW.

THE celebrated Sydenham displayed, as a late writer has very aptly remarked, much wisdom and address, in calling into action the power and effects of gymnastic medicine, in his scheme, which had an object of more interest in view, than that of the ancient physician, who sent his patients on their travels without any other object than merely touching the walls of Megara. He once acknowledged to a patient, whom he had long attended, that he was unable to render him any further service; adding at the same time that he might expect benefit from a personal application to a Dr. Robertson at Inverness. Encouraged by the communication, his patient set off in search of this wonderful Scotch doctor; but on his arrival at Inverness, not being able, after diligent inquiry, to find the object of his search, he immediately returned back to London and hurried to Sydenham to reproach him for trifling with him. "Well," replied the doctor, "are you better in health?" "Yes, I am now perfectly well; but no thanks to you." "No!" replied Sydenham, "but you may thank Dr. Robertson for curing you. I wished to send you on a distant journey with some object in view, I knew it would be of service to you. In going, you had Dr. Robertson and his wonderful cures in contemplation—and in returning you were equally engaged in thinking on scolding me."

The Egyptian doctors evinced equal skill in calling in the aid of collateral objects, to give effect to the powers of medicine.

"An intelligent French author," says Wadd, "men-

tions, that a thousand years before the Christian era, the Egyptians had two temples dedicated to Saturn, which they wisely placed at the extremities of the kingdom, for the benefit of hypochondriacal patients. These temples were the Bath and Brighton of the East; places at which the iron restraints of diet and the doctor were made palatable by recreative amusements, and the diseased mind was diverted from itself by agreeable images and melodious sounds. What would be the effect of a bottle of Spa water drunk in secrecy and silence? They were aware, also, of the great importance of exercise—and sent their patients to these distant temples: Not on account of the healing property of the waters, but on account of the length of the journey.”

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*The Way to Health.*—The only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason; eat moderately, drink temperately, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience “void of offence.” Some men eat themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion; others are killed by the doctors, while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.



## HEALTH WITHOUT PHYSIC.

“ ‘HEALTH without physic! Health without physic! the man’s surely mad! Who can be well without doctor’s stuff? Impossible! ’Tis some quack or other puffing off his nostrums.’ This is the language, or something like it, which it is expected will be growled out and mumbled over, by the sceptical and never to be satisfied many, when they first fix their eyes on the title of this article. True! we are puffing off a nostrum—such a nostrum, forsooth, as is in every man’s power to purchase without putting his hand in his pocket. But where is it? it may be as peevishly asked: the answer is, briefly, read my book, that is to say, this book, and you will find it. Follow the dictates of reason and nature, those never-erring guides. ‘Throw physic to the dogs,’ unless you be actually ill—benefit by the experience of others, and learn to live and supply nature’s wants, without pampering the appetite to the injury of the constitution. To live long, people must live well, that is, not upon the fat of the land, but rather upon the wholesome products, animal and vegetable, which the land affords, properly prepared and cooked. Temperance, the mother of virtues, and so essential to happiness, among the panaceas to which we allude, ought to be cherished, not only for the sake of the good it does the mind, but it should equally be practised with care for the advantages which it procures to the body—it being that alone which preserves the latter in health, and cures it of the diseases with which its opposite, intemperance, afflicts it. Now, gentle readers, as temperance, the inseparable companion of well-regulated minds, is the nos-

trum which stands least in need of the puff direct or oblique, because it is a genuine article, it need only be asked, that, if we do not observe it, with whom ought we to be angry? How can we be happy, if we suffer acute pains—if we be tormented with the gout, or the asthma—if our stomach cease to perform its offices—if our legs, swelled and weak, refuse to support or carry us along? And yet all these, and many other evils, are the certain consequences of intemperance. He who purchases the pleasures of the bottle at the expense of the most acute pains, pays very dear for his wine. If we reason, consequently the more we love pleasures the fonder we should be of temperance, because it is the latter which makes the former desirable. Temperance, in fine, is so far from being an enemy to pleasures, that it preserves them and only checks the excessive use of them, which, most evidently, is the very thing that destroys them. There are other considerations under which temperance falls, besides the mere animal propensity of eating and drinking. Intemperance is excess of any kind, and may be applied to every function and action of both body and mind; for the due regulation of which, without the aid of bolus or pill, it is the object of the following pages to prescribe; and which, if the prescription be well followed up, will soon enable a man to ‘live all the days of his life’ with satisfaction to himself, and comfort to every one around him. Is it not then true, my worthy friends and readers, that temperance requires no physician’s aid—consequently, neither draught, mixture, electuary, nor powder? It is itself the true balm of Gilead—it ministers to itself—it is its own doctor, and its own reward—it asks nothing for advice, and always affords real pleasure and lasting happiness to its votaries.”

## DIGESTIBILITY OF FOOD.

THE following table of the digestibility of the most common articles of food, prepared from standard authorities, is approximately correct, and is of very general practical interest:—

Quality.	Preparation.	Time of Digestion.	Quality.	Preparation.	Time of Digestion.
		H. M.			H. M.
Rice.....	Boiled	1.00	Pork, recently salted..	Stewed	3.00
Pigs' feet, soused.....	"	1.00	Mutton, fresh.....	Broiled	3.00
Tripe, soused.....	"	1.00	Soup.....	Boiled	3.00
Eggs, whipped.....	Raw	1.30	Chicken soup.....	"	3.00
Trout, salmon, fresh....	Boiled	1.30	Aponeurosis.....	"	3.00
Trout, salmon, fresh....	Fried	1.30	Dumpling, apple.....	"	3.00
Soup, barley.....	Boiled	1.30	Cake, corn.....	Baked	3.00
Apples, sweet, mellow..	Raw	1.30	Oysters, fresh.....	Roasted	3.15
Venison steak.....	Boiled	1.35	Pork steak.....	Broiled	3.15
Brains, animal.....	Boiled	1.45	Mutton, fresh.....	Roasted	3.15
Sago.....	"	1.45	Bread, corn.....	Baked	3.15
Tapioca.....	"	2.00	Carrot, orange.....	Boiled	3.15
Barley.....	"	2.00	Sausage, fresh.....	Broiled	3.30
Milk.....	"	2.00	Flounder, fresh.....	Fried	3.30
Liver, beef's fresh.....	Broiled	2.00	Catfish, fresh.....	"	3.30
Eggs, fresh.....	Raw	2.00	Oysters, fresh.....	Stewed	3.30
Codfish, cured, dry....	Boiled	2.00	Butter.....	Melted	3.30
Apples, sour, mellow..	Raw	2.00	Cheese, old, strong....	Raw	3.30
Cabbage, with vinegar..	"	2.00	Soup, mutton.....	Boiled	3.30
Milk.....	"	2.15	Oyster soup.....	"	3.30
Eggs, fresh.....	Roasted	2.15	Bread, wheat, fresh....	Baked	3.30
Turkey, wild.....	"	2.18	Turnips, flat.....	Boiled	3.30
Turkey, domestic.....	Boiled	2.25	Potatoes, Irish.....	"	3.30
Gelatine.....	"	2.30	Eggs, fresh.....	Hard boiled	3.30
Turkey, domestic.....	Roasted	2.30	Green corn and beans	Boiled	3.45
Goose, wild.....	"	2.30	Beets.....	"	3.45
Pig, sucking.....	"	2.30	Salmon, salted.....	"	4.00
Lamb, fresh.....	Broiled	2.30	Beef.....	Fried	4.00
Hash, meat and vegeta- bles.....	Warmed	2.30	Veal, fresh.....	Broiled	4.00
Beans, pod.....	Boiled	2.30	Fowls, domestic.....	Roasted	4.00
Cake, sponge.....	Baked	2.30	Soup, beef, vegetables, and bread.....	Boiled	4.00
Parsnips.....	Boiled	2.30	Heart, animal.....	Fried	4.00
Potatoes, Irish.....	Roasted	2.30	Beef, old, hard, salted	Boiled	4.15
Cabbage, head.....	Raw	2.30	Soup, marrow-bones..	"	4.15
Spinal marrow, animal	Boiled	2.40	Cartilage.....	"	4.30
Chicken, full grown....	Fricassee	2.45	Pork, recently salted..	"	4.30
Custard.....	Baked	2.45	Veal, fresh.....	Fried	4.30
Beef, with salt only....	Boiled	2.45	Ducks, wild.....	Roasted	4.30
Apples, sour, hard....	Raw	2.50	Suet, mutton.....	Boiled	4.30
Oysters, fresh.....	"	2.55	Cabbage.....	"	4.30
Eggs, fresh.....	Soft boiled	3.00	Pork, fat and lean....	Roasted	5.15
Bass, striped, fresh....	Boiled	3.00	Tendon.....	Boiled	5.30
Beef, fresh, lean, rare..	Roasted	3.00	Suet, beef, fresh.....	"	5.30

*What Invalids should Avoid Eating.*

Cream	Ham	Fried fish	Salads
New bread	Fried potatoes	Boiled salmon	Raw vegetables
Hot rolls	Green tea	Mackerel	Cucumbers
Fat bacon	Mashed potatoes	Catfish	Radishes
Buns	Sausages	Fried mush	Lettuce
Sweet biscuit	Stuffing of meats	Coffee	Nuts
Rich soup	Smoked beef	Sprats	Cocoa nuts
Beef	Salt meat	Eels	Fried cakes
Pork	Salt fish	Cheese	Chocolate
Veal	Peas and beans	Pastry	

## RULES FOR THE PEDESTRIAN.

By attention to the following rules, the advantages to health, resulting from the exercise of walking, will be greatly increased:—

1st. The most proper walk for health is in a pure and dry air, and in rather an elevated situation, avoiding marshy and damp plains.

2d. In the summer season the walk should be taken early in the morning or towards the close of day—but by no means during the middle of the day, unless guarded from the oppressive heat of the sun, under the shade of a wood or grove. In winter the best period for walking is a short time after an early breakfast, or from ten to one.

3d. It is advisable to change occasionally the direction of the walk. The same place being gone over constantly, may excite as many disagreeable sensations as the closet or the study.

4th. The pedestrian should accustom himself to a very steady and regular, but not to a very rapid pace. In setting out, it should be rather slower than what may afterwards be indulged in.

5th. To read during a walk is an improper practice, highly detrimental to the eyes, and destroying nearly all the good effects to be derived from pedestrian exercise.

6th. It is highly beneficial to have a certain object or spot by which the walk is to be bounded—as to call at the house of a friend—to see some important improvement, or some delightful prospect, and the like.

7th. An agreeable companion also contributes much



to serenity of mind; but, unless the style of walking, and tastes of the companions are similar, it is better to walk alone, as either one or the other must be subjected to considerable constraint.

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*Instance of Longevity.*—John S. Hutton, who died in Philadelphia, at the age of one hundred years. He was born in New York, in 1649. His grandfather lived to be one hundred and one, but was unable to walk for thirty years before he died, from an excessive accumulation of fat. His mother died at ninety-one. His constant drink water, beer, or cider. He had a fixed dislike to spirituous liquors of all kinds. His appetite was good, and he ate plentifully during the last year of his life. He seldom drank anything between his meals. He was intoxicated but twice, and that was when at sea in early youth. He had been subject to a frequent headache, but never had a fever except from the small-pox. His pulse was slow but regular. He had been twice married. By his first wife he had eight, and by his second seventeen children, one of whom lived to be eighty-three years of age. Mr. Hutton was about five feet nine inches in height, and of a slender make; he carried an erect head to the last year of his life.

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*Drink.*—If drink be merely required for allaying thirst and dryness, and diminishing the tenacity and acrimony of the fluids, then is cold water, when limpid, light without smell and taste, and obtained from a clear running stream, the best drink for a robust man.

## DOMESTIC ITEMS.

*The Objects of Exercise.*—The great objects should be to re-invigorate the body, and to work off the worn-out matters in the system; but if carried to excess, the surplusage is not only thrown off, but also other elements that are necessary for the growth of the body. Therefore, exercise should not be excessive and over-fatiguing; it should be prolonged and moderate, rather than short and laborious, and should be stopped short of actual fatigue. The amount of exercise necessary depends greatly on the quantity of food consumed. Respiration, circulation, and digestion, though they are involuntary, yet their full and perfect performance is greatly dependent upon our voluntary movements. Neglect of exercise weakens and disorders the stomach, reduces the capacity of the chest, and prevents free circulation in the minute vessels. Neither body nor mind can attain its full and perfect development without exercise. It should be of such a nature as to bring all the muscles into action, and if this cannot be done by any single movement, the exercise should be varied so as to accomplish this end.

*Cure for Earache.*—Take a small piece of cotton-wool, making a depression in the centre with the end of a finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five-cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie it up, dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton-wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief

will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults.

*Injections for the Ear.*

R.—Fellis bovini ℥iij;  
Balsami Peruviana ʒj.—Mix.

To be dropped occasionally into the ear to correct a fetid discharge, syringing the ear every day with a weak solution of soap and water.

Also

R.—Creasoti gtt. iij;  
Syrupi ʒj;  
Aquæ ʒvij.—Mix.

Sig.—To be used like the foregoing.

*Mustard Plasters.*—By using syrup or molasses for mustard plasters they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper or cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster is varied by the addition of more or less flour.

*Light Reading Unprofitable.*—Literature of every kind is flooding the country; and when we have so much to choose from, that is both entertaining and profitable, we need have no excuse for spending our time over the cheap, trashy creations of the day. Such reading only excites the mind; the memory becomes impaired, the nervous system diseased, and frequently a taste is acquired for it which soon destroys all desire for pure and wholesome information and mental improvements. How important, then, that children should be allowed to read nothing but what will influence them for good; and parents themselves should set the example. If the foundation is well laid, we need have but little fear of the superstructure. So with reading, if good

seed is sown and properly cultivated, there is no reason why good results should not be obtained.

*Application for Scrofula.*—We recommend mutton tallow, four ounces; white rosin three drachms; bees-wax four ounces; Burgundy pitch four ounces; sweet oil two ounces; West India rum one gill; oil sassafras two ounces. Make into a salve and apply on cloth. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with the syrup of ferri iodidi. The dose is from ten to forty drops three times a day.

*Effect of Tea on the Skin.*—If you drop a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron, a knife blade, for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix with iron filings or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood it forms, with the iron of the blood, the tannate of iron. Take human skin and let it soak for a time in strong tea and it will become leather. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the veins and absorbents of the stomach, and enter into the circulation, and are thrown out of the system by the skin, respiration, and kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin, introduced with so much warm liquor, producing perspiration, will have no effect upon the skin? Look at the tea drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong teas. Are they not dark colored and leather skinned? When young they were fair complexioned.



## THE HUMAN MOUTH AND LIPS.

THE beauty of the human mouth and lips, the delicacy of their formation and tints, their power of expression, which is only inferior to that of the eyes, and their elevated position as the media, with the palate, tongue, and teeth, by which we communicate our thoughts to others in an audible form, need scarcely be dilated on here. The lips are very liable to suffer when exposed to cold and drying winds. The most common effects of such exposure are chaps or small fissures in them; chapped lips most frequently occur in persons with pale, bluish, moist lips, and a languid circulation, who are exposed to the wind in dry, cold weather. The occasional application of a little cold-cream, lip-salve, or any mild unguent will generally prevent them, and remove them when they have already formed. A still more elegant and effective preventive and remedy is glycerine, diluted with about twice its weight of *eau-de-rose*, or glycerinated lip-salve or balsam.

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“Unhappy man! whom sorrow, thus, and rage,  
To different ills alternately engage;  
Who drinks, alas! but to forget—nor sees  
That melancholy, sloth, severe disease,  
Memory confused and interrupted thought  
Death’s harbingers, lie latent in the draught.”

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After dinner sit awhile; after supper walk a mile

## THE PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.

THE influence which the teeth are capable of exercising on the personal appearance is universally known and admitted. A beautiful set of teeth is one in which the teeth are compact, regular, smooth, and pearly white, and in which the front ones, at least, are moderately small. The teeth have formed especial objects of attention, in connection with the toilet and cosmetic arts, from almost the earliest ages of the world to the present time. We are told that the ancients took particular care of their teeth, and kept them perfectly white by frequently rubbing them with a stick and woollen cloth. To prevent their premature decay, they scrupulously avoided acid liquids, and invariably abstained from all hot food and drink. During childhood and youth the teeth demand particular care and attention. Unfortunately, the teeth are either wholly neglected or very improperly treated by the mass of mankind, when their preservation should be an object of the utmost importance; since, besides their immediate connection with the personal appearance; their integrity is highly subservient to health, owing to their use in preparing the food for the subsequent process of digestion. The subject deserves the serious consideration of every one. The rational management of the teeth consists, essentially, in thorough cleanliness, and the avoidance, as much as possible, of the use of beverages, condiments, and articles of food generally, that exert an injurious action on them, or on the gums. Among the substances referred to are all those of a sour, or acid, or corrosive

nature, including acid piquant sauces, pickles, sour fruits and preserves, medicines containing acids. The use of hot food and liquids is also very prejudicial.

Allowing particles of animal or vegetable food to remain in the interstices of the teeth, or in cracks or hollows in them, is particularly objectionable; as the first, from the heat of the mouth in a short time generate a rancid acrimony, and the other an acidity, which not merely render the breath offensive, but rapidly corrode the teeth. On the subject of cleanliness in connection with the teeth and mouth, it may be said that the mouth cannot be too frequently rinsed during the day, and that it should be more particularly so treated after every meal. Pure cold water is the best for the purpose. It not only cleans the teeth and mouth, but exerts a tonic action on the gums. The addition of a few drops of spirits of camphor, or essence of camphor, to the water thus employed, is highly serviceable, as camphor by its antiseptic properties tends to arrest decay, allay tenderness and pain, and correct the fetor of the breath. The operation of cleaning the teeth, like all other operations of the toilet, should be carefully performed, and in as effective a manner as possible. To do it well and thoroughly, the action of the tooth-brush should not be confined to the visible portion of the front teeth, but every portion of both upper and under teeth, back and front, and on the inner as well as the outer sides, night and morning, or after the principal meal of the day.

As to tooth-powders or tooth-pastes little need be said. The simplest are the best. Plain camphorated chalk, with or without a little finely powdered pumice-stone. Burnt charcoal in very fine powder is another

popular and excellent tooth-powder, which possesses the advantage of also removing the offensive odor arising from rotten teeth, and from decomposing organic matter. Powdered Castile soap forms another simple tooth-powder, which, besides other excellent qualities, perhaps, exceeds all other substances in its powers of destroying the minute beings or animalculæ in the secretions of the mouth, whose skeletons or remains contribute, as we shall presently see, the incrustation popularly called "tartar." All refined, educated, and cleanly persons regard the operation of cleaning the teeth as a daily duty, as necessary as washing the face or hands; the dirty and vulgar—the two words are here synonymous—wholly neglect it. As a further incentive to cleanliness and care of the teeth and mouth, it may be added that the mucus of the mouth commonly contains those microscopic creatures known as infusorial animalculæ, and that, when foul, it is crowded with millions of them. And further, the fur or foul adhesive mucus of the tongue and the teeth, consists of the skeletons or dead remains of these minute beings compactly united into one mass by chemical decomposition. These animalculæ are most observable in the mouths of persons who neglect their teeth, and eat putrescible articles of food, or are in bad health.

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A woman may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.



## MAXIMS RELATING TO HEALTH.

“THE more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live ; the further he deviates from them, the shorter will be his existence.”

“A man in perfect health ought always to rise from the table with some appetite ;” and “if either the body or the mind be less fit for action after eating than before, that is, if the man be less fit either for labor or study, he hath exceeded the quantity.”

“It may be laid down as a fundamental principle, that the more compounded any kind of food is, the more difficult it will be of digestion ; and what is still worse, the more corrupt will be the juices which are prepared from it.”

It is observed by an ingenious writer, that “they who least consult their appetite, who least give way to its wantonness or voraciousness, attain generally to years far exceeding those who deny themselves nothing they can relish and conveniently procure.” And it has been remarked, in favor of temperance, that the “miserly, who eat but sparingly of plain food, and drink nothing but water, in general live long.”

It was indeed an ancient proverb, “he that is too poor to make a feast, and too obscure to be invited to the rich man’s table, has the best chance for longevity.”

“Water is the most natural and wholesome of all drinks, it quickens the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most.”

Volney says, “cleanliness has a powerful influence on the health and preservation of the body. Cleanliness,

as well in our garments as in our dwellings, prevents the pernicious effects of dampness, of bad smells, and of contagious vapors arising from substances abandoned to putrefy; cleanliness keeps up a free perspiration, renews the air, refreshes the blood, and even animates and enlivens the mind. Hence we see that persons attentive to the cleanliness of their persons and their habitations, are generally more healthy, and less exposed to disease than those who live in filth and nastiness; and it may, moreover, be remarked, that cleanliness brings with it, throughout every part of domestic discipline, habits of order and arrangement, which are among the first and best methods and elements of happiness."

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### *Eggs.*

Whenever eggs before you are displayed,  
Select the soft and those just newly laid.  
The Elder's daughter gives this rule to you,  
That eggs are best when white, and long, and new.  
These rules again observe; the best are borne  
By barnyard fowls, and laid at early morn.  
Drink after eggs will keep you strong and sound,  
E'en when the doctor is himself around.  
Goose eggs of little value are at best,  
And oftentimes not easy to digest.  
While those of other fowls in kind allied  
Are easy to digest, except when fried.  
With a fresh drink let each soft egg be followed;  
Should eggs be hard, then let two drinks be swallowed:  
From such precautions may good health be borrowed.

## USEFULNESS OF SOAP.

As some think that soap is not good for the skin, I feel it my duty to refute such a mischievous and unfounded opinion. To keep the skin clean is a primary object for maintaining a due exercise of the functions, and it cannot be done without soap. The skin cannot be cleaned properly by either cold or warm bath without saponaceous friction. Cutaneous disorders have much occupied the faculty during latter years, the state of the skin is now considered a safe test of the state of our health ; and I am persuaded that the medical world will admit that plain water, whether cold or warm, salt or fresh, will not cleanse it sufficiently. If it be feared that common soap roughens the skin, there are prepared cakes at the perfumers, that are vouched to render it soft and delicate, and these will answer the main purpose equally well.

When speaking of tenderness of the feet, I forgot to mention what I shall call soaping them. I do not know anything better, and I shall give one instance of its efficacy. The upper part of a man's foot, but chiefly the toes, became so tender, that he could not even bear a slipper. I recommended soap ; but he said that he could not use it, not being able to endure the slightest application. Determined to show him that it could easily be done, I made him put one foot in a shallow pan of tepid water ; then taking his shaving-box and forming a plentiful lather, I laid it on gently, drawing the brush, occasionally, through the toes up and down. Aided by warm water, and keeping up a most abundant supply of

lather, he soon felt such considerable relief, that he was able to use the soap himself in the ordinary way. Having literally covered his feet with it, he rubbed with his hand until he found all his soreness gone, and finally, after treating the other foot similarly, he was able to put on his boots and walk out. I have no doubt that soaping might prove very useful on many other occasions.

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*The Rule Prescribed to Protract Life to Extreme Old Age.*—The rule prescribed was not fasting, but abstemiousness; to be often taking light nutriment, but such nutriment only in small quantity; at the same time sufficient bodily exercise to keep the joints supple, and the fluids in motion. To retire at an early hour to bed, and to rise with the early lark.

However irksome such a tie and restraint may be to the epicure—to such as eat to live, most certainly, when tempted with a variety of dishes, 'tis most salutary to eat of one dish only, and letting that, too, be a plain one; to rise up from table before the appetite has been sated—to drink but little wine—not to eat flesh suppers, and to forbear from strong soups and high seasonings.

Upon this subject, Mr. Addison makes the following observation: “When I behold a full table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy I see gout, colic, fevers, and lethargies lying in ambuscade among the dishes.”

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*A Sober Life.*—It is a shame for man to have so many diseases; for a sober life produces sound health, while intemperance changes into deadly poison, even that which was designed to preserve life.



## CHILDREN'S PARTIES AND BALLS.

OBSERVATIONS in relation to parties and balls given to children, "are a triple conspiracy against their innocence, their health, and their happiness. Thus, by factitious amusements to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights which naturally belong to their blooming season, is like blotting out spring from the year. While childhood preserves its natural simplicity, every little change is interesting—every gratification a luxury. A ride or walk will be a delightful recreation to a child in its natural state, but it will be dull and tasteless to a sophisticated little being, spoiled by these forced, costly, and vapid amusements. Alas! that we should throw away this first grand opportunity of working into a practical habit the moral of this important truth, that the chief source of human discontent is to be looked for, not in our real, but in our factitious wants; not in the demands of nature, but in the artificial cravings of desire. To behold Lilliputian coquettes projecting dresses, studying colors, assorting ribands and feathers—their little hearts beating with hopes about partners and fears of rivals, and to see their fresh cheeks pale after the midnight revel; their aching heads and unbraced nerves disqualifying the little languid beings for the next day's task, and to hear the grave apology, 'that it is owing to the cordial, the sweet-meats, the crowd, and the heated room of the last night's ball or party:' all this, I say, would really be ridiculous, if the mischief of the thing did not take off from the merriment of it, as any of the ludicrous disproportions of the diverting travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver."

## REAL ENJOYMENT.

HEALTH cannot be estimated at too high a rate. Persons, however, there are, who conceive that to obtain it, they must submit to an abridgment of comforts, and make a sacrifice of pleasures—but in this they are entirely mistaken: were they to adopt the methods necessary to secure this inestimable treasure, they would find that instead of their comforts being abridged, or their pleasures impaired, they will obtain an addition to both, which, previously, they neither knew nor anticipated, and be relieved from many annoyances attendant on modern indulgences and irregularities. Not only would they soon become reconciled to their new course of life, but would become sensible of the vexatious errors by which they had so long been governed, while for any trifling sacrifices they would be called upon to make, they would be amply compensated by the tranquillity, ease, and happiness resulting from their new mode of life, independent of the increased relish they would acquire for every moment of existence. It is not necessary, in order to insure a continuance of health, to impose upon any one such rigid rules, that by an adherence to them, life would be deprived of all its enjoyments, by the feelings and tastes being subjected to unnecessary mortifications—on the contrary, it is only necessary to be strictly temperate in all things; and by that means to substitute for the fleeting pleasures which are invariably succeeded by disgust, pain, or remorse, those of a higher and more lasting character—never cloying, and which, when once tasted will never afterwards be relinquished.

Thus, could an individual exert sufficient courage to overcome the prejudices in favor of modern customs, and regulate his mode of living by the simple demands of nature, he would soon discover that temperance alone is real epicurism.

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*A Child Ruined by his Mother.*—We have before us a letter from a highly respectable physician of this city, to a distinguished philanthropist, in which is given the distressing details of a case of *mania â potu*, in a young man, about twenty years of age. The cause of the disease of the youth is referred, by the physician, to the habit of the mother, who administered to the patient, when he was an infant, small quantities of ardent spirits, with a view of correcting internal weakness; and this early sip of the poison, infused into his nutriment, produced a fondness for it that was never conquered, and which will probably be indulged until the powers of physical resistance are destroyed, and the poor wretch dies a drunkard.

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The secret of dressing lies in simplicity, and a certain adaptation to your figure, your rank, your circumstances. To dress well on these principles—and they are the only just ones—does not require that extravagant attention to so trivial an object, as is usually exhibited by persons who make the toilet a study.

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No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand.

## HINTS ON HEALTH.

“A MAN has but these four things to choose out of—to exercise daily, to be very temperate, to take physic, or to be sick.” We may venture to assert, with a much later writer, that the principal secrets of health, are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and leaving the table unoppressed.

When the family rises early in the morning conclude the house to be well governed, and the inmates industrious and healthy.

With respect to exercise, there is a simple and benevolent law of nature—“earn that you may enjoy.” In other words, secure a good digestion by exercise. As much, perhaps, may be said concerning ablution as exercise. “Dispel the ill humors from the pores.” Cleanliness is a virtue, though not the first in rank, one of the first, at least, in necessity.

On the subject of temperance, that sturdy moralist, Johnson, speaking of a book in which it was recommended, observed, “Such a book should come out every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times.” “He that would eat much,” says the proverb, “must eat little.” Let us not, however, confound temperance with starvation—on the contrary, it is strictly moderation. We may be intemperately abstemious, as well as intemperately luxurious.

From all that has been said and written on the subject—from the experience of every age and every clime, we may conclude that “they are the most healthy who have nature for their cook, hunger for their caterer: who have no doctor but the sun and fresh air—and no other physic than temperance and exercise.”



## BRAN BREAD.

THAT our readers may not accuse us of withholding all kinds of receipts for wonder-working mixtures, we give them subjoined. The following are for making bran bread, which, to many of them, is known as an excellent article of diet in certain cases of dyspepsia.

*First Receipt.*—To four pounds of the best household flour put two tablespoonfuls of small-beer yeast, and half pint of warm water; let it stand two hours in a warm place, about four feet from the fire; then add half a pound of bran, and a teaspoonful of salt, and proceed to make the dough with skim milk or warm water; then cover it up as before, and let it stand one hour more: then begin to heat the oven, which will require one hour. Make your loaves and put them into warm dishes, and let them stand twenty minutes before you put them into the oven. This sized loaf will require an hour to bake. When you draw your bread turn it bottom upwards; next morning it will be fit for use. You should have it fresh every fourth day. The color of the wheat is of no importance, nor is patent yeast. Bread thus prepared is said to be greatly preferable to that made with flour, ground, and all the bran kept in it.

*Second Receipt.*—Cause the wheat to be ground, retaining the whole of the bran; take half a peck of such flour, and put it in a suitable vessel (wooden is best); mix a quarter of a pint of small-beer yeast to a quart of lukewarm water; put this in the middle of the flour, and stir it well with a wooden spoon until it is a

thick batter; the flour remaining on the edges of the vessel unmixed sprinkle over the top; then cover the vessel with a napkin and set it before the fire, about three feet distant, to remain there two hours until it rises well; then take it up, and strew over it a table-spoonful of salt, and make the whole into a stiff paste; before this is done add a little more warm water if requisite; then put it down to the fire until it rises again, which will probably occupy from half an hour to an hour; when it has risen again thoroughly, take it up, knead it into a dough. This quantity is sufficient for four loaves. Put it into tins and set it again before the fire, until it rises a little, and it is then ready for the oven. It requires to be thoroughly well baked. Ready for use second day. It is necessary to request the person who grinds the wheat to cause the bran to be ground as fine as possible.

If a little moist sugar and powdered caraway seeds are added to the above, it makes a wholesome sweet cake.

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ZIMMERMAN, author of the well-known work on "Solitude," and physician to Frederick the Great, of Prussia, tells us, in his excellent "Treatise on Experience in General," and especially in the "Healing Art," chapter "On Drinks," that soft water is the most suitable drink for man, since fermented liquors are rather the product of art than of nature. He states the disorders which may be caused by drinking bad water, and mentions some of the means of rendering it pure. Water does not, he tells us, chill the ardor of genius. He then instances Demosthenes, whose sole drink was water.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Lemonade Powder.*—Acid of tartar one ounce; sugar six ounces; essence of lemon ʒij; rub them together and divide them into twenty-four packets.

*Another Lemonade Powder.*—Concrete acid of lemons one ounce; sugar four ounces; essence of lemon ʒij; mix and divide as above.

*Ginger Beer Powder.*—White sugar in powder fifty grains; ginger five grains in each blue paper; acid of tartar twenty grains in white.

*Toast and Water.*—Toast the bread quite hard through and through; brown it well, and pour filtered boiling water upon it; let it stand till quite cold, and pour it gently off; for if it stands till the bread dissolves it gets thick and mawkish. A little lemon zest, or nutmeg and sugar, is very grateful in it, or whatever else an invalid may desire; but toast and water ought to be a constant table and family drink, laying economy aside, upon account of health, and the best for bilious constitutions.

*Barley Water.*—Wash two ounces, and put it upon the fire, with half a pint of water; boil it a few minutes, strain, and put on it five pints of water; boil it to a half; strained when it is ready; to be seasoned to taste.

*Wine Whey.*—A quart of milk, a pint of water; boil, and add half a pint of white wine.

*Isinglass Flummery, very Strengthening.*—Dissolve, without boiling, two ounces of isinglass in a pint of water; add an equal quantity of white wine, with the juice and zest of two lemons; sweeten; beat the yolks, stirring all the time; pour it into a basin, and stir till cold; put it into a mould, pots, or glasses, or color it greenish, and put into a melon or grape mould.

*Isinglass Flummery.*—Dissolve the same quantity of isinglass, or boil two ounces of hartshorn-shavings in a pint of cream, sweeten, and add two spoonfuls of orange-flower water, or some drops of any essence or lemon zest; sweeten, stir till cold, and dish.

*Strengthening Flummery for Invalids.*—Take very strong cow-heel jelly; add equal parts of white wine; season with lemon-juice, zest, and sugar; to each pint of flummery add three very fresh yolks; beat well, and heat it over a stove, stirring constantly; dish and stir it till cold, and put it into cups or glasses.

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*Pure Water.*—Haller, the poet, physiologist, and natural historian, and a most voluminous and distinguished writer, both recommended and practised temperance. He drank, himself, nothing but water.

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*How to Live Long.*—An old man, on being asked how he had lived to attain so great an age, replied, “When I could sit, I never stood; I married late, was soon a widower, and never married again.”



## MEDICAL ITEMS.

*Mode of giving Cod-liver Oil mixed with Lime-water.*

--By beginning with five drops three times a day, increasing the doses by one or two drops daily, we have succeeded in reaching half ounce doses in patients who had abandoned the remedy as impracticable. The lime-water should be added in quantity just sufficient to form a soap. In some cases glycerin, or a small portion of morphia or acetic tincture of opium, is effectual.

*Compound Spirits of Lavender.*—Take lavender flowers, nutmeg, mace, cloves, cinnamon, of each two drachms. Pulverize and add a quart of spirits. Digest for one week, and filter. A very pleasant aromatic stomachic, in doses of one or two teaspoonfuls.

*Bismuth Snuff for a Cold in the Head. (Coryza.)*—The following is used.

Subnitrate of bismuth,	four parts.
Liquorice powder,	eighty parts.
Iodide of sulphur,	thirty parts.

Mix. Of this compound, the patient is to take ten to twelve pinches in the day according to their effect.

*For Obstinate Vomiting.* R. Ten-grain doses of sulphate of magnesia in half an ounce of water every half hour.

Mix. A dernier resort, which has never yet failed me.

*The Ague Cure.*—To one quart of good Madeira wine, add one ounce Peruvian bark, one ounce fine cloves, one ounce cream of tartar, and one-half ounce of fine bayberry. The dose is a wineglassful three or four

times a day, after having first cleansed the stomach well with an emetic.

*For Tetter, Ringworm, or Erysipelas on the Face.*—It is said that half a pint of clean oats, stewed in a quart of good vinegar down to half a pint, rubbed on the face often through the day, and the face washed with Castile soap every morning, will, properly applied, cure the most inveterate redness arising from the above forms of disease, in a short time.

*Ointment for Warts.*—The following prescription for an ointment is strongly recommended for the destruction of warts.

R. Potassa chromatis,	2 grains.
Adipis,	1 drachm.

Mix. Directions.—The excrescences should be rubbed with this preparation twice daily, and in the space of three or four weeks the most inveterate varicose productions are said to be entirely removed.

*Dental Anæsthetic.*—

Tincture of aconite,	one ounce.
Chloroform,	one ounce.
Alcohol,	one ounce.
Morphia,	six grains.

Mix. To prevent the pain of extraction, and destroy sensibility in the gums by local application

Directions.—Moisten two pledgets of cotton with the liquid and apply to the gums, for a minute or two, over the tooth to be extracted.

*Itch.*—I have found the external application of chloroform useful in itch. It kills the insect, and, by producing anæsthesia, relieves the irritability of the skin.

*Asthma*.—The following I recommend:—

R. Potass. iodid.,	℥ij (two drachms).
Ext. lobelia fluid.,	℥℥j (one ounce).
Water,	℥℥xv (fifteen ounces).

Make into a solution.

Directions.—A tablespoonful to a wineglassful three times daily.

*Hooping-Cough*.—The following is advised for this disease:—

R. Acid. hydrocyan.,	gtt. vj (drops six).
Ext. belladonna,	grs. ij (grains two).
Tinct. opii camph.,	℥iij (drachms three).
Syr. bals. tolu,	℥j (ounce one).
Aq. font.,	℥iij (ounces three).

Mix. Directions.—One teaspoonful four times daily, and also in the nightly paroxysms.

*Cancer*.—According to M. Delreyne, soot, in the form of ointment (lard or glycerine, and soot, of each sixty parts, extract of belladonna eight parts) or lotion, is the best and most efficacious local application for open cancer.

*Affection of the Female Breasts*.—The following is recommended for abrasions of the nipple:—

R. Cerat. alb.,	℥ij (two ounces).
Ol. amyg. dulc.,	℥j (one drachm).
Mel desputum,	℥ss (half-ounce).
Mix. Dissolve with gentle heat, and add	
Bals. Canad.,	℥ijss (two drachms and a half).

Apply each time of nursing.

For ulcerations the following are advised:—

R. Sodæ subborat.,	℥ss (half-drachm).
Glycerin,	℥ij (two drachms).
Aq. rosæ,	℥℥jss (one ounce and a half).
Mix. Use as a wash to the part.	

Also,

R. Sodæ subborat.,	℥ij (two drachms).
Cretæ præp.,	℥iij (three ounces).
Spt. vin.,	℥iij (three ounces).
Aq. rosæ,	℥iij (three ounces).

Mix and dissolve. This may be used when the ulcer becomes indolent.

*Dysentery.*—The following formula for dysentery is recommended:—

R. Glauber salts,	℥j (one ounce).
Water,	℥iij (three ounces).
Nitric acid,	
Muriatic acid, of each	℥i (one drachm).
Alum,	℥ss (half scruple).

Mix. Directions.—A large tablespoonful occasionally.

*Sleeplessness.*—The following formula is recommended:—

R. Assafoetida,	℥j (one drachm).
Sulphate of morphia,	gr. iij (three grains).

Make 30 pills.

Directions.—One or two at bedtime.

From two to four of these pills daily are of great use in relieving the dry cough to which nervous women with irregular menstruation are liable.

*Bad Breath.*—The following mixture is recommended for this disagreeable affection, which so often arises from slight stomach disorder:—

R. Chlorate of potash,	℥ss (half ounce).
Sweetened water,	℥iv (four ounces).

Mix. Directions.—A teaspoonful three hours after breakfast, and the mouth occasionally washed with it.

*Sick Headache.*—The following formula is recommended for sick headache:—

R. Granulated muriate of ammonia, one teaspoonful.	
Morphiæ acet.,	gr. j (one grain).
Water,	℔ss (half pound).

Mix. Directions.—Dose for an adult, two teaspoonfuls every ten minutes (precisely) till relief is obtained.



*Formula for Podophyllum.*—The griping effects of podophyllum resin may be readily obviated by combining it with small doses of extract of hyoscyamus. The following is a good formula for podophyllum pills, sometimes sold under the name of “Aperative Seeds” or “Castor-oil Pills” :—

R. Res. podophyll.,	
Ext. hyoscyam., of each	gr. iij (three grains).
Sapon. dur.,	gr. ivss (four and a half grains).
Syrupi,	gtt. vj (six drops).

M. ft. pil. xii. in arg. fol.

Directions.—One or two every night at bedtime in constipation.

*For Dyspepsia :—*

R. Ferri sulphatis,	3j.
Extract gentian,	q. s.
ut fiat massa, et divide in pilulas xxx.	

Directions.—To be taken morning, noon, and night.

*For Dyspepsia.—*

R. Bismuth. subnitratis,	3j.
Mucilaginis acacia,	q. s. ut fiant pilulæ xxx.

Directions.—To be taken every two hours.

*For Scrofulous Diathesis.*—In cases of ulcerations, and of purulent discharges from the ear, use the following :—

R. Tinct. iodinii, —	f3j.
Mucilag. acac.,	f3ij.
Aqua destill., —	f3vj.

Ft. mistura. Signa.—A tablespoonful every two hours.

*For Scrofulous and Scirrhus Diseases :—*

R. Iodinii,	Ḑj.
Potassii iodidi,	Ḑij.
Aqua destill.,	3vj.

Fiat solutio.—Dose, six drops, morning and evening, in a wineglass of water.

*For Infants:—*

Take of cow's milk,	one part.
Water,	two parts.
Loaf sugar, as much as may be agreeable.	

It is necessary, when children are to be raised by the hand, to dilute the milk. These proportions may be altered as the child advances in age. The object is to make a diet as near the qualities of the maternal milk as possible.

*Lead Colic* is a disease to which painters, and workers in red and white lead, are subject, causing severe pains, tedious sickness, and often death. The disease is particularly owing perhaps to breathing the fumes, but mainly from particles taken into the stomach by the food which is handled. Workmen can effect a total exemption from the disease by attending rigidly to three things:—

First. Keep the finger nails trimmed closely, so as to prevent particles of lead from collecting under them, and transference to the bread in eating it.

Second. Wash the hands well with soap and water, and rinse the mouth before eating.

Third. Drink half a pint of sweet milk at each meal to antagonize the influence of any particles of lead which may find their way into the stomach. It has been found in thousands of cases, that an habitual attention to these things secures an entire exemption from lead colic.

*Hordeolum, or Stye.*—This is a small painful tumor that appears upon the edge of the eyelids, and is usually the result of an unhealthy condition of the glands. When it first appears, it can usually be arrested by touching it once or twice a day with tincture of iodine or a solution of nitrate of silver. When it has advanced so as to pass on to suppuration, the best treatment is to apply slippery-elm poultice, keeping it wet with tincture of lobelia.

*Bunions.*—A bunion is an inflammation of the bursæ mucosa, at the inside of the ball of the great toe, and is generally produced by wearing tight boots or shoes. It can easily be cured by wearing a large, loose shoe or boot, and applying pads of cold water, covered with oiled silk, for a few days, until the inflammation is subdued; then painting the part with the officinal tincture of iodine once or twice a week.

*Pernio, or Chilblain.*—This is an inflammation of the derma or skin, produced by an excess of heat or cold; usually accompanied by itching, tingling, and sometimes painful swelling of the part. The skin is bluish or purple, and in some cases ulceration occurs. The best treatment that has been found for this is, to bathe the part in equal parts of lime-water and sweet-oil, and ten drops of creasote to an ounce of the mixture. This should be applied in the morning and evening, or upon retiring. Glycerine and tannin should also be used—one drachm of tannin dissolved in one ounce of glycerine. If it be on the feet and prove troublesome, silk stockings should be worn under the cotton ones.

*Expectation of Life.*—Mr. Charles W. Willick, of London, has established an extremely easy rule for expressing the value of the property which every man, woman, and child possesses in life. His formula stands thus:—

$$e = \frac{2}{3} (80 - a);$$

that is, “the expectation of life is equal to two-thirds of the difference between the age of the party and 80.” Thus, say a man is twenty, two-thirds of the years between 20 and 80 are 40, therefore forty is the expecta-

tion of life. A man now sixty will have an expectation of fourteen years more ; a child of five will have an expectation of fifty, and so on. The results obtained by this new law correspond closely with those of Dr. Farr's English life tables, constructed from an immense mass of returns.

*Effects of Tea on the System.*—All writers agree in saying that the brain-workers, in all the years since tea was introduced, have regarded it with the highest favor. It has a power to subdue irritability, refresh the spirits, and renew the energies, such as is possessed by no other agent. When the system of man is exhausted by labor or study, a cup of tea invigorates and restores as no other form of food or beverage can. It is also promotive of longevity. Tea saves food by lessening the waste of the body, soothes the vascular system, and affords stimulus to the brain. The young do not need it, and it is worthy of note that they do not crave or like it. Children will frequently ask for coffee, but seldom for tea. To aged people, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have to fail together, it is almost a necessity.

*Asthma.*—Two cases have been cured of asthma of long standing, where the patients had renounced all hope of benefit from drugs, by the use of bromide of potassium in full doses, night and morning.

*Bromide of Potassium.*—A writer asserts that the bromide of potassium produces most excellent results in allaying the morning sickness of pregnancy. Take bromide of potassium, half an ounce, water four ounces, of which a dessertspoonful should be given every two hours. Three doses will frequently allay nausea.



## OPHTHALMIA, OR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.

THIS disease may be occasioned by external injuries: as blows, burns, bruises, and the like. It may likewise proceed from dust, quick-lime, or other substances, getting into the eyes. Long exposure to the night air, especially in cold northerly winds, or whatever checks suddenly the perspiration, is very apt to cause an inflammation of the eyes; viewing snow, or other white bodies, for a long time, or looking steadfastly at the sun. Sometimes an inflammation of the eyes proceeds from scrofulous or gouty habit. It may likewise be occasioned by hairs in the eyelids turning upwards. In children it often proceeds from imprudently drying up scabbed heads, a running behind the ears, or any other discharge of the kind.

*Symptoms.*—An inflammation of the eyes is attended with acute pain, heat, redness, and swelling. The patient is not able to bear the light, and sometimes he feels a pricking pain, as if his eyes were pierced with a thorn. Sometimes he imagines his eyes are full of motes, or thinks he sees flies dancing before him.

*Regimen.*—The diet, unless in scrofulous cases, can never be too spare, especially at the beginning; consisting chiefly of mild vegetables, weak broths, and gruels. His drink may be barley-water, balm-tea, common whey, and such like. The patient's chamber must be darkened, or his eyes shaded by a cover so as to exclude the light, but not to press upon the eyes. He should avoid all smoke, fumes of tobacco, or anything that may cause

coughing, sneezing, or vomiting. He should be kept quiet, and encourage sleep as much as possible.

*Medical Treatment.*—This is one of those diseases wherein great hurt is often done by external applications. Almost every person pretends to be possessed of a remedy for the cure of sore eyes, consisting of eye-water, ointments, which do mischief twenty times for once they do good. People ought, therefore, to be very cautious how they use such things. Leeches are often applied to the temples, or under the eyes, with good effect. The wounds must be suffered to bleed for some hours, and if the bleeding stop soon, it may be promoted by the application of cloths dipped in warm water. Opening medicines are not to be neglected. The patient may take a small dose of Epsom salts and cream of tartar every second or third day, or any other mild purgative will answer the same end. To abate the inflammation it is customary to have recourse to the frequent application of some cooling and astringent wash. Such remedies, applied to the eye by means of an eye-cup, or by wet pledgets, prove highly serviceable. Any of the under mentioned may, therefore, be used; and where the pain is very acute, forty or fifty drops of tincture of opium or laudanum may be added to any of them. For the purpose of allaying heat and inflammation of the eyes, some practitioners give preference to warm instead of cold. The fact is, inflammations are known to yield sometimes to cold, and sometimes to warm fomentations; the alternate use of cold and hot applications has sometimes succeeded when neither of them singly appeared capable of putting an end to the diseased action. When the heat and pain of the eyes are very great, a poultice of bread and milk, softened with sweet oil or fresh butter,

may be applied to them at least all night, and they may be bathed with lukewarm milk and water in the morning. The application of cold water to the eyes, immersing the face in cold water, or by means of an eye-cup, two or three times a day, is serviceable in preventing return. Tonics may be taken with the best effects, sea-bathing, etc., etc.

R. Alum three grains; rose-water one ounce. M. After bathing the eyes with a teaspoonful of fine salt in a teacupful of tepid water for five minutes, three times a day, open the lids and pour in a few drops of the lotion, in simple cases.

R. Sulphate of zinc, acetate of lead, of each eight grains; rose-water six ounces. Mix them for an eye-wash.

R. Any foreign body lodged in the eye may be expeditiously removed by passing a small hair-pencil between the eyelids and the ball of the eye.

*Expense of Ardent Spirits.*—A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was lately complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from his thirty years' labor. A neighboring storekeeper offered to explain to him the reason; and proceeded as follows; "During the thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store, and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire." On examination of the books of the storekeeper, his assertion was found correct. The farm was worth about five thousand dollars.

## CAUSES OF DISEASE.

A LATE fashionable physician, who, for some years, received fees to the amount of about twenty thousand pounds annually, endeavored, during the last three years, to ascertain the primary sources of the diseases to which he was principally indebted for his wealth. After comparing the memorandums of each year, he made the following as an average calculation :—

Theatres and hackney-coaches . . . . .	1600
Indulgence in wine, spirits, and smoking . . . . .	1300
Indolence . . . . .	1000
Sudden changes in the atmosphere . . . . .	1200
Prevalence of the north or east winds . . . . .	1800
Force of imaginations . . . . .	1500
Gluttony . . . . .	1300
Quack medicines . . . . .	900
Love . . . . .	750
Grief . . . . .	850
Unsuccessful gambling . . . . .	900
Contagion . . . . .	900
Study . . . . .	950
Reading novels . . . . .	450

“Of these real friends of the physician,” he adds, “I am more indebted to the theatres and hackney-coaches than any other, because the diseases they occasion are inflammation of internal parts, which is not soon reduced, and often terminates in chronic diseases, as pulmonary consumption and rheumatism. To Fancy, I do not feel much indebted, because the patients are very far from being pleasant ones to attend; indeed, I had rather have been without them. The north, east, and northeast winds always add considerably to my list of patients.



“Gluttony, and abuse of wine, ale, and smoking are excellent friends, because they are constantly acting for me. Quack medicines are sincere friends, because they amuse the minds of the restless hypochondriacs, and convert acute diseases into chronic. Gambling occasions nervous affections, which reflection cures. The south and west winds are also good friends, as they add to my reputation by curing many diseases. Love and grief, although perfect strangers to me, are, nevertheless, sincere friends.”

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*Anger.*—The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels precisely in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

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*Death-bed Repentance.*—A death-bed repentance is a dangerous speculation; 'tis true, the thief on the cross was forgiven at the last hour, but it was intended as a singular instance, that none might despair—a solitary one, that none might presume.

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“I suppose,” said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, “that you think me a humbug.” “Sir,” replied the sick man, “I see you can perceive a man's thoughts by his pulse.”

## LONGEVITY OF GREAT MEN.

THE following short list of the ages of distinguished men may be interesting to the reader in this place; for a more complete catalogue, arranged according to the classes of science and literature upon which they shed their light, he is referred to Madden's "Infirmities of Genius."

Tasso . . . . .	51	Bacon . . . . .	78
Virgil . . . . .	52	Galileo . . . . .	78
Shakspeare . . . . .	52	Swift . . . . .	78
Moliere . . . . .	53	Roger Bacon . . . . .	78
Dante . . . . .	56	Corneille . . . . .	78
Pope . . . . .	56	Marmontel . . . . .	79
Ovid . . . . .	57	Kant . . . . .	80
Horace . . . . .	57	Thucydides . . . . .	80
Racine . . . . .	59	Juvenal . . . . .	80
Kepler . . . . .	59	Wieland . . . . .	80
Demosthenes . . . . .	59	Young . . . . .	80
Lavater . . . . .	60	Plato . . . . .	81
Galvani . . . . .	61	Buffon . . . . .	81
Boccaccio . . . . .	62	Goethe . . . . .	82
Fenelon . . . . .	63	Claude . . . . .	82
Aristotle . . . . .	63	West . . . . .	82
Cuvier . . . . .	64	Franklin . . . . .	84
Milton . . . . .	66	Metastasio . . . . .	84
Rousseau . . . . .	66	Herschel . . . . .	84
Erasmus . . . . .	69	Anacreon . . . . .	85
Cervantes . . . . .	69	Newton . . . . .	85
Beaumarchais . . . . .	69	Voltaire . . . . .	85
Dryden . . . . .	70	Halley . . . . .	86
Petrarch . . . . .	70	Sophocles . . . . .	90
Lesage . . . . .	70	Leeuwenhoeck . . . . .	91
Linnaeus . . . . .	71	Hans Sloanes . . . . .	93
Locke . . . . .	73	Whiston . . . . .	95
La Fontaine . . . . .	74	Michael Angelo . . . . .	96
Handel . . . . .	75	Titian . . . . .	96
Reaumur . . . . .	75	Herodias . . . . .	100
Euler . . . . .	77	Fontenelle . . . . .	100
		Georgius . . . . .	107

But poets and artists, in short all those fortunate mortals whose principal occupation leads them to be conversant with the sports of fancy and self-created worlds, and whose whole life, in the properest sense, is an agreeable dream, have a particular claim to a place in the history of longevity. We have already seen to what a great age Anacreon, Sophocles, and Pindar attained. Young, Voltaire, Bodmer, Haller, Metastasio, Gleim, Utz, and Oeser, all lived to be very old; and I here flatter myself with the hope, and I shall no doubt be joined in my wish by every one of my readers, that Wieland, the prince of the German poets, may afford the newest confirmation of this position.

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“The best drink is water, a liquor commonly despised and even considered as prejudicial. I will not hesitate, however, to declare it to be one of the greatest means for prolonging life. Read what is said of it by that respectable veteran, Mr. Theden, surgeon-general, who ascribed his long life, of more than eighty years, chiefly to the daily use of seven or eight quarts (from twenty to twenty-four pounds) of fresh water, which he drank upwards of forty years. Between his thirtieth and fortieth year, he was a most miserable hypochondriac, oppressed with the deepest melancholy; tormented with a palpitation of the heart, indigestion, etc.; and imagined that he could not live six months. But from the time he began this water regimen, all these symptoms disappeared; and in the latter half of his life he enjoyed better health than before, and was perfectly free from the hypochondriac affection.”

## RULES FOR A YOUNG LADY.

1st. LET her go to bed at ten o'clock—nine, if she pleases. She must not grumble, or be disheartened because she may not sleep the first night or two, and thus lay ruminating on the pleasures from which she has cut herself off; but persist steadily for a few nights; when she will find that habit will produce a far more pleasant repose than that which follows a late ball, a rout, or assembly. She will, also, rise in the morning more refreshed, with better spirits, and a more blooming complexion.

2d. Let her rise about six o'clock in summer, and about eight in winter—immediately wash her face and hands with pure water—cool or tepid, according to the season of the year; and if she could by any means be induced to sweep her room, or bustle about some other domestic concerns for about an hour, she would be the gainer, as well in health as in beauty, by the practice.

3d. Her breakfast should be something more substantial than a cup of slops, whether denominated tea or coffee, and a thin slice of bread and butter. She should take a soft-boiled egg or two, a little cold meat, a draught of milk, or a cup or two of pure chocolate.

4th. She should not lounge all day by the fire, reading novels, nor indulge herself in thinking of the perfidy of false swains, or the despair of a pining damsel; but bustle about—walk or ride in the open air—rub the furniture, or make puddings—and when she feels hungry eat a custard or something equally light, in place of the fashionable morning treat of a slice of pound-cake, and a glass of wine or cordial.



5th. Let her dine upon mutton or beef plainly cooked, and not too fat—but she need not turn away occasionally from a fowl or anything equally good; let her only observe to partake of it in moderation, and to drink sparingly of water during the repast.

6th. In place of three or four cups of strong tea for supper she may eat a custard—a bowl of bread and milk—or similar articles, and in a few hours afterwards let her retire to bed.

7th. At other periods of the day which are unoccupied by business or exercise, let her read—no sickly love tales—but good-humored and instructive works—calculated, while they keep the mind unencumbered with heavy thoughts, to augment its store of ideas, and to guard it against the injury which will ever result from false perceptions of mankind and of the concerns of life.

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Mothers, can you not teach your children the art of doing good? It is only to aid, by your example as well as precepts, the development of the noblest faculties of your children—the affections, reason, conscience; while you repress, as much as possible, the selfishness of animal instinct of appetite. Begin early.—You have the key of their affections—open their little hearts only to sweet impressions of love, which is benevolence. Never hire them with money to perform their tasks of any kind. If you have managed them rightly, they will do your requirements for you because they love you. Give gifts to your children as often as you think best; but never pay them for being good. Let the consciousness that they have done good, have gained knowledge, and that you approve their conduct, be their reward.

## ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

It is amusing to hear a nervous female, whose daily exercise consists in going up and down stairs two or three times a day, and shopping once a week, complain that she cannot preserve her strength unless she eats freely of some kind of meat, and takes her twice daily potations of strong coffee, to say nothing of porter or wine sangaree. The same opinion prevails among all classes of our community. A child (in the arms) cannot, it is thought, thrive unless it have a leg of a chicken or piece of bacon in its fist to suck. A boy or girl going to school must be gorged with the most substantial aliment at dinner, and, perhaps, little less at breakfast and supper. The child is crying and screaming every hour in the day—has, after a while, convulsions, or obstinate diseases of the skin, or dropsy of the brain. The little personage going to school complains of headache, is fretful and unhappy, and becomes pale and feeble. The poor books are now blamed for the fault of the dishes, and school is given up. The doctor is next consulted on the best means of restoring strength to the dear creature that has lost its appetite, and can eat nothing but a little cake, or custard, or, at most, some fat broth. Should he tell the fond mother the unpalatable truth, and desire her to suspend the system of stuffing, and allow her child, for sole food, a little bread and milk diluted with water, and daily exercise in the open air, she will be heard exclaiming in a tone of mingled astonishment and reproach, “Why doctor, would you starve my child!”

For the information of all such misguided persons, we would beg leave to state that the large majority of mankind do not eat any animal food, or so sparingly, and at such long intervals, that it cannot be said to form their nourishment. Millions in Asia are sustained by rice alone, with perhaps a little vegetable oil, for seasoning. In Italy, and southern Europe generally, bread made of the flour of wheat or Indian corn, with lettuce and the like mixed with oil, constitutes the food of the most robust part of its population. The Lazzaroni of Naples, with forms so active and finely proportioned, cannot even calculate on this much; coarse bread and potatoes is their chief reliance—their drink of luxury is a glass of iced water slightly acidulated. Hundreds of thousands, we might say millions, of Irish, do not see flesh meat or fish from one week's end to the other. Potatoes and oat-meal are their articles of food—if milk can be added, it is thought a luxury; yet where shall we find a more healthy and robust population, or one more enduring of bodily fatigue, and exhibiting more mental vivacity? What a contrast between these people and the inhabitants of the extreme north, the timid Laplanders, Esquimaux, Samoideans, whose food is almost entirely animal!

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*Affectation and Hypocrisy.*—Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Hypocrisy is the natural burden of villany, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

IN the physical education of children, it is not sufficient to consult merely their present ease and well-being ; but attention is equally due to whatever is calculated to promote the vigor and usefulness of their future lives, by strengthening the constitution, preserving the limbs in the free exercise of all their motions, and guarantying the system from the deleterious influence of those agents by which it is to be constantly surrounded.

Throughout the whole animal kingdom, the young are prompted by an instinctive impulse to almost constant exercise. Conformable to this intimation of nature, the infancy of man should be passed in those harmless gambols which exercise the limbs without requiring any minute directions from the head, or the constant guidance of a nurse.

It is well known to physicians, that when attempts are made in early youth to interfere with the natural movements and exercise of the body—when, from a false idea of improving the shape, or giving grace to the carriage, children are confined to any particular position for too long a period—they become restless and uneasy, and their muscles acquire tricks of involuntary motion. Twitching of the features, gesticulations of the limbs, or even dangerous and permanent deformity, may be the result of such unnatural restraint.

From exercise, and the free use of pure air, no child should be debarred : upon these depend, in a great measure, the health, vigor, and cheerfulness of youth ; while they contribute essentially to the permanence of the same blessings during adult life.



Error in this respect, it is true, is but of occasional occurrence in the physical education of boys. But how often has an over-anxiety for delicacy of complexion in a daughter—or the apprehension that her limbs may become coarse and ungraceful, and her habits vulgar—been the means of debarring her from the enjoyment of either air or exercise to an extent sufficient to insure the health and activity of the system? The consequence is, that too many females acquire in infancy a feeble, sickly, and languid habit—rendering them capricious and helpless, if not the subjects of suffering, through the whole course of their lives.

The bodily exercises of the two sexes ought, in fact, to be the same. As it is important to secure to both all the corporeal advantages which nature has formed them to enjoy, both should be permitted, without control, to partake of the same rational means of insuring a continued flow of health and animal spirits, to enable their systems to perform perfectly all the functions of life. Girls should not therefore be confined to a sedentary life within the precincts of the nursery, or at best permitted a short walk, veiled and defended from every gleam of sunshine and from every breath of air. The unconstrained enjoyment of their limbs and muscles in the open air, without a ligature to restrain the freedom of their motions, or an ever-watchful eye to curb the lively joy of their unclouded spirits, is equally important to their health and well-being as to that of their brothers.

To hope to communicate graceful form and motions to the limbs of a child, health and vigor to its constitution, and cheerfulness to its spirits by confinement, belts, ligatures, and splints, superadded to the lessons of the

posture-master, is about as rational as would be the attempt to improve the beauty and vigor of our forest trees, by transferring them to the green-house, and extending their branches along an artificial framework.

The first occupations of the day, for children, should be abroad, for the benefit of inhaling the morning air. Every person who notices the first, will be struck with the difference in the health and freshness of complexion and cheerfulness of feature, exhibited by the child who has spent some time in outdoor exercise before its morning meal and task, and the one who passes immediately from its couch to the breakfast table, and thence to study. Children are fond of early rising, when their natural activity of disposition, and disinclination to remain long in a state of quiet, have not been counteracted by habits of indulgence.

As much of the day should be passed in the open air as the weather will permit, and is compatible with those necessary avocations which call for attendance within doors. Nor are we inclined to limit this outdoor exercise, in respect to girls, to the season of summer alone. Though female children, as generally educated, may not be able to bear the extremes of heat and cold as well as boys; yet, by proper management, they may be enabled to sustain with as little inconvenience the transitions of the seasons. A habitual use of the cold bath, when no circumstances are present to forbid its employment, while it contributes to the health of the system generally, is an effectual means of removing that delicacy of constitution which renders an exposure to cold alike disagreeable and prejudicial.

## THE DIET OF CHILDREN.

DURING the early stages of life, all heating and stimulating food and drinks should be strictly forbidden, as they tend more certainly to produce disease, in the readily excited system, during childhood, than perhaps at any other period of life.

Vegetables should, in fact, constitute the principal diet of children, especially the farinaceous substances, such as bread, rice, arrow-root, potatoes, etc. To these may be joined milk, soft-boiled eggs, and a very moderate allowance of plain and simply cooked animal food. Children have, in general, very excellent appetites, and a sufficiency of nourishing food is absolutely necessary, not merely to renew the waste of their systems, but also to supply materials for their daily growth.

Three, or perhaps four light meals a day will be found a good allowance during childhood. At one of these, the dinner or mid-day meal, animal food may be allowed in moderation; for the others, bread, or potatoes and milk, various preparations of rice, or rice and milk, plain bread pudding, or custard, will form a proper and wholesome diet. All salted and high-seasoned food should be forbidden. Some have objected to butter for children, although experience would appear to show that a very moderate allowance of fresh butter is by no means injurious. Of vegetables, potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, and cauliflowers will be found the most wholesome—they should be well boiled, and the potatoes and turnips eaten without being mashed or mixed with butter and fat gravy. Children should never be indulged in

pastry of any kind—they may occasionally take a little of the cooked fruit of a pie, but even this should be in moderation.

The drink of children should be simply water, milk, milk and water, whey, or very weak tea, milk and sugar. All stimulating and fermented liquors are not only unnecessary, but positively injurious: by increasing, to an improper extent, the circulation of the blood, they induce fever, indigestion, inflammation, or convulsions, to say nothing of the danger of their use during childhood giving rise to habits of intemperance in after life.

The period of the meals should be strictly regulated—and in such a manner that the intervals between them should not be so great as to permit the children to experience, for any time, a sensation of hunger. Supper should always be taken an hour or two before bedtime.

Children should get their breakfasts as soon after they have risen and have been properly washed and combed, as possible—their stomachs are then empty, and the appetite keen. If food be too long withheld, the cravings of the stomach become either too importunate, or the appetite fails—either of which would be injurious.

As little variety of food as possible should be set before children, since every extraordinary article becomes a new incentive to appetite. They should never be indulged with a second course. If they sit down with an appetite they will always satisfy it by eating freely of the first article presented to them, hence all the rest is superfluous, and therefore injurious. If the appetite be trifling, the less they eat at the time the better—as by taking but little the appetite will more certainly return at the next meal. But, should this instinct of nature for an observance of moderation be



neglected, or be attempted to be overcome by variety, repletion, with all its evils, will follow. Instead of a renewed and healthy appetite following, as would have been the case had the instinct been obeyed, it will be found diminished, and most probably attended with headache, fever, oppression, or even vomiting.

Children should not be allowed to eat frequently of bread, bread and butter, bread and molasses, cakes, or fruit between meals—for this will either destroy the regular appetite, or induce them to eat too much. In the first case, the stomach will be interrupted in its regular routine of function—consequently the appetite will become either irregular or capricious—in the second case, all the evils attendant upon an over-distension of the stomach must follow.

They should, therefore, not be suffered to carry food in their pockets, to eat between meals, or during school hours—as this produces the injurious habit of requiring food at improper times, by which the digestion of the previous meal is interfered with—a fresh quantity of food being forced upon the stomach before it has properly digested that which had been before received.

Children are to be restrained from any violent exercise immediately after dinner; if not kept in a state of perfect rest they should, at least, be prevented from engaging in any pastime which requires considerable bodily exertion. They should also be early taught the importance of eating slowly and chewing their food well—on this account, alone, the habit of resting after a meal is of importance, as it prevents them from swallowing their meals hastily, in order that they may return more quickly to their play.

In regulating the diet of children, care should be taken

not to force any particular article upon them, after it is found by a fair trial not to agree with their stomachs. The contrary practice is both cruel and injudicious—cruel because the poor child is forced to swallow what is disagreeable to it—and injudicious because it is liable to perpetuate a disgust, which, most probably, would have subsided, had no forcible attempt been made to overcome it. At the same time, however, great care must be taken that permanent dislikes are not formed at this period of life against certain wholesome articles of food. This, however, is often a matter of very great difficulty—a good deal of close observation and discernment being required in order to distinguish between a wayward prejudice and an actual disgust. The former, if indulged in too long, may be converted into the latter, while the latter may often, by judicious and well-adapted means, be entirely removed.

Children should never be suffered to eat alone, unless the proper amount of food be meted out to them—otherwise they will almost always eat too much.

If a child demand more than is judged proper for it, its importunities should always be resisted with firmness, or it will too certainly acquire habits of gluttony

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*Passionate People.*—Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says, they are like men who stand on their heads, they see all things the wrong way.

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They who would be young when they are old must be old when they are young.

POPULAR ERROR—STRENGTH AND  
DEBILITY.

A POPULAR error, the fruitful source of improper habits and disease, is the fear of debility. Weakness or exhaustion is looked upon as the chief cause, either remote or immediate, of nearly all the physical suffering to which the human system is liable. To guard against debility, therefore, or to remove it when present, occupies much of the attention and solicitude of the public mind; and upon these two points many ruinous mistakes are hourly committed. If the means pointed out by nature herself, as the best to preserve the body in the free and vigorous performance of all its various functions, were those popularly employed to shield it from debility—no harm, but, on the contrary, much good, would result. If a plain and temperate diet, a due degree of appropriate exercise, pure air, proper clothing, in connection with an unsullied conscience and a cheerful mind, were the remedies to which men were in the habit of resorting to sustain the strength of their systems, there would be a far more common possession than is now the case: unfortunately, however, a very different course of conduct is in general pursued.

From an ignorance of the rules of health, and their consequent violation, the integrity of some internal organ is impaired; it can no longer perform its functions with that degree of perfection and regularity necessary to the well-being of the system. If it be an organ essential to life, every other suffers with it, and the individual is incapacitated from his accustomed bodily or mental

labor. According to his own account, he is in a state of debility. This, to a certain extent, is true; but it is a debility that can be removed only by restoring to health the organ primarily affected: a task for which the experienced and skilful physician is alone competent. But the sufferer is himself of a different opinion: if he is debilitated, all he requires is something to restore strength to his system generally; additional and more stimulating food; some cordial or elixir; some potent tonic. These are soon obtained; a momentary excitement is the result, to sustain which requires their frequent repetition; but so far from any permanent advantage resulting from their use, the symptoms advance with increased rapidity; the individual becomes more and more exhausted; and if he fall not a speedy victim to the disease itself, he too often does to the effects of intemperate habits induced by the remedies to which he has had recourse.

It is not merely in disease, that erroneous opinions in regard to debility are productive of evil effects. During health, the same injudicious means are resorted to, to sustain the strength of the system, as are supposed capable of restoring it when absent.

The infant in the nursery is too often pampered into disease, under the ridiculous notion of ministering to its strength; while every day, the adult, to augment his vigor or prevent debility—to accelerate digestion, or to guard his system from the supposed weakening influence of external agents—pours into his stomach a variety of articles, the direct tendency of which is to destroy the functions of the latter organ, and to spread disease, suffering and debility, through every portion of the body.

The means of avoiding disease (temperance, pure air,



exercise, and the subjection of the animal passions) are the only ones capable of increasing and maintaining the physical strength of the system: from the inventions of the cook, the products of the still, or the combinations of the apothecary, directly opposite effects invariably result.

Of the truth of these remarks we have a striking instance in the life of Cornaro, a noble Venetian who died at Padua, in 1565, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. Having lived freely in his youth, he injured his health, which he re-established by strict temperance and well-regulated exercise; while by exerting his reason and philosophy he also conquered his temper, which was naturally impatient and bad. In his eighty-third year, he thus describes himself:—

“I now enjoy a vigorous state of body and of mind. I mount my horse from the level ground; I climb steep ascents with ease; and have lately wrote a comedy full of innocent mirth and raillery. When I return home either from private business or from the senate, I have eleven grandchildren, with whose education, amusement, and songs I am greatly delighted; and I frequently sing with them, for my voice is clearer and stronger now than ever it was in my youth. In short, I am in all respects happy, and quite a stranger to the doleful, morose, dying life of lame, deaf, and blind old age, worn out with intemperance.”

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*Man's Double Duty.*—“As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.”

## NIGHTMARE.

IN this disease the patient, in time of sleep, imagines he feels an uncommon oppression or weight about his breast or stomach, which he can by no means shake off. He groans, and sometimes cries out, though oftener he attempts to speak in vain. Sometimes he imagines himself engaged with an enemy, and in danger of being killed, attempts to run away, but finds he cannot. Sometimes he fancies himself in a house that is on fire, or that he is in danger of being drowned in a river. He often thinks he is falling over a precipice, and the dread of being dashed to pieces suddenly awakes him.

This disorder has been supposed to proceed from too much blood; from a stagnation of blood in the brain, lungs, etc. But it is rather a nervous affection, and arises chiefly from indigestion. Hence we find that persons of weak nerves, who lead a sedentary life, and live full, are most commonly afflicted with the nightmare. Nothing tends more to produce it than heavy suppers, especially when eaten late, or the patient goes to bed soon after. Wind is likewise a very frequent cause of this disease; for which reason those who are afflicted with it ought to avoid all flatulent food. Deep thought, anxiety, or anything that oppresses the mind, ought also to be avoided.

As persons afflicted with the nightmare generally moan, or make some noise in the fit, they should be waked, or spoken to by such as hear them, as the uneasiness generally goes off as soon as the patient is awake. A dram of brandy, taken at bedtime, prevents this

disease. That, however, is a bad custom, and in time loses its effects. We would rather have the patient depend upon the use of food of easy digestion, cheerfulness, exercise through the day, and a light supper taken early, than to accustom himself to drams. A glass of peppermint water will often promote digestion as much as a glass of brandy, and is much safer. After a person of weak digestion, however, has eaten flatulent food, a dram may be necessary.

Elixir of vitriol is an excellent medicine in most cases of indigestion, weakness of the stomach, or want of appetite. From ten to twenty drops of it may be taken twice or thrice a day in a glass of wine or water. It may likewise be mixed with the tincture of the bark of cinchona, one drachm of the former to an ounce of the latter, and two teaspoonfuls of it taken in wine or water as above.

Persons who are young and full of blood, if troubled with the nightmare, ought to take a purge frequently, and use a spare diet.

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The skin is the greatest medium for purifying our bodies; and every moment a multitude of useless, corrupt, and worn-out particles evaporate through its numberless small vessels in an insensible manner. This secretion is inseparably connected with life and the circulation of our blood; and by it the greater part of all the impurity of our bodies is removed. If the skin, therefore, be flabby or inactive, and if its pores be stopped up, an acridity and corruption of our juices will be the unavoidable consequence, and the most dangerous diseases may ensue.

## WANT OF APPETITE.

THIS may proceed from a foul stomach, indigestion, the want of free air and exercise, grief, fear, anxiety, or any of the depressing passions, excessive heat, the use of strong broths, fat meats, or anything that palls the appetite, or is hard of digestion, the immoderate use of strong liquors, tea, tobacco, opium, etc.

The patient ought, if possible, to make choice of an open, dry air, to take exercise daily on horseback or in a carriage, to rise betimes, and to avoid all intense thought. He should use a diet of easy digestion, and should avoid excessive heat and great fatigue.

If want of appetite proceeds from errors in diet, or any other part of the patient's regimen, it ought to be changed. If nausea and retchings show that the stomach is loaded with crudities, a vomit will be of service. After this a gentle purge or two of rhubarb, or any of the better purging salts, may be taken. The patient ought next to use some of the stomachic bitters infused in wine. Though gentle evacuations be necessary, yet strong purges and vomits are to be avoided, as they weaken the stomach and hurt digestion.

Tincture of iron is an excellent medicine in most cases of indigestion, weakness of the stomach, or want of appetite. From twenty to thirty drops of it may be taken twice or thrice a day in a glass of wine or water. It may likewise be mixed with the tincture of the bark, one drachm of the former to an ounce of the latter, and two teaspoonfuls of it taken in wine and water as above.



## APHORISMS FOR BATHERS.

## RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF BATHERS.

THESE rules, which are sensible and practical, cannot be too extensively known:—

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration; but—

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing naked on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air, if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach.

The young, and those that are weak, had better bathe three hours after a meal. The best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

## DOCTORS' AND LAWYERS' PATRONS.

I HAVE known many people who would listen to any quack in medicine, and swallow almost any prescription, but never one who, when he found himself involved in a legal difficulty, did not desire the advice of a legal practitioner, and the best, too, whose services he could command. A man who is positive and dogmatical with his physician or his clergyman is apt to be submissive to his lawyer, for the reason that when he meddles with the law he knows that he is trifling with edged tools, which may cut deep when he least expects it.

"What are you going to do next?" said a client to an astute old lawyer in a neighboring city.

"I am going," said the lawyer, "to file a demurrer." "A demurrer! and what is that?" "A demurrer is what your Maker never intended that you should understand."

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Let sleep at noontide be brief, or none at all;  
Else stupor, headache, fever, rheums will fall  
On him who yields to noontide's drowsy call.  
Let air you breathe be sunny, clear, and light,  
Free from disease, or cesspool's fetid blight.  
Take short potations at your meals, but oft,  
And let all eggs you eat be fresh and soft.  
Art sick from vinous surfeiting at night?  
Repeat the dose at morn; 'twill set thee right.  
A drunken night makes a cloudy morning.

## INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE ON THE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

MARRIAGE greatly increases the probability of life in both sexes. Women who marry at twenty have a chance of life eleven years greater than that of those who remain single. The same doctrine holds true, apparently, at all periods of life. The probabilities of life for married men exceed those of bachelors by nineteen years, thus exceeding that of the married female by eight years—a difference probably caused by the mortality resulting from child-birth. Thus, it appears that, from the age of twenty to thirty, the mortality of husbands to bachelors is as one to twelve, while that of wives to spinisters is only as one to six for the same period of life.

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I labor for the good time coming, when sickness and disease, except congenital or from accident, will be regarded as the result of ignorance or animalism, and will degrade the individual in the estimation of the good, as much as drunkenness now does.

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*Charm of Wedlock.*—Marriage improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; and when we are blessed with a healthy progeny, the comforts of home possess hitherto unknown allurements.

## LOW SPIRITS.

ALL who have weak nerves are subject to low spirits in a greater or less degree. Generous diet, the cold bath, exercise and amusements, are the most likely means to remove this complaint. It is greatly increased by solitude and indulging gloomy ideas, but may often be relieved by cheerful company and sprightly amusements.

When low spirits are owing to a weak, relaxed state of the stomach and bowels, an infusion of the Peruvian bark, with cinnamon or nutmeg, will be proper. Tincture of iron, from twenty to forty drops, taken after each meal, in a little water, or aromatics may be used with advantage, but riding, and a proper diet, are much to be depended on.

When they arise from foulness of the stomach and intestines, or obstructions in the hypochondriac viscera, aloetic purges will be proper. I have sometimes known the sulphur-water of service in this case.

When low spirits have been brought on by long-continued grief, anxiety, or other distress of mind, agreeable company, variety of amusements, and change of place, especially travelling into foreign countries, will afford the most certain relief.

Persons afflicted with low spirits should avoid all kinds of excess and strong liquors. The moderate use of wine and other strong liquors is by no means hurtful; but when taken to excess they weaken the stomach, vitiate the humors, and depress the spirits. This caution is the more necessary, as the unfortunate and melancholy often fly to strong liquors for relief, by which means they never fail to precipitate their own destruction.



## THE MEDICAL ASPECTS OF A FAST LIFE.

WE do not mean a life of excitement and dissipation, or a disregard of moral considerations, but that species of go-aheadism which we see in its first development, perhaps among the Americans. In no country in the world is the struggle for gain more actively carried on than in the United States, and those who have watched the habits of the commercial classes in London and New York, declare that the industry of the former is as child's play compared with the unremitting energy of the latter. The number of New York lawyers and merchants who take what Englishmen would call a vacation is said to be exceedingly small; and according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, they send their wives and families to the seaside or the mountains, where they join them at night, or run down by rail from Saturday to Sunday. The consequences of all this high-pressure business energy, combined, as it frequently is, with a considerable amount of excitement and anxiety, and a devotion to iced drinks and whiskey, is an increased occurrence of cases of nervous exhaustion, often ending in paralysis or lunacy. It will be remembered that, during the period of extreme heat at New York, there was a very unusual prevalence of heat-apoplexy, and if, as we are informed, ardent spirits are consumed there very much as beer is in this country, we need not be surprised at it. As the late Sir Charles Napier remarked, in reference to the maintenance of his own health, the heat of India found no ally in the alcohol in his brain. The moderate consumption of bitter beer, and the enjoyment of a tho-

rough holiday in the country, or at the seaside for some weeks, by our city merchants, are undoubtedly much more favorable to the maintenance of health and life than the habits of their hard-working, energetic cousins of New York.

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*How Women are Duped by Flattery.*—Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, thus: They have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction of secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal the first moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain when reflected by the moon.

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*Wooring in Poetry.*—An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:—

“If from your glove you take the letter G,  
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee.”

To which the lady returned the following answer:—

“If from your Page you take the letter P,  
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.”

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*Pride.*—Zeno said: “Nothing was more indecent than pride, and especially in a young man.”

## HEALTH PRESERVED BY RULES.

A RESPECTABLE prelate, Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who died A.D. 1785, at the advanced age of 110 years, is one among many instances of the advantages to be derived from rules. When asked what system he observed, he used to tell his friends—"By being old when I was young, I found myself young now I am old."

Though it is not often we can draw dietetic rules from the drama, or enforce in its language the advantages of temperance, yet the following passage from Shakspeare will be admitted by all as pertinent to our present purpose:—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility.  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter—  
Frosty, but kindly."

It is a mistake to suppose that rules are followed by the learned alone: peasants and laborers, although they think little upon the means of preserving health, do observe rules few in number, indeed, but evidenced in their whole lives—being a series of indispensable attention to air, exercise, moderation in regard to diet, drink, etc. Old Parr, who lived until the age of 152 years, gave this advice, "Keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise, rise early, and go soon to bed, and if you are inclined to get fat, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut."

The reasons why attention to health is not oftener of

service than it has in general hitherto proved, may be given in a few words. People seldom attend to health till it is too late ; they never think of it till it is lost : when they do begin, it is without method and without knowledge. The means of preserving health and attaining longevity have not hitherto been made, as they ought to be, the peculiar study of the physician ; nor have the means of preserving health been generally taught as a separate and most important branch of the medical art.

When people get into a debilitated state, they are too apt either to rely on their own skill, or to fly for relief to ignorant and presumptuous quacks, instead of trusting to the counsels of reputation and experience of the medical profession.

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She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

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As health is the most precious of all things, and is the foundation of all happiness, the science of protecting life and health is the noblest of all, and most worthy the attention of all mankind.

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In early times skill in healing was esteemed a part of wisdom.—I believe the practice of medicine should be agreeable to reason.



## THE FOUR GREAT SOURCES OF HEALTH.

ONE of the most pleasing of our duties is, to be able to direct into our own channel, and thereby circulate widely through the land, what we hold to be wise counsel, as it is our good fortune to do upon the present occasion, by laying before our readers the following chapter:—

“The preservation of health mainly depends on early rising, temperance in eating and drinking, exercise, and cleanliness.

“These important advantages are distributed between the rich and the poor in a tolerably fair proportion, which accounts for the apparent equability in the length of life between one and the other. The poor have early rising, which is of the very first consequence, and of which I shall speak hereafter more fully. From this the rich are almost excluded, because they have no obligation to compel them, and because they go to bed too late.

“The humble and often scanty diet of the poor, which they so much deplore, is yet of advantage to their health. True it is that as they work hard they could bear more substantial diet than they can generally procure. But luxurious living is very prejudicial, it vitiates the blood and humors, and lays the foundation of numerous complaints. From not being able to afford suppers, the poor enjoy sound rest, the want of which is so much complained of by the rich. But the poor injure themselves materially by intoxication, and that with drink of an inferior and hurtful quality. It is certain that every fit of drunkenness has its share in the shortening of life;

for, however we may find men to whom it appears to do no injury, nothing is more reasonable than to conclude that they would live longer by avoiding inebriation. Amongst the better classes the vice has happily for many years past been gradually declining; and it is now a great reproach to gentlemen to be seen drunk. But they use rich wines, *liqueurs*, and spirits, of which, at their numerous meals, without getting tipsy or drunk, they take too much altogether. They likewise eat much more than is necessary or proper, and that generally of things so artificially prepared that the simple qualities are lost, and may almost be considered as a medicine instead of natural food.

“Of exercise, which is allowed by all as indispensable for the preservation of health, the poor have generally enough, but frequently too much, whilst, on the contrary, the rich who, from their sumptuous living, really require more, can scarcely be said to take any. This is a heavy draught on the resources of longevity. The subject is of great importance, and will, in the course of the work, be treated with particular attention.

“But it is in cleanliness that the rich have indeed inappreciable advantages over the poor. The word has too extensive a meaning to be considered, under all its bearings, in this concise sketch. It will suffice here to say, that it must be taken in something more than its usual signification, personal cleanliness. In the present view it embraces numerous comforts, domestic and personal, and many valuable conveniences, presenting important securities against injury to the health. That personal cleanliness, a thing nearly quite disregarded or unpractised by the poor, is of the greatest utility, will be hereafter fully shown; but there are other serious

disadvantages to which their poverty or want of means subject them. Clothes soaked with rain, and then sitting by a fire, and being obliged, from want of changes, to wear the same damp the next day—bad shoes—humid apartments from neglected roofs, washing of clothes, and other causes—foul air, from many persons crowded into a single room. Such are a few of the consequences of the privations of the poor as to cleanliness and comforts, from which result constant coughs and colds, asthma, rheumatism, and other complaints, which would preclude them from old age were it not for their early rising, simple diet, and exercise.

“There is much difference between the laborer in the country and the working classes in large towns. If the former has to endure wet and hardships out of doors, he is accustomed to it from his infancy, and is descended from a hardy race: his hovel or hut, be it ever so miserable or so crowded, has the advantage of a much purer air than the room-keeper’s garret in town; he has fewer opportunities of dissipation; his food, though poor, is wholesome; his hours of mealtime are more regular, and his work is more uniformly healthful.

“The country gentleman too has advantages over his equal in town. His exercise is of a rougher and more decided cast; his food is more plain, because the confectioner, the pastry cook, and the foreign fruiterer are not always convenient; balls, parties, and theatres do not offer every evening, and if he drink more after dinner, he can bear it better, because his food is more substantial and simple. The balance, indeed, seems to be in favor of the country; and, accordingly, it is there that we mostly find instances of uncommonly extended life.”

## ANTIQUITY OF BATHING.

IF the custom of bathing be not coeval with the world, its origin may at least date from a very early epoch. The means which it furnished of purification and invigoration, seems to have been first adopted by the inhabitants of middle Asia, placed as they were under a sultry clime.

The people of the first ages immersed themselves most frequently in rivers or in the sea; and, accordingly, we are told of the daughter of Pharaoh bathing in the Nile, of Nausicaa and her companions, as also Agenor, bathing in the river, and of the Amazons refreshing themselves in the water of Thermodon. The Greeks plunged their tender offspring into cold torrents—and Moschus and Theocritus make Europa bathe in the Anaurus, and the Spartan girls in the Eurotas. Domestic baths, suggested by the wants or the conveniences of life, were not unknown at very early periods. Diomed and Ulysses are represented as making use of such after they had washed in the sea—Andromache prepared warm water for Hector, who had just returned from battle—and Penelope, to banish sorrow, called in the aid of unctions and baths. Minerva, at Thermopylæ, is feigned to have imparted by such means vigor to the wearied limbs of Hercules, and, in place of other gifts, Vulcan offered him warm baths. Pindar praises the warm bathing of the nymphs—and Homer himself, who ranked baths among the innocent pleasures of life, not only makes mention of a hot and vaporous spring adjoining a cold one, but even describes to us the baths which, by common tradition, were situated near the Scamander in the vicinity of Troy.



Of nearly equal celebrity were the baths of the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians—and to such a pitch of grandeur and improvement were they carried by this last people, that Alexander himself was astonished at the luxury and magnificence of those of Darius, though accustomed to the voluptuous ones of Greece and Macedon. We need here but allude to the natural warm baths of Bithynia and Mytilene mentioned by Pliny, and to those of the Etruscans, as among the most early and extensively known and resorted to.

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*The force of Example.*—Nothing is so influential as example. We imitate good actions from a desire to emulate, and bad ones from a natural propensity in our natures, which shame conceals and example frees.

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*Genius.*—The only difference between a genius and one of common capacity is, that the former anticipates and explores what the latter accidentally hits upon. But even the man of genius himself more frequently employs the advantages that chance presents to him. It is the lapidary that gives value to the diamond which the peasant has dug up without knowing its worth.

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*Danger of Prosperity.*—Prosperity hath always been the cause of more evils to men than adversity; and it is easier to bear one patiently, than not to forget himself in the other.

## PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY.

WE recommend the following hints and directions to the attention of our female readers, which, though especially addressed to them, are not without interest and application to the other sex.

The rules which I would lay down for the preservation of the bloom of beauty, during its natural life, are few, and easy of access. And besides, having the advantage of speaking of my own wide and minute observations, I have the authorities of the most eminent physicians of every age to support my argument. The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things—temperance, exercise, and cleanliness. From these few heads, I hope much good instruction may be deduced. Temperance includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasure. A young beauty, were she fair as Hebe, and elegant as the goddess of Love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

I guess that my delicate young readers will start at this last sentence, and wonder how it can be that any well-bred woman should think it possible that pretty ladies would be guilty of either of the two first-mentioned excesses. But, when I speak of *inordinate* eating, etc., I do not mean feasting like a glutton or drinking to intoxication. My objection is not more against the quantity than the quality of the dishes which constitute the usual repasts of women of fashion. Their breakfasts not only set forth tea and coffee, but chocolate, and hot bread and butter. Both of these latter articles, when taken con-

stantly, are hostile to health and female delicacy. The heated grease, which is their principal ingredient, deranges the stomach; and, by creating or increasing bilious disorders, gradually overspreads the fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal, a long and exhausting fast not unfrequently succeeds, from ten in the morning till six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up; and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with Cayenne soups, fish, French pâtées steaming with garlic, roast and boiled meat, game, tarts, sweetmeats, ices, fruits, etc. etc. How must the constitution suffer under the digestion of this melange? How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within? And, when we consider that the beverage she takes to dilute this mass of food, and assuage the consequent fever in her stomach, is not merely water from the spring, but champagne, Madeira, and other wines, foreign and domestic, you cannot wonder that I should warn the inexperienced creature against intemperance.

The superabundance of aliment which she takes in at this time, is not only destructive of beauty, but the period of such repletion is full of other dangers. Long fasting wastes the powers of digestion and weakens the springs of life. In this enfeebled state, at the hour when nature intends we should prepare for general repose, we put our stomach and animal spirits to extraordinary exertion. Our vital functions are overtasked and overloaded; we become hectic—for observation strongly declares that invalid and delicate persons should rarely eat solids after three o'clock in the day, as fever is generally the consequence; and thus, almost, every complaint that distresses and destroys the human frame may be engendered.

“When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait  
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain ;  
For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme  
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.”

Besides, when we add to this evil the present mode of bracing the digestive part of the body in what is called *long stays*, to what an extent must reach the baneful effects of a protracted and abundant repast ? Indeed, I am fully persuaded that long fasting, late dining, and the excessive repletion then taken into the exhausted stomach, with the tight pressure of steel and whalebone, on the most susceptible parts of the frame, then called into action, and the midnight, nay morning, hours of lingering pleasure, are the positive causes of colds taken, bilious fevers, consumptions, and atrophies. By the means enumerated, the firm texture of the constitution is broken, and the principles of health, being in a manner decomposed, the finest parts fly off, and the dregs maintain the poor survivor of herself in a sad kind of artificial existence. Delicate proportion gives place either to miserable leanness or shapeless fat. The once fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity or a bloated redness, which the vain possessor would still regard as the rose of health and beauty.

To repair these ravages, comes the aid of padding, to give shape where there is none ; long stays, to compress into form the chaos of flesh ; and paints off all hues, to rectify the disorder of the complexion. But useless are these attempts. If dissipation, disease, and immoderation have wrecked the fair vessel of female charms, it is not in the power of Esculapius himself to refit the shattered bark ; or of the Syrens, with all their



songs and wiles, to conjure its battered sides from the rocks, and make it ride the seas in gallant trim again.

It is with pleasure that I turn from this ruin, of all that is beauteous and lovely, to the cheering hope of preserving every charm unimpaired; and by means which the most ingenuous mind need not blush to acknowledge.

The rules, I repeat, are few. First temperance: a well timed use of the table, and so moderate a pursuit of pleasure, that the midnight ball, assembly, and theatre, shall not too frequently recur.

My next specific is that of gentle and daily exercise in the open air. Nature teaches us, in the gambols and sportiveness of the young of the lower animals, that bodily exertion is necessary for the growth, vigor, and symmetry of the animal frame; while the too studious scholar, and the indolent man of luxury, exhibit in themselves the pernicious consequences of the want of exercise.

This may be almost always obtained, either on horseback or on foot, in fine weather; and, when that is denied, in a carriage. Country air in the fields or in gardens, when breathed at proper hours, is an excellent bracer of the nerves, and a sure brightener of the complexion. But these hours are neither under the mid-day sun in summer, when its beams scorch the skin and ferment the blood; nor beneath the dews of evening, when the imperceptible damps, saturating the thinly-clad body, send the wanderer home infected with the disease that is to lay her, ere a returning spring, in the silent tomb! Both these periods are pregnant with danger to delicacy and carefulness.

The morning, about two or three hours after sunrise,

is the most salubrious time for a vigorous walk. But, as the day advances, if you choose to prolong the sweet enjoyment of the open air, then the thick wood or shady lane will afford refreshing shelter from the too intense heat of the sun.

In short, the morning and evening dew, and the unrepelled blaze of a summer noon, must alike be ever avoided as the enemies of health and beauty

“Fly, if you can, these violent extremes  
Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.”

*Cleanliness*, my last receipt (and which is, like the others, applicable to all ages), is of most powerful efficacy. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy, the skin in its softness, the complexion in its lustre, the eyes in their brightness, the teeth in their purity, and the constitution in its fairest vigor. To promote cleanliness, I can recommend nothing preferable to bathing.

The frequent use of tepid (warm) baths is not more grateful to the sense than it is salutary to the health, and to beauty. By such ablution all accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off; cutaneous obstructions removed; and while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening disorders are removed or prevented.

By such means the women of the East render their skin softer than that of the tenderest babes in this climate, and preserve that health which sedentary confinement would otherwise destroy.

This delightful and delicate oriental fashion is now, I am happy to say, prevalent almost all over the continent. From the villas of Italy, the chateaux of France; from the castles of Germany to the palaces of Muscovy; we

may, everywhere, find the marble bath under the vaulted portico or the sheltering shade. Every house of every nobleman or gentleman, in every nation under the sun, excepting Britain, possesses one of those genial friends to cleanliness and comfort. The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand basin. This is the more extraordinary to me, when I contemplate the changeable temperature of the climate, and consider the corresponding alterations of the bodily feelings of the people. By abruptly checking the secretions it produces those chronic and cutaneous diseases so peculiar to our nation, and so heavy a cause of complaint.

This very circumstance renders baths more necessary in England than anywhere else; for as this is the climate most subject to sudden heats and colds, rains and fogs, tepid immersion is the only sovereign remedy against their usual morbid effects.

Indeed, so impressed am I with the consequence of their regimen, that I strongly recommend to every lady to make a bath as indispensable an article in her house as a looking-glass.

“This is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer heats.”

“Even from the body’s purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.”

It may be remarked that friction, applied to the skin, in the bath, is an excellent substitute for exercise, when this is impracticable out of doors.

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A deformed body may have a beautiful soul.

## OF THE PASSIONS.

THE passions have great influence both in the cause and cure of disease. How the mind affects the body, will, in all probability, ever remain a secret. It is sufficient for us to know that there is established a reciprocal influence between the mental and corporeal parts, and that whatever injures the one disorders the other.

## OF ANGER.

The passion of anger ruffles the mind, distorts the countenance, hurries on the circulation of the blood, and disorders the whole vital and animal functions. It often occasions fevers, and other acute diseases; and, sometimes, even sudden death. This passion is peculiarly hurtful to the delicate, and those of weak nerves. I have known such persons frequently lose their lives by a violent fit of anger, and would advise them to guard against the excess of this passion with the utmost care.

It is not, indeed, always in our power to prevent being angry; but we may surely avoid harboring resentment in our breast. Resentment preys upon the mind, and occasions the most obstinate chronic disorders, which gradually waste the constitution. Nothing shows true greatness of mind more than to forgive injuries; it promotes the peace of society, and greatly conduces to our own ease, health, and felicity.

Such as value health should avoid violent gusts of anger, as they would be the most deadly poison. Neither ought they to indulge resentment, but to endeavor at all



times to keep their minds calm and serene. Nothing tends so much to the health of the body as a constant tranquillity of mind.

#### OF FEAR.

The influence of fear, both in occasioning and aggravating diseases, is very great. No man ought to be blamed for a decent concern about life ; but too great a desire to preserve it is often the cause of losing it. Fear and anxiety, by depressing the spirits, not only dispose us to disease, but often render those diseases fatal which an undaunted mind would overcome.

Sudden fear has generally violent effects. Epileptic fits, and other convulsive disorders, are often occasioned by it. Hence the danger of that practice, so common among young people, of frightening one another. Many have lost their lives, and others have been rendered miserable, by frolics of this kind. It is dangerous to tamper with the human passions. The mind may easily be thrown into such disorder as never again to act with regularity.

But the gradual effects of fear prove most hurtful. The constant dread of some future evil by dwelling upon the mind, often occasions the very evil itself. Hence it comes to pass that so many die of those very diseases of which they long had a dread, or which had been impressed on their minds by some accident, or foolish prediction. This, for example, is often the case with women in childbed. Many of those who die in that situation are impressed with a notion of their death a long time before it happens ; and there is reason to believe that this impression is often the cause of it.

Many make it their business to visit the sick on purpose to whisper dismal stories in their ears. Such may pass for sympathizing friends, but they ought rather to be considered as enemies; we ought to keep the sick as much from hearing it as possible, and from every other thing that may tend to alarm them. All who wish well to the sick ought to keep such persons at the greatest distance from them.

A custom has long prevailed among physicians of prognosticating, as they call it, the patient's fate, or fortelling the issue of the disease. Vanity, no doubt, introduced this practice, and still supports it, in spite of common sense and the safety of mankind. I have known a physician barbarous enough to boast, that he pronounced more sentences than all his Majesty's judges. Would to God that such sentences were not often equally fatal! It may indeed be alleged, that the doctor does not declare his opinion before the patient. So much the worse. A sensible patient had better hear what the doctor says, than learn it from the disconsolate looks, the watery eyes, and the broken whispers of those about him. It seldom happens, when the doctor gives an unfavorable opinion, that it can be concealed from the patient. The very embarrassment which the friends and attendants show in disguising what he has said, is generally too sufficient to discover the truth.

Kind Heaven has, for the wisest ends, concealed from mortals their fate, and we do not see what right any man has to announce the death of another, especially if such a declaration has a chance to kill him. Mankind are indeed very fond of prying into future events, and seldom fail to solicit the physician for his opinion. A doubtful answer, however, or one that may tend rather to encour-

age the hopes of the sick, is surely the most proper. This conduct could neither hurt the patient nor the physician. Nothing tends more to destroy the credit of physic than those bold prognosticators, who, by-the-by, are generally the most ignorant of the faculty. The mistakes which daily happen in this way are so many standing proofs of human vanity, and the weakness of science.

We readily admit that there are cases, where the physician ought to give intimation of the patient's danger to some of his near connections; but it never can be necessary in any case that the whole town and country should know, immediately after the doctor has made his first visit, that he has no hopes of his patient's recovery. Persons, whose impertinent curiosity leads them to question the physician with regard to the fate of his patient, certainly deserve no other than an evasive answer.

The vanity of foretelling the fate of the sick is not peculiar to the faculty. Others follow their example, and those who think themselves wiser than their neighbors often do much hurt in this way. Humanity surely calls upon every one to comfort the sick and not to add to their affliction by alarming their fears. A friend or even a physician may often do more good by a mild and sympathizing behavior than by medicine, and should never neglect to administer that greatest of all cordials—Hope—which is to the patient the Kaleidoscope of Life.

#### OF GRIEF.

Grief is the most destructive of all the passions. Its effects are permanent, and when it sinks deep into the mind it generally proves fatal. Anger and fear, being of a more violent nature, seldom last long; but grief

often changes into a fixed melancholy, which preys upon the spirits and wastes the constitution. This passion ought not to be indulged. It may generally be conquered at the beginning; but when it has gained strength all attempts to remove it are vain.

No person can prevent misfortunes in life: but it shows true greatness of mind to bear them with serenity. Many persons make a merit of indulging grief, and when misfortunes happen they obstinately refuse all consolation, till the mind, overwhelmed with melancholy, sinks under the load. Such conduct is not only destructive to health, but consistent with reason, religion, and common sense.

Change of ideas is as necessary for health as change of posture. When the mind dwells long upon one subject, especially of a disagreeable nature, it hurts the whole functions of the body. Hence grief indulged spoils the digestion and destroys the appetite; by which means the spirits are depressed, the nerves relaxed, the bowels inflated with wind, and the humors, for want of fresh supplies of chyle, vitiated. Thus many an excellent constitution has been ruined by a family misfortune, or anything that occasions excessive grief.

It is utterly impossible that any person of a dejected mind should enjoy health. Life may indeed be dragged out for a few years; but whoever would live to a good old age must be good-humored and cheerful. This indeed is not altogether in our own power; yet our temper of mind, as well as our actions, depend greatly upon ourselves. We can either associate with cheerful or melancholy companions, mingle in the amusements and offices in life, or sit still and brood over our calamities as we choose. These, and many such things, are cer-



tainly in our power, and from these the mind generally takes its cast.

The variety of scenes which present themselves to the senses, were certainly designed to prevent our attention from being too long fixed upon any one subject. Nature abounds with variety, and the mind, unless fixed down by habit, delights in contemplating new objects. This at once points out the method of relieving the mind in distress. Turn the attention frequently to new objects. Examine them for some time. When the mind begins to recoil, shift the scene. By this means a constant succession of new ideas may be kept up, till the disagreeable ones entirely disappear. Thus travelling, the study of any art or science, reading or writing on such subjects as deeply engage the attention, will sooner expel grief than the most sprightly amusements.

It has already been observed, that the body cannot be healthy unless it be exercised; neither can the mind. Indolence nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing else to think of but calamities, no wonder that it dwells there. Few people who pursue business with attention are hurt by grief. Instead, therefore, of abstracting ourselves from the world or business when misfortunes happen, we ought to engage in it with more than usual attention, to discharge with double diligence the functions of our station, and to mix with friends of a cheerful and social temper.

Innocent amusements are by no means to be neglected. These, by leading the mind insensibly to the contemplation of agreeable objects, help to dispel the gloom which misfortunes cast over it. They make time seem less tedious, and have many other happy effects.

Some persons, when overwhelmed with grief, betake

themselves to drinking. This is making the cure worse than the disease. It seldom fails to end in the ruin of fortune, character, and constitution.

## OF LOVE.

Love is perhaps the strongest of all the passions ; at least, when it becomes violent, it is less subject to the control either of the understanding or will than any of the rest. Fear, anger, and several other passions, are necessary for the preservation of the individual ; but love is necessary for the continuation of the species itself : it was therefore proper that this passion should be deeply rooted in the human breast.

Though love be a strong passion, it is seldom so rapid in its progress as several of the others. Few persons fall desperately in love all at once. We would, therefore, advise every one, before he tampers with this passion, to consider well the probability of his being able to obtain the object of his wishes. When that is not likely, he should avoid every occasion of increasing it. He ought immediately to flee the company of the beloved object ; to apply his mind attentively to business or study ; to take every kind of amusement ; and, above all, to endeavor, if possible, to find another object which may engage his affections, and which it may be in his power to obtain.

There is no passion with which people are so ready to tamper as love, although none is more dangerous. Some men make love for amusement, others for mere vanity, or on purpose to show their consequence with the fair. This is perhaps the greatest piece of cruelty which any one can be guilty of. What we eagerly wish for we

easily credit. Hence the too credulous fair are often betrayed into a situation which is truly deplorable, before they are able to discover that the pretended lover was only in jest. But there is no jesting with this passion. When love has got to a certain height, it admits of no other cure but the possession of its object, which in this case ought always, if possible, to be obtained.

#### OF RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

Many persons of a religious turn of mind behave as if they thought it a crime to be cheerful. They imagine the whole of religion consists in certain mortifications or denying themselves the smallest indulgence, even of the most innocent amusements. A perpetual gloom hangs over their countenances, while the deepest melancholy preys upon their minds. At length the fairest prospects vanish, everything puts on a dismal appearance, and those very objects which ought to give delight, afford nothing but disgust. Life itself becomes a burden and the unhappy wretch, persuaded that no evil can equal what he feels, often puts an end to his miserable existence.

It is a great pity that ever religion should be so far perverted as to become the cause of those very evils which it was designed to cure. Nothing can be better calculated than true religion to raise and support the mind of its votaries under every affliction that can befall them. It teaches men that even the sufferings of this life are preparatory to the happiness of the next, and that all who persist in a course of virtue shall at length arrive at complete felicity.

Persons whose business it is to recommend religion to

others, should beware of dwelling too much on gloomy subjects. That peace and tranquillity of mind which true religion is calculated to inspire, is a more powerful argument in its favor than all the terrors that can be uttered. Terror may indeed deter men from outward acts of wickedness, but can never inspire them with that love of God and real goodness of heart in which alone true religion consists.

To conclude: the best way to counteract the violence of any passion, is to keep the mind closely engaged in some useful pursuit.

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All men ought to be acquainted with the medical art.—I believe that knowledge of medicine is the sister and companion of wisdom.

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*Receipt for Chapped Hands.*—Linseed oil, one pint; rosin, three ounces; mix, put on the fire, and stir until well mixed.

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By various sports,  
Oe'r hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink  
Is life both sweeten'd and prolong'd.

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Suppers great will the stomach's peace impair.  
Wouldst lightly rest; curtail thine evening fare.

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If thou wilt be healthful make thyself old betimes.



## WATER.

*How to Test the Purity of Water.*—It is of importance to be able to test the quality of water, not only when for special purposes absolutely pure water is required, but even in cases where such purity is not requisite it may be of great interest to ascertain of what the impurities consist. The following short notice of the tests for the most commonly occurring impurities will be welcome and useful to many of our readers.

Pure water must satisfy the following conditions:—

1. It must have no residue whatever when evaporated in a clear porcelain or platina dish.

2. It must form no precipitate with a solution of nitrate of silver which would indicate common salt, some other chloride or hydrochloric acid.

3. It must not precipitate with a solution of chloride of barium, which would indicate a sulphate or sulphuric acid.

4. It must form no precipitate with exhalate of ammonia, as this would indicate some soluble salt of lime.

5. It must not assume any dark or other shade of color when passing sulphuretted hydrogen gas through it or mixing it with the solution of a sulphide salt, as this would indicate the presence of lead, iron, or some other metal.

6. It must not become milky by the addition of lime-water or a clear solution of sugar of lead, as this would indicate carbonic acid.

7. It must not discolor by adding solutions of corrosive sublimate, chloride of gold, or sulphate of zinc, which

discoloring would indicate the presence of organic substances. When boiling water with chloride of gold, the least trace of organic matter will reduce the gold and color the water brown.

#### RESULTS OF THESE TESTS.

1. Almost all spring waters are found to leave a residue upon evaporation.

2. Common salt is not only found in most springs and rivers, but even in rain-water, many miles inland, when the wind blows from the ocean.

3. Sulphuric acid and sulphates are found in many springs. The Oak Orchard Spring, N. Y., for instance, is very rich in the free acid.

4. Waters from lime regions all contain lime in large quantities, and, in fact, this is the most common impurity of spring-waters.

5. Iron is contained in large quantity in the so-called chalybeate springs; also copper and other metals are encountered; lead, incidentally, by the lead, tubes through which it often is made to pass.

6. Carbonic acid is the most common impurity, even distilled water is not always free from it. Water will naturally absorb carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, which latter always contains it; its principal source of supply being derived from the exhalations of man and animals.

7. Organic substances are often found in the water of running brooks, streams, and rivers, and are, of course, obtained from the vegetation and animal life in the water itself, and from the shores along which it floats.

## REMARKS.

1. The healthfulness of water depends on the nature of the residue left after evaporation ; for many chemical and other operations, where absolutely pure water is required, the leaving of residue at once proves the water unfit for use.

2. The existence of small quantities of common salt in the water is not objectionable, it being not injurious to health.

3. Sulphuric acid and sulphates may be objectionable for daily use ; however, such waters are used medically to stop diarrhœa and excessive tendency to perspiration.

4. Lime-waters do not agree with some constitutions, producing diarrhœa and divers disturbances ; very small quantities of lime, however, are not injurious.

5. Iron is healthy, and is a tonic ; in fact, this metal and manganese are the only ones which may be used in large doses, not only with impunity, but even with benefit ; however, there is also a limit. Overdoses of iron may produce diarrhœa and slight eruptions of the skin, or pimples.

6. Carbonic acid is not objectionable when drinking the water ; on the contrary, it makes it more palatable, and most mineral waters owe their reputation to this substance.

7. Organic substances are perhaps the most objectionable, principally when decaying : such waters may even propagate diseases, and require careful filtering or boiling, or both, to make them fit for internal consumption.

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He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.

## THE BEST FOOD.

THE best food for man to live upon is that which is simple, nourishing, without either heating, or acrimonious properties; and the principal rule to be observed with respect to food in general, is, to eat and drink wholesome things in proper quantities. As from the common experience of ages, almost all the aliment in common use has been found wholesome, a moderate and healthy individual need not much alarm himself in partaking of such. At the same time it must be observed that there is an obvious rule which will set every one right in the selection of his food. Let him observe what agrees with his constitution and what does not, and his experience and judgment will direct him to the use of the one, and the invariable rejection of the other. As relates to quantity, the rule is, to take just such a proportion as will be sufficient to support and nourish him, but not such as will, in the least degree, overload the stomach and render digestion difficult. In this, as was intimated on a former occasion, every individual has a sure guide, if he will be directed by a natural, and not a depraved, appetite; for whenever he has eaten of any proper food, to the extent required by his appetite, and finishes his meal with some relish for more, he has eaten a proper quantity. That a man may not be deceived—that he may satisfy himself that he has committed no excess—if immediately after dinner he can write, or walk, or go about his ordinary, or any other, business with ease and pleasure—if, after supper, his sleep be neither disturbed nor diminished by what he has eaten or drank,



and if he has no headache nor sickness the next morning—nor any uncommon hawking or spitting, nor a bad taste in his mouth, but rises at his usual hour, refreshed and cheerful, and with a renewed appetite—he may then justly conclude that his diet has been well regulated, and that he has not exceeded, either in eating or drinking, the bounds of temperance.

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*Woman's Temper.*—One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly ; it did not give them a sweet voice in order to be employed in scolding.

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*The Power of Idleness.*—It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all, she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

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*Modesty.*—A young lady, on being asked which was the most beautiful color, answered—that of modesty.

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Wines rich and heavy that are both sweet and white,  
The size of body increase, and e'en its might.

## DANGER OF INDISCRIMINATE FEASTING.

It has been well said, that man seems to think himself an omniverous animal—that he is entitled to consume, waste, and destroy all the produce of the globe ; but if penalty implies unlawfulness, surely this all-devouring claim, on the exercise of which so heavy a penalty is laid, cannot be established—a penalty which involves the racks and tortures of disease, and is consummated by untimely death ! This wanton spoliation, then, is not as venial an offence as sensuality would imagine, since it accumulates a sum of evil, at which contemplation is appalled.

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In Neustria's fields sweet pears and apples grow  
And wines and liquors armed with fiery glow,  
Partake of them as oft as you prefer  
And health and flesh on you they will confer.

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New wines inflame the breast, the veins excite,  
Injure the brain and have a burning might.  
Dark wines are quickest to intoxicate,  
To burn, destroy, as well as constipate.

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Men consume too much Food, and too little pure Air :  
they take too much Medicine, and too little Exercise.

## MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

A GOOD wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed ; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other, it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence ; besides, you may not meet again in life.

They who marry for physical characteristics will fail of happiness ; they who marry for traits of mind and

heart will never fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

They are safest who marry from the stand-point of sentiment rather than from that of feeling, passion, or mere love.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail in securing domestic enjoyment, than the beautiful in person or manners.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits, or preferences.

Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free as air.

A hesitating, tardy, or grum yielding to the wishes of the other, always grates upon a loving heart, like Milton's "gates on rusty hinges turning."

Whether present or absent, alone or in company, speak up for one another, cordially, earnestly, lovingly.

If one is angry, let the other part the lips only to give a kiss.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never wholly trust again.

Consult each other in all that comes within the experience, and observation, and sphere of the other.

Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.

Never question the integrity, truthfulness, or religiousness of one another.

Encourage one another in all the depressing circumstances under which you may be placed.

By all that can actuate a good citizen, by all that can melt the heart of pity, by all that can move a parent's bosom, by every claim of a common humanity, see to it that at least one party shall possess strong, robust, vigorous health of body and brain; else let it be a marriage of spirit with spirit; that only; and no further.



## A CORRECT THEORY OF DIGESTION.

HEALTHY digestion is a vital process, to which chemical and mechanical forces contribute.

While the motion of the walls of the stomach is necessary to mingle its contents, and while the chemical solvency of the gastric juice is indispensable, both of these combined cannot produce the true chyme. This chyme, into which every kind of food is transformed, can be produced nowhere outside of the stomach. In this respect chyme is like other products of the body. We may learn all the constituents of the saliva, or the bile, but we can produce neither of them outside of the body. That mysterious force which we call vital is the force which determines all. Chemistry and mechanics play their part; but the all-determining, guiding, and controlling power is the vital force.

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You should make every event the occasion of improvement, and you will find

“Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

“Spend no moment but in purchase of its worth,  
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.”

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Money makes the gay lady: but virtue the noble woman.

## ACTIVE AND LABORIOUS YOUTH.

It appears that all those who attained to a great age were men who, in their youth, had been much accustomed to labor and fatigue : such as soldiers, sailors, and day-laborers. I shall here mention only Mittelstadt, that veteran of 112, who in his fifteenth year was a servant, and in his eighteenth a soldier ; and who was present in all the Prussian wars, from the commencement of the monarchy.

A youth spent in that manner, becomes the foundation of a long and a strong life, two ways : partly by giving the body that degree of strength and solidity which is necessary for its duration ; and partly by making that possible which principally contributes to promote happiness and longevity, advancement to a better and more agreeable situation. He who in his youth has every convenience and enjoyment in abundance has nothing more to expect ; he is deprived of the best means of exciting and preserving the vital power, hope, and the prospect of a better condition. If he be condemned then with increasing years to poverty and difficulties, he finds himself doubly oppressed ; and the duration of his life must be necessarily shortened. But in the transition from a state of misery to one more fortunate, lies a continual source of new joy, new vigor, and new life. In the like manner, the passage, with increasing years, from a raw, cold climate, to one more mild, contributes much to prolong life ; as also the change from a state of labor to one more convenient and agreeable.

# ABSTINENCE FROM PHYSICAL LOVE IN YOUTH,

AND A TOO EARLY ASSUMPTION OF THE MARRIED STATE.

He who in Pleasure's downy arms  
Ne'er lost his health or youthful charms,  
A hero lives ; and justly can  
Exclaim, " In me behold a man ! "

He prospers like the slender reed  
Whose top waves gently o'er the mead ;  
And moves, such blessings virtue follow,  
In health and beauty an Apollo.

That power divine, which him inspires,  
His breast with noblest passions fires ;  
These heavenward soar with eagle-flight,  
And spurn the cold, dark realms of night.

So full of majesty, a god,  
Shall earth alone be his abode ?  
With dignity he steps, he stands,  
And nothing fears ; for he commands.

Like drops drawn from the crystal stream,  
His eyes with pearly brilliance beam ;  
With blushing signs of health o'erspread,  
His cheeks surpass the morning's red.

The fairest of the female train  
For him shall bloom, nor bloom in vain :  
O happy she whose lips he presses !  
O happy she whom he caresses !

## THE GLUTTON.

A TEMPERATE diet has always been attended with the best effects. A regular attention to this practice is the only infallible nostrum for the prevention of disease. It is sometimes essential for those who are under the necessity of having their minds always on the watch, to be extremely temperate; hence the gallant defender of Gibraltar (Elliot, Lord Heathfield) lived for eight days during the siege, taking only four ounces of rice per day as solid food. Dr. Franklin, when a journeyman printer, lived for a fortnight on bread and water, at the rate of ten pounds of bread per week, and he found himself stout and hearty with his diet. A respectable magistrate has related of himself that at the age of seventy he was free from every bodily complaint, and had never paid five shillings a year for medicine, which he attributed to his having restricted himself to fourteen ounces a day of solid food. And the number of indigent people who have lived to a great age, is a proof of the justness of Lord Bacon's observation, that intemperance of some kind or other destroys the bulk of mankind: and that life may be sustained by a very scanty portion of nourishment. An eminent British army physician (Dr. Jackson), on this subject, says: "I have wandered a good deal about the world, and never followed any prescribed rule in anything; my health has been tried in all ways; and by the aids of temperance and hard work I have worn out two armies, in two wars, and probably would wear out another before my period of old age arrives; I eat no animal food, drink



no wine or malt liquors, or spirits of any kind; I wear no flannel, and neither regard wind nor rain, heat nor cold, where business is in the way." Such is the protecting power of temperance.

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The wife that expects to have a good name,  
Is always at home, as if she were lame;  
And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight  
Is still to be doing from morning to night.

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To enjoy life in the true sense of the term, is to commit no act but what we know, from a critical examination of its effects upon the system, will tend to preserve and invigorate the powers both of mind and body.

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*Friendship.*—Of all felicities, how charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship! It sweetens our cares, softens our sorrows, and assists us in extremities. It is a sovereign antidote against calamities.

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Most men are preparing how to live, but, alas! not how to die. Let such bear in mind, that all who are profligate of their means in summer must perish in winter—for there is no probation in eternity.

## LONGEVITY.

WE derive the following from a work very little known even to the medical reader:—

“Richard Lloyd, born two miles from Montgomery, was aged one hundred and thirty-three years within two months—a strong, straight, and upright man—wanted no teeth, had no gray hair, it all being of a darkish-brown color; could hear well, and read without spectacles; fleshy and full cheeked, and the calves of his legs not wasted or shrunk; he could talk well; he was of a tall stature; his food was bread, cheese, and butter, for the most part, and his drink whey, butter-milk, or water, and nothing else; but being by a neighbor gentlewoman persuaded to eat flesh meat and drink malt liquors, soon fell off and died. He was a poor laboring man in husbandry, etc. To the truth of this, the copy of the register produced affirmed it.”

The good lady above mentioned no doubt thought that this old man ought to have more nourishing and strengthening food than what had so long preserved him in excellent health. It is thus with the world generally. In the very face of the plainest experience people force their nostrums, and their good dishes, and nice cordials on a complaining friend, who, becoming worse under this kindness, is, after a while, transferred to the hands of the doctor; as if it were in the power of any man, however learned and skilful, to remove, by the aid of a few drugs, the effect of years of sensual indulgences.

The author closes his notices of longevity by the

following forcible, though somewhat quaint reproach to his contemporaries:—

“A hundred examples of this kind may be found to confirm the doctrine of temperance and cool diet as necessary to the prolongation of life; but if an angel from heaven should come down and preach it, one bottle of Burgundy would be of more force with this claret-stewed generation than ten tuns of arguments to the contrary, though never so demonstrable and divine.”

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Neither speak well nor ill of yourself. If well, men will not believe you; if ill, they will believe a great deal more than you say.

He who repeats the ill he hears of another, is the true slanderer.

A lie, though it promise good, will do the harm; and truth will do the good at the last.

Consider well, and oft, why thou comest into this world, and how soon thou must go out of it.

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Maids want nothing but husbands; and when they have them, they want everything.

The obedience of a wife to her husband, is loyalty to a sovereign, and submission to God.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

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*Sincere Flattery.*—Those who imitate us in our actions and sayings are the sincerest of flatterers.

## BODILY EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.

To fetter the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs, is a barbarous opposition to nature; and to do so, under a pretence of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up enervated puppets or short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed, and accomplished men or women. Every feeling individual must behold, with much heart-felt concern, poor little puny creatures of eight, ten, or twelve years of age, exhibited by their silly parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early proficiency in languages, elocution, music, drawing, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as well as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions. We are far from discouraging the early introduction of youth into the sweet and even moralizing society of the Muses and the Graces; but we would have them pay their court also to the Goddess of Health, and spend a considerable portion of their time, during the above period at least, in innocent and enlivening sports and gambols.

---

When a couple are newly married, the first month is honey-moon, or smick-smack; the second is, hither and thither; the third is, thick-thwack; the fourth, the devil take them that brought thee and me together.





## THE KING OF KINGS.

## DEATH'S GRAND REVIEW.

MAN builds the Pyramid, the ant its hill;—  
 And this perhaps the wonder of the two:  
 Yet more I marvel that creation's lord  
 Should ape the grandeur of creative power,  
 And rear the sculptured mountains but to show  
 His own contrasted littleness. Vain fool!  
 Could he outlive the simorg's countless years,  
 And close, like that his dreamy eyes on me,  
 What were his wisdom? I and hoary Time  
 Mine old coadjutor, at last must sweep  
 Him and his wonder works, alike to earth.  
 Pale pining atrophy, and bloat disease;  
 Murder, grim casualty, and penal blood;  
 Immedicable anguish, stealing life,  
 Drop—drop by drop; phrenetic suicide,  
 Wide-wasting war, and sap-consuming age—  
 These are the minions that attend my power;

And pride, ambition—all must bow to them,  
 Down to the dust. Man's grasping mind may pile  
 Pelions on Ossas, and, with giant stride,  
 Strive at the inaccessible ;—my hand  
 Shall hurl the huge recoiling mountains back,  
 And overwhelm him in the ruin. When I climb  
 'Tis by an escalade of thrones on thrones—  
 But these must sink at last ;—nay, all alike—  
 Men—cities—nations—pass, in turn, away.  
 A shapeless mound is all of Babylon :  
 Tyre—Sydon—Carthage—vapors long exhaled :  
 The proud Acropolis, the eye of Greece,  
 Is dim with age : the city of the sun,  
 Old Thebes, is silent ; for its hundred gates  
 Were never barred against the flood of time ;  
 E'en phoenix Rome on half its ashes sleeps—

*[Sees a Doctor.]*

My Doctor !

DOCTOR.

My liege !—where hast thou been ?

DEATH.

Amongst the catacombs, where I have heaped  
 My mummied treasures ; and in many a vast  
 Necropolis, my cities of the dead ;  
 And through the sepulchres of kings, where now  
 Moulder alike their sceptres and their bones :  
 And I have visited my harvest fields  
 Of Marathon, and Leuctra, and Platea ;  
 Cannæ, Pharsalia, and the thousands more  
 Which nameless millions have manured with blood,

Scenes of my glory, where I warred on war,  
Omnipotent—sole victor—and the last  
Sole refuge of the vanguished; for I love  
Seats of the long-succeeding Pharaohs, or  
The more imperial Cæsars, from whose brows  
I spurn the shivered diadems to dust.  
What have I done! how much remains to do!  
Where'er I've trod, all sleep the sleep profound;  
But I am restless, and must never sleep  
Till all shall wake: and this brief episode  
In the vast history of the universe,  
Shall be out-blotted, as a needless thing.  
If aught could move my lipless jaws to mirth,  
'Twould be to see these creatures of an hour  
Fanning the flame of glory till the fire  
Consumes themselves;—how glorious to become  
Unconscious of the honors they have won!—  
To carve their names in granite, and exchange  
The breath of life for stones, o'er which decay  
Soon throws the shadow of its dusty veil!  
Yet all this works to one great end of mine.  
Red is the soil where grows the laurel-tree,  
That Upas of the earth, round which men fall  
In undistinguished multitudes;—for why?  
Just or unjust the cause, I reckon not;  
Yet greatest oft the bale when cause is least:  
Torrents of grief have flowed for Victory's smile;  
Oceans of blood for Beauty's single tear,  
Some few have been of merited renown  
In war and peace, whose deeds shall long survive,  
Like mighty swimmers 'gainst the stream of time;  
To whet mine appetite with old exploits  
That stimulate to new. Then I have made

Long journeys on the hot sirocco's wings,  
To feast me in the cities of the plague ;  
And I have ridden on the red simoon,  
Across the stifled desert, and have swept  
The ocean's bosom and with lightning's blast,  
Gulphing whole navies in the yawning deep :  
On shore I have beheld the troubled earth  
Heaving around me ; and the tumbling dome,  
The reeling column, and the staggering tower  
All drunk with ruin ; whilst I, sole, bestrode  
The sudden mountain and the black abyss.  
But wherefore thus recount where I have been ?  
Where have I not been present ? what have not done  
For thee, lov'd ones—Come to my arms !  
Ah Doctor ? give to me thy healing hand ;  
Nay, shrink not ; though it should be mine at last,  
Despite thy skill ; and though oft my touch  
May meet with thine amidst thy busiest hours ;  
Yet shall my grasp ne'er freeze thy glowing blood,  
Till I myself prepare to lift the crown  
From off my brow, and, with my sceptre broke,  
Recline me, with thee and thy fellow-men,  
Beneath the fragments of the ruined world,  
The only fitting Monument of Death.

---

No false pride, or foolish ambition to appear as well as others, should ever induce a person to live beyond the income of which he is certain.

If most married women possessed as much prudence as they do vanity, we should find many husbands far happier.



## DEATH'S GRAND REVIEW.

UPON his fearful throne, with sceptr'd hand,  
The grizzly tyrant sat and gave command;  
The peasant and the prince—the rich and poor,  
The Jew, the Turk, the dandy, and the boor;  
The virtuous, and the villain steep'd in crime,  
The wise man, and the fool of every clime,  
The heartless coward, and the rashly brave,  
The frowning despot, and the servile slave,  
The deaf, the dumb, the bright-eyed and the blind,  
The good and bad, both man and womankind,  
The proud, the meek, the homely, and the fair,  
Were all, by Death's decree commingled there.

First, War appear'd with thousands in his train  
Of those, by flood and field, in battle slain;  
His head was bare, but in his dexter hand,  
With fearful strength he grasp'd a glittering brand,  
Its jewel'd hilt, and blade besmear'd with gore;  
His other hand a plumeless helmet bore;  
He bow'd to Death, and then file after file  
Pass'd on beneath the tyrant's ghastly smile,  
A horrid sight; but in the fleshless face  
Of that grim monster, none could pity trace.  
Kings, emperors, sultans, satrapæ, and sheiks,  
Czars, rajahs, Cæsars, Incas, and caciques,  
Were, with the hosts by them to battle led,  
Before the mighty conq'ror marshalled;  
But all divested was each noble brow  
Of majesty and glittering cor'net now,

No war notes rung—no silken banners spread  
Their folds above this gath'ring of the dead :  
No falchion'd hand, nor cuirass-guarded breast,  
Nor vizor'd helm, nor shield, nor plumed crest  
Was there—no steed impatient for the fray,  
With clang of armor join'd his furious neigh ;  
No mail-clad warrior now to battle rush'd—  
But all was silence, all was deeply hush'd,  
As was old Chaos ere the Almighty spoke,  
“Let there be light!” and on the darkness broke  
Day's glorious splendor, ushering to birth  
Blue-bosom'd ocean, boundless heaven, and earth :  
Death grinn'd a hideous smile, he laugh'd aloud,  
When to their tombs had passed this motley crowd.

Foul Pestilence, with her fever'd eye and brow,  
As led she on her tens of thousands, now  
In servile manner lowly bow'd her head,  
And screaming wildly pointed to the dead,  
The rich and poor, the cit, and savage wild,  
The hoary-headed, and the lisping child,  
Of every color, black, and brown, and fair,  
With haggard features congregated there :  
Death smil'd again, wav'd high his bony hand,  
And onward pass'd this wan and hideous band.

Gaunt Famine next appear'd with visage wan,  
And having bent the knee to Death, pass'd on ;  
Her skinny fingers held a fleshless bone,  
Which ever and anon with plaintive moan  
She wildly gnaw'd, but 'twas a banquet mean,  
For naught was left for her from thence to glean ;  
Her bony hands with talons long unpar'd,

Were like a vulture's claws ; and madness glar'd  
Out from her dark and rolling eye, as in despair  
She fiercely pluck'd her locks of raven hair,  
And cast them from her with a fiendish yell  
That startled e'en the howling imps of hell.  
The young and old were there of every grade,  
The gray-hair'd matron, and the modest maid ;  
The youthful mother, once so fair and mild,  
Who'd fiercely fed upon her new-born child,  
And savage men, who for a time had fed,  
To lengthen life, upon the famish'd dead ;  
The wealthy too, but riches could not save,  
The king and beggar fill'd a common grave :  
These pass'd along, and smiling Death look'd on  
Their shadowy figures, and their features wan.

War, Pestilence, and Famine, each could boast  
Her untold thousands ; but the myriad host  
That now in crowded ranks advanced score by score,  
Outnumber'd e'en the sands on ocean's shore :  
Intemperance vile, who now her legions led  
Before the tyrant king, and bow'd her head,  
Was clad in gorgeous vesture, and her hair  
Fell down in ringlets o'er her bosom fair ;  
An opal rich her rosy forehead grac'd,  
A zone of jewels bright around her waist  
Was neatly clasp'd, and bound the silken vest  
Which lay in graceful folds upon her breast ;  
She bore upon her hand of matchless mould,  
A teeming goblet form'd of burnish'd gold ;  
She stood a shrine at which the bond and free  
Had blindly bent the meek and willing knee ;  
She knew her power—ah ! well her pow'r was prov'd,

As there her countless victims onward mov'd:  
And grizzly Death, with all approving smile,  
Delighted gaz'd upon their forms the while.

Next, callous-hearted Murder stalk'd along,  
Bow'd low to Death, and show'd his bloody throng;  
Arm'd with the poison'd cup and deadly knife,  
His all-polluted hands with gore were rife;  
His robe was spotted o'er with crimson stains,  
And here and there dark gouts of blood and brains  
Hung on his iron limbs and frowning brow,  
And ne'er look'd fiend of hell as Murder now:  
His victims pass'd, the tyrant smil'd again,  
As gaz'd he on this wild and bloody train.

Next enter'd Suicide, with thoughtless brow,  
And having to the tyrant made her bow,  
Led forth her legions—what a sight was there!  
The once gay youth, endow'd with talents rare,  
And every grade, of every clime and hue,  
Pass'd on, and clos'd the Tyrant's Grand Review.

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*Requited Love.*—What words can be more delightful to the human ear than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a benevolent woman? A gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced, that he was actually in want of five guineas.—“I am glad to hear it,” said she.—“Is this your affection for me?” he replied in a tone of despondency, “why are you glad?” “Because (answered she) if you want five guineas, I can give you five thousand!”



## AN AUXILIARY OF DEATH.

It was in the tranquil reign of ———, when neither war, pestilence, nor famine swept the subjects of his kingdom from the face of the earth, that the grim Monarch of the tomb began to think himself defrauded of his rights, and to devise how to remedy the wrongs which he concluded had been inflicted upon him.

And, first, he called before him his regulating agent, Old Father Time, upbraiding him with lengthening the years of the inhabitants of this favored empire, and especially by unnaturally prolonging the duration of peace.

With this Time said he had nothing to do, but that he could perhaps give a guess at one of the causes that kept this portion of the human race a longer period than heretofore on earth. It was that a learned and skilful leech had succeeded in quelling a direful malady; and that not only this pestilent disorder, but others of a very malignant kind, had been greatly mitigated by the progress of knowledge which had of late years diminished the practice of medicine.

At this information, Death cast a withering look around him, and, in a sepulchral tone, commanded some of the principal destroyers of the human race to appear in his presence.

And now a low, but portentous sound was heard, as coming from a remote part of the cavern in which Death

held his court, which gradually became more audible and terrific, until a form, gigantic in size, and furious in aspect, stood revealed. The uproar which immediately preceded his approach resembled the discharge of artillery, the clashing of swords, and the shouts of combat, mixed with the groans of dying men.—It was the Demon of War.

This fell destroyer was, however, soon dismissed, his readiness to serve was not at all questioned: and if Death had to complain of the want of supplies, War had to grumble at his want of employment. He accordingly filed off with marks of approbation, and an assurance that his vacation would not last long.

The phantom that next appeared was preceded by no sounds, but a chilling atmosphere seemed to invade even the chamber of Death, and the gaunt figure of Famine, with its meagre and wasted visage, stood before the universal devastator of mankind.

Upon being questioned why he had not visited the favored land, and given his powerful assistance in forwarding the works of the destroyer, he readily answered, that he acted only on commission, and by the decrees of a higher power. True, he had his substitutes, the monopolists;—somehow or other, however, their measures were defeated by the bounty of Providence or the vigilance of the government; but he had an all-powerful friend and ally whom he would presently introduce, with the premission of his mighty Commander, who had already made no inconsiderable inroads on the human frame by mixing himself in every society, where he seldom failed in

planting his baleful influence, and in accelerating the march to the tomb.

Desirous of being acquainted with the ally and friend of Famine, Death gave instant orders for his admission; and accordingly a low breathing was first heard, which gradually increased to deep sighs, and on a signal given by Famine, a figure started into view: his pace sudden and irregular, his looks eager and penetrating, his visage sallow and gaunt like that of his precursor,—and, hideous to relate, he was in the act of feeding upon a human heart, while the looks that he cast around him seemed to evince an insecurity of enjoyment of the hateful meal.

The auxiliary now brought into the awful presence was Care, who, tremulous from anxiety, suspended for a while his operation of devouring, in obedience to the commands of so absolute an interrogator.

In exhibiting his means to effect the destruction of the human race, he produced a mixture which had the power so to canker and corrode the heart it once entered, that neither wealth nor greatness could withstand its baleful influence; and, while the fiend-like power was describing the various characters that had sunk beneath the effects of this subtle poison, it seemed as if Care himself could be diverted from carefulness when ardently employed. The details of his operations, and the artifices used by the afflicted parties to disguise their malady, threw a fitful gleam over the countenance of the grim tyrant, that gave a momentary emotion to his ghastly features; but whether the expression was surprise, or triumphant malignity, was not easily determined.

A pause of some length ensued, after which Care was permitted to touch, by way of approbation, the icy hand of Death, and to receive a regular commission enlisting him into the various forces employed in the destruction of the human species. Hence he carries on his operation in courts, in camps, in the palace of the monarch, and in the cottage of the villager. But it is in civilized life, and amid scenes of leisure and retirement (where his presence is least suspected), that his power is mostly felt; indeed, a laugh is no unfrequent disguise that his victims put on, and his place of concealment is often a bed of roses.

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*Husband and Wife.*—Among some who have read Blackstone, and more who have not, the erroneous and ungallant opinion prevails that a husband may chastise his wife, provided the weapon be not thicker than his little finger. For the benefit of the ladies, the information of the gentlemen, and the honor of our land, it should be known that this is not the law. There was a decision of our constitutional (supreme) court about thirteen years since pronounced by the late Judge Wilds, in the dignified sweetness of his noble spirit, in which he proclaimed the law on the subject, in the following graceful extract from the Honey Moon;—

“The man that lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch  
Whom ’twere gross flattery to call a coward.”

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As purified silver is to the silversmith, so is a pious wife to her husband.



## DEATH AND HIS ALLIES.

'Tis said—and when we find in rhyme  
These words, to doubt them were a crime ;  
'Tis said—although I greatly fear  
I can't exactly tell you where,  
That Death one day began to think  
His trade was just upon the brink  
Of bankruptcy ; so few there came  
To his grim regions that he wanted game.

He thought his labors nearly o'er,  
So little mischief was there brewing  
To save him, as it seemed, from ruin.

“ It was not thus,” he cried, “ of yore,  
When many a great and glorious fray  
Sent myriads to me in a day.  
But men are grown so chicken-hearted  
Since they with chivalry have parted,  
They will not venture now their lives,  
E'en for their better halves—their wives.  
But live so prudently and quiet,  
Without debauchery, war, or riot,  
That scarcely one per day arrives  
At this our court. It was not thus  
When great Achilles made such fuss ;  
When Alexander, Cæsar, and a score  
Of others sent me ample store  
Of human victims, daily—duly—  
Those wholesale butchers whom I love so truly !  
Nor was it thus when pious Mary,  
Of her dear subjects' lives ne'er chary,

Grilled heretics ; and for my dinner  
Served up full many a roasted sinner.  
Oh ! for some war—no matter what,  
Profane or pious—not a jot.  
Murder is but a retail trade.

A petty, sneaking, smuggling game ;  
'Tis not by that my gains are made,  
But war and glory, honor, fame !  
'Tis these who for me still prepare  
A plenteous banquet worth my care,  
But now—in truth 'tis very plain  
That I must try some aid to gain.”  
He called ; a numerous train appear  
T' espouse his cause—his mandates hear.  
Mars first of course vowed to stand by him ;  
And swore he only need to try him.  
“ Go then ; but take the fair disguise  
Of Glory ; so we win the prize !  
And cheat the world, and gain our ends,  
And each our honest trade commends—  
The fair—the coward—and the cruel.  
War !—on my word, it is a jewel !  
But you, fair lady—what can you  
For Death, in these sad times, now do ? ”  
“ Sir,” cried the dame—of winning mien,  
For fairer sure was never seen ;  
“ Full many a good turn have I done ye,  
And many a noble prize have won ye.  
And, though I scorn myself to praise,  
A stancher friend, in all your days,  
Was never Mars, nor wanton Bacchus—  
I like that jolly rogue Iacchus !  
Nor notwithstanding all their toils,  
Have they e'er brought you richer spoils.

There's been some business, sir, between us—  
You can't forget, sure, your friend Venus?  
And here's my comrade Mercury—  
A trustier dog you ne'er shall see.  
Also the worthy Æsculapius;  
A very pretty sort of knave he is,  
Although he looks so meek and pious;  
You know him well—and he'll stand by us.”  
The leech now spoke, and said he'd pill all—  
And drug, and undertake to kill all—”  
Ills he'd have said, had not a cough  
Unlucky lopped the sentence off.  
At hearing him of killing speak,  
A ghastly smile o'erspread the cheek  
Of Death, for very well he knew  
He'd kill diseases and—the patients too;  
“Go, Æsculapius, then, be ready  
To take the form of Doctor ——;  
Go, then, and London's walls shall see  
Your name, which there shall blazoned be.”  
One now advanced with a book,—  
“Sir Death, your servant,—I'm a cook—  
Have done some service—Here, sir, look—  
Here are receipts and savory dishes  
That to your net will bring some fishes.  
I, with friend Bacchus and Sir Gout,  
Will never let your stock be out—  
I warrant me, we'll suit your wishes.  
Aye; quite as well as Famine, Pest,  
Friend Mars—or any of the rest.  
As for old Nature, she is drowsy,  
But we—you sha'n't complain—we'll rouse ye.”

Honor stepped forth, and made his bow,  
His pistols showed, and with a vow  
Swore he would send him fools enow.  
Death grinned a smile of approbation,  
And thus addressed the convocation :  
“ My best and worthiest friends, to you  
All praise and thanks from me are due.  
I know, Sir Mars, your noble spirit ;  
And Venus, well I prize your merit.  
With Honor, Glory, Mars, and Bacchus—  
Oh ! who shall dare now to attack us !  
With Venus, Doctor, Mercury—  
Now the whole world I may defy ;  
Nor ought I too to overlook  
The services of Master Cook,  
Nor of Dame Fashion, who has sent  
At times a pretty compliment,  
A nice tid-bit, in gauzy drapery,  
Just fit to put into my apery.  
’Tis you, my stanch allies and friends,  
On whom success so much depends.  
Nature !—with her I ne’er had plenty :  
Where she sends one, you send me twenty.  
Were’t not for you, my noble peers,  
I should be greatly in arrears.  
More trusty friends I need not ask,  
To you I delegate the task  
To hunt me game—beneath your mask.  
Your merits are so great, I vow,  
To whom the preference to allow  
I hardly know,  
Or where the palm I should bestow.



Which to prerogative would much perplex,  
 Then let take place the fairer sex;  
 And Venus, Honor, Glory, ye  
 Shall my fair train of Graces be.  
 Ye look so bright, ye are so winning,  
 The world will ne'er desist from sinning.  
 Then stir up lust, and war, and hate,  
 And all the ministers of fate,  
 Riot, and luxury, and vice,—  
 Excuse my terms, not overnice—  
 Thus mortals will my presence court,  
 And fancy Death to be but sport.”

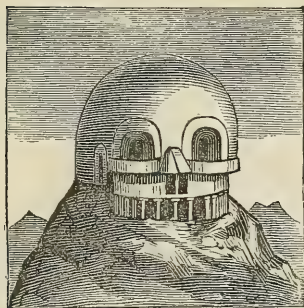
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*Domestic Bliss.*—It is this sweet home feeling, this •  
 settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is,  
 after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest  
 enjoyment.

Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless dove  
 (Honor and sweet endearment keeping guard),  
 Can centre in a little quiet nest  
 All that desire would fly for thro' the earth;  
 That can, the world eluding, by itself  
 A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses  
 But its own sharers, and approving Heaven.  
 That, like a flower, deep hid in rocky cleft,  
 Smiles, though 'tis only looking at the sky.

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Guilt is generally afraid of light; it considers darkness a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day.



## DEATH'S REGISTER.

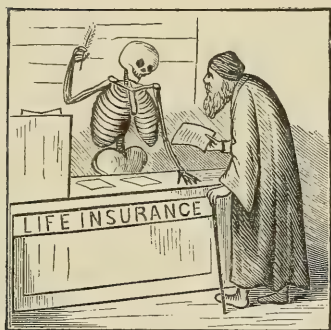
AN ancient worthy, when of Man he wrote,  
 Permitted me his Register to quote ;  
 And as I know I cannot make a better,  
 I'll quote it fairly, to the very letter :—

“ Man's bodie's like a house : his greater bones  
 Are the main timber : and the lesser ones  
 Are smaller splints ; his ribs are laths, daub'd o'er,  
 Plaister'd with flesh and blood : his mouth's the doore :  
 His throat's the narrow entrie, and his heart  
 Is the great chamber, full of curious art :  
 His midriffe is a large partition-wall  
 'Twixt the great chamber and the spacious hall :  
 His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat  
 Is often but half sod, for want of heat :  
 His splene's a vessel, nature does allot  
 To take the skumme that rises from the pot :  
 His lungs are like the bellows, that respire  
 In every office, quick'ning every fire :  
 His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented  
 Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented :  
 His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drain  
 All noisome filth, and keep the kitchen clean :

His eyes are crystall windows clear and bright ;  
Let in the object, and let out the sight.  
And as the timber is, or great, or small,  
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall :  
Yet is the likeliest building, sometimes known  
To fall by obvious chances ; overthrown  
Oft-times by tempests, by the full-mouth'd blasts  
Of heaven ; sometimes by fire ; sometimes it wastes  
Through unadvis'd neglect ; put case the stuffe  
Were ruin-prooffe, by nature strong enough  
To conquer time and age ; put case it should  
Ne'er know an end, alas our leases would.  
What hast thou then, proud flesh and bloud, to boaste ?  
Thy days are bad, at best ; but few, at most ;  
But sad at merriest ; and but weak at strongest ;  
Unsure at surest ; and but short at longest."

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*How to Choose a Good Husband.*—When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride or vanity, he will make a good husband, for he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was before. When you see a young man who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of wealth, that man will make a good husband, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to want. Never make money an object of marriage ; if you do, depend upon it, as a balance for the good, you will get a bad husband. When you see a young man who is tender and affectionate, no matter what his circumstances in life are, he is really worth the winning ; take him who can, girls, he will make a good husband.



## LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

'Twas a wild dream!—I had grown old—  
 Dim was my aching sight—and cold—  
 The blood that crept, in languid course,  
 Through each dried vein. Tired Nature's force  
 Was spent; yet, yet I longed to live—  
 To mingle in earth's crowd—to give  
 Another sigh, another tear,  
 To those who were by kindred dear—  
 To those my heart best loved. I wept,  
 In the dark thought that Time had swept,  
 Remorseless many a blooming flower,  
 The sunshine of my spirit's hour  
 Of happiness, away!—Alone  
 I wandered forth: no soothing tone—  
 No blessing breathed, in accents dear—  
 No "Speed thee, Heaven!" to charm and cheer—  
 Was mine. I came—and went; a sigh  
 Hailed me with its sad minstrelsy;  
 Shrieks of despair the rude gale swelled,  
 And demons of the night-storm yelled,  
 At my departure.—*Could* it be—  
*She*, the beloved one!—where was *She*?



Ha! 'twas a sudden flash! that spire,  
Seen through the lightning's lurid fire,  
Had met my gaze before! Deep, deep,  
In memory's page, awake, asleep  
It dwelt in sacred vividness,  
Through weal, through woe, my soul to bless.  
Mary!—My vows!—The bright, bright ray  
That shone upon our favored day—  
The joyous peal that on our ear  
Rang its glad changes, full and clear  
The words that, 'neath that sacred shrine,  
Proclaimed thee mine—for ever mine!  
Yet sweetly haunted me—when, lo!  
A change came o'er my dream of woe!  
It was a rapid, sudden change,  
To darkness—mist—moonlight—a range  
Of mountains in the distance; then  
A desert heath, from press of men  
Removed; and then, a fitful sky  
Of battling clouds—of anarchy—  
From which the moon, with sullen ray,  
Looked down on mortal man's decay.  
The place of tombs was frowning there;  
Beneath that beam, so coldly fair,  
The bones of beauty, youth, and age,  
Were bleaching; winter's fiercest rage,  
And summer's gale—the breeze, the blast—  
O'er that lone scene unheeded passed,  
Nor waked the sleepers.

Midnight dews—  
Damp graves—and night's pale flowers, diffuse

A chilling sadness. Hark ! What sound  
Is that from yonder humble mound  
Of ungrassed earth ?

What means that look—that piteous moan ?  
Ah, 'tis a recent grave ! The stone—  
Sad land-mark, reared by hands of earth  
O'er the last home of buried worth—  
The name—the story—may reveal,  
Of him who now has ceased to feel  
The thrill of bliss—the throb of woe—  
The pang young minds are doomed to know,  
When Disappointment's withering glance  
Dissolves the spell of fond romance  
That on her heart's proud beatings hung,  
And songs of hope and gladness sung—  
Pæans that told of future fame—  
The heaven-born lay—the deathless name !

I read :—" Mary the honored wife"—  
Mary !—my worshipped love ! the life  
Of life ! My Mary—art thou gone ?

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Another change.—Lo, now there shone  
A glorious sun in heaven ;—and yet  
The yew-tree's sable pall was wet  
With tears of night ;—and yet the mound—  
Not grassless now but osier-bound—  
Was there ;—and still the moaning gale  
Sighed o'er that stone—that tribute frail,  
But time had dimmed its freshness—moss  
Crept o'er the words that spoke the loss  
My widowed soul had known.—Beneath  
A rank and deadly nightshade wreath

These broken lines I read :—" Here sleeps  
Her husband"—" Life's Assurance"—" weeps"  
" In anguish weeps."

The vision fled—

I was no more amongst the dead—  
The world's swift stream—the rushing throng—  
Carried me with its tide along,  
Like a seared leaf that yet lives on,  
When all its kindred leaves are gone.—  
Strange, that amidst the ceaseless strife,  
Though joy was dead, I longed for life !  
Those words—those words—that vision still  
Haunted my heart and brain. The will,  
Without the power to live, was mine !  
O, for some voice—some voice divine—  
To whisper to my secret ear,  
" Life—Life's Assurance—waits thee Here !"   
That instant, smiling through the storm,  
My mental glance descried a form  
Attired in robes of dazzling white,  
With lip of rose, and eye of light.  
That lip—that eye—had blessed my gaze  
In other, brighter, happier days—  
When love was warm, when life was new,  
And years like minutes swiftly flew !  
In her white hand a cup she bore—  
The cup I quaffed in days of yore,  
'Twas Hope—and thus she spake :—" O, drink !  
And though upon the gloomy brink  
Of the dark grave, yet thou shalt live—  
The draught shall Life's Assurance give !"

Life! Life! O, magic words, whose power  
Wrought on my heart, in that wild hour  
Of visioned woe!—I drained the bowl—  
That nectar of a fainting soul!  
Would gracious Heaven my days prolong?  
Yes! for methought my limbs grew strong;  
My breast no longer owned despair,  
For Hope—the syren Hope—was there!

I gazed around—what words were those  
What mansion that so stately rose?  
Ha! “Life’s Assurance!”—Breathe I yet!  
I rushed within the gate—I met  
The fleshless form—the orbless eye—  
The breast without a heart—a sigh—  
That man’s worst foe declared! Around—  
Huge folios—bags of gold—embrowned  
With dusk of time:—Was gold the price  
Of earth’s still longed for Paradise?  
“Ah! give me years of vigor—health—  
And take, O, take my sordid wealth!”

The spectre grimly smiled, and said:  
“Thou fool—go rest thee with the dead!  
Behold yon feeble withered crone—  
Like thee she’d breathe, a thriftless drone—  
Like thee she’d live o’er life again,  
Through years of feverish grief and pain.  
To-morrow she must meet her doom—  
To-morrow rest within the tomb!

“Thy days are numbered, too. Away!  
Thy mother earth now chides thy stay!



Go—and, within her silent home,  
Await the life—the life to come!”  
With gaunt and outstretched arm he gave  
A scroll—my passport to the grave.  
I shrank, and read with gasping breath—  
“Thy Life’s Assurance is alone through Death.”

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*Woman.*—Woman is formed for attachment. Her gratitude is imperishable. Her love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained and knows how to deserve it. But the keenness of sensibility, which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood, if you fail to attend to it, or abuse it.

The affection of Woman is the most wonderful thing in the world—it tires not, faints not, dreads not, cools not. It is like the Naphtha that nothing can extinguish but the appalling look of death.

A young woman never appears so truly amiable as in retirement; her virtues shine there with double lustre.

Many a young wife has entirely alienated the affections of her husband by a disregard in her personal appearance. Without neatness in woman, there can be no love in man.

A pleasant, cheerful Wife is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband’s mind is tossed with storms and tempests, but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble is like one of those who were appointed to torture lost spirits.

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The government of God in the soul is one which regulates but does not enslave.

## THE INSURANCE OFFICE.

"I'll make assurance doubly sure,  
And take a bond of fate."—SHAKESPEARE.

To persons ignorant of commercial and financial mysteries, the notion of insuring life seems a strange one. How a house or ship may be insured is easily comprehended; for the first may probably never be burnt, nor the second wrecked. But man must, at some time or other, die; and yet, against death, not only the young and vigorous, but the aged and valetudinary, find no difficulty in obtaining, on various conditions, what is technically called a policy of insurance. Is it not rather a sentence of execution, the term of which is not precisely defined?

Slanderers of human nature deny that there is such a thing as friendship. Even the less misanthropic consider themselves remarkably fortunate if they possess one true friend. Shall I inform you how you may make yourself certain of having at least eight staunch, hearty friends, who will feel the greatest interest in you during the whole course of your existence? Go, and insure your life, for a good round sum, at the office of one of the insurance companies. From the very moment of your doing so, the directors of that company will become your warm and sincere friends; friends, whom no neglect of yours, except neglecting to pay your annual premium, can alienate. The "how d'ye do?" of other people is merely the conventional phrase by which conversation is commenced, but with the gen-

tlemen to whom I allude it is a bona-fide inquiry. To them your health is an object of constant solicitude. They watch with anxious sympathy the expression of your countenance; exult when your eye sparkles with vivacity, and are depressed when your cheek is invaded by "the pale cast" of sickness. And when at length the awful moment shall arrive—

"For come it will, the day decreed by fate,"

that is to terminate your earthly career, their grief at your loss will be unmingled with the slightest hypocrisy. Why? The event which puts your nearest connections in possession of twenty thousand pounds, takes exactly the same sum out of the pockets of these gentlemen. Yes, my dear madam, notwithstanding what you hasten to tell me about "the emotions of conjugal affection," and "the tears of filial sensibility," I maintain that the most inconsolable mourners over a man's grave are the directors of the company by whom his life has been insured.

There is no rule, however, without an exception. Among the conditions on which a policy of life insurance is granted, is generally one, which it is difficult to describe in terms of sufficient delicacy. The benefits of the policy are withheld from that particular casualty to which a want of due regard for the lives and property of others may unhappily subject any man. In plain English, the insurance company declare that if the person insured should be hanged, they will be hanged if they pay a farthing to his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. He and the policy drop together. It is clear, therefore, that this unamiable reservation is likely to produce a little deviation from the otherwise

uniformly warm tone of friendship to which I have been adverting. In fact, it must create an anomaly of feeling rather curious. My dear sir, I have the highest regard for you, and put up daily prayers for your health and prosperity; I am delighted at the ruddiness of your complexion, and the firmness of your step.

It has puzzled me for the last half-hour, and if you, my gentle reader, are not clearer-headed than I am, it will puzzle you for the next, to determine whether this awkward proviso be or be not advantageous to the interests of morality. They say, "and I believe the tale," that the love of money is a great temptation to crime. But here the love of money is a great temptation to abstinence from crime. We may be tolerably certain that a person of any *nous*, who has insured his life at a life-insurance office, will take care not to be easily betrayed into the commission of burglary or murder; were it only that he would be ashamed of showing himself so deficient in worldly knowledge. On the other hand, is that altogether fair towards the insurance company? Ought a humane and honorable man to check his evil propensities, because their indulgence would be beneficial to a certain portion of his fellow creatures? Is it honest on his part to do all he can by his good conduct to disappoint calculations and expectations founded on a just view of the depravity of human nature? .

After all, and notwithstanding my nice scruples, I believe it must be conceded that the institution of these societies has been productive of great good. That man cannot be a very worthless member of the community,



whose natural affection induces him to deny himself all or many of the luxuries of life, and in some cases even to abridge what the self-indulgent consider its absolute necessities, in order that, when he is cold in the grave, his wife, or his children, may be placed in circumstances of ease and independence.

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*The Female Heart.*—The female heart may be compared to a garden which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye: but when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds; large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge; and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like “the diamond of the desert,” sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral habit.

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*Desires.*—It should be an indispensable rule in life to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we so foolishly counted upon.



## THE LAST BOTTLE.

AN' if it be the last bottle, Death is quite welcome ; for then life hath run to the very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment. Ah, whither have ye sped, ye jovial Hours, which on bright-winged glasses, far different from yon sandy remembrancer, floated away so blissfully ; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasures of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on, like gay creatures of the element gifted with more than magic powers. Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aerial flight ! Ponderous debts which might weigh nations down ; the griefs of many loves, enough to drown a world ; the falsehood of friends, the malice of enemies ; anxieties, fears, troubles, sorrows—all vanished as drinking ye proceeded in your mystic dance ! I picture ye in my fancy, now, ye Hours, as sparkling, joyous, and exquisite insects, flitting past with each a burden of man's miseries on his shoulders sufficient to break the back of a camel, and borne from the lightened hearts of your true worshippers.

But, alas! alas! for all things mortal—we must come to the last at last.

Yet let the grim tyrant approach at any time, sith it must be so—and at what time can he approach when we should less regard his frown? Like the unconscious lamb, which “licks the hand just raised to shed its blood,” we play with his bony fingers as he presents the latest draught; and, let his dart be dipped in the rosy flood, we die feeling that wine gives to Death itself a pang of joy. Herodotus must have been wrong when he told us that the maneros of the Egyptians was a mournful and wailing song; and Plutarch’s is the best authority, for he says it was a joyous chant. So believed the merry party assembled: their round of song, of toast, of cheer, of laughter, and of shout, was such as Plutarch paints of the wisdom of antiquity, when the figure of a dead man was shown to the convivial souls, and they melodiously joined the chorus—

Encore, encore! no more, no more!

The last measure is full, the last verse is sung, the last cork has left the neck of the last bottle open. The gloomy assassin strikes—He who has been so often dead-drunk, what is he now? At the next meeting there was one chair empty, one jolly dog absent—Ai-lun. And what said his disconsolate companions—they missed him, they mourned, they lamented, no doubt:—aye, and they joked too. One said he had never paid any debt till he paid the debt of Nature; another remarked that he was just wise enough to prefer a full to an empty bottle; and the third wrote his epitaph over the third bottle per man:—

Habeas Corpus! Hic Jacet!

Here lies William Wassail, cut down by the Mower ;  
None ever drank faster or paid their debts slower—

Now quiet he lies as he sleeps with the just.  
He has drank his Last Bottle, and fast, fast he sped  
it o'er,  
And paid his great debt to his principal Creditor ;  
And compounded with all the rest, even with Dust.

## THE BACCHANALIANS.

Whilst Reason rules the glass, and Friendship flings  
Its Claude-like tint o'er life's convivial hours,  
Heart toward heart with generous fervor springs,  
And Fancy wreaths the social board with flowers.

But, when the glass o'er prostrate Reason rules,  
And all Ebriety's dull vapors rise,  
Lost in the mist, the wisest, changed to fools,  
Take thorns for flowers, and whips for social ties.

Look now on yon bibbers—how wildly they laugh  
And exult o'er the poison they fearlessly quaff ;  
Their mirth grows to madness, and loudly they call  
On the waiter ;—he enters—Death waits on them all :  
They jest at his figure ;—'tis meagre and bare,  
But soon his “pale liv'ry” the proudest shall wear.  
That last fatal bottle the mischief shall work ;  
Their last vital breath shall be drawn with that cork :  
Its odor is fetid—it smells of the dead,  
'Tis a type of their fate, for their spirits have fled ;  
The glass of hilarity reels in their hand,  
But there is another glass—flowing with sand ;  
Its grains are fast falling—they trickle—no more :  
Those glasses are drained—the carousal is o'er.



## ELIXIR VITÆ.

“Wine does wonders every day.”

From the time when the juice of the grape was first concocted into beverage, to the present day—the day of Charles Wright, of champagne celebrity—wine has ever been lauded as one of Nature’s most valuable gifts to man. It is the true aurum potabile, the genuine elixir vitæ, invigorating the heart, inspiring the fancy, and recalling to the veins of age the genial glow of youth. Accordingly, many, very many, are the excellent sayings that have been uttered in commendation of this generous liquor; and many, very many, too, are the good things, the bright thoughts, the flashes of wit and eloquence it has suggested; for when, indeed, has it ever proved ungrateful? Not unfrequently has the bottle been the Helicon whence bards have drawn inspiration, if not immortality: it has also been compared to the fountain of youth, or to that wonder-working cauldron in which Medea\* reanimated with fresh vigor and vitality the aged limbs of her parent, infusing into her veins a warmer, fuller current.

Nevertheless, although the bacchanalian be steeped in his all-potent liquor as deeply as possible, and although he be rendered proof against all the cares and anxieties that beset us in this mortal passage—though he bear a

\* Stripped of its allegorical veil, the fable of Medea is nothing more than the record of some of those magnificent achievements of certain of the medical profession, which we find so eloquently narrated in those pithy compositions, high advertisements, according to the unpoetical matter-of-fact spirit of modern times, so different from that of antiquity; not but there may be, and undoubtedly is, a considerable degree of both fancy and invention in those productions.

“charmed life,” and daily inhale new vigor from “tired nature’s sweet restorer” balmy wine; like him who was dipped in the waters of Styx, he is not all invulnerable, there being ever some little spot assailable by the fatal dart of the grizzly spectre. Death, indeed, pays not much respect to the *bon vivant*; and, regardless of him as the professed toper may appear, or seldom as he sings a *memento mori* over his bowl, or utters one in the form of a toast, it must be acknowledged that he more often rehearses the final scene of life than his fellow mortals, by getting dead-drunk, thus anticipating, as it were, that state of insensibility, that utter oblivion of sublunary things, that characterizes Death.

As the bee extracts sweetness from the vilest plants, so does the moralist collect lessons of wisdom and deep reflection from scenes that seem capable of furnishing little instruction of this nature. We may be pardoned, therefore, if we prose a little on that truly poetical and classical subject, a bacchanalian group, when the competitors having indulged in unsparing libations to the genius loci—the deity of the banqueting-room, sink in oblivious repose and death-like insensibility. Here the full tide of existence that so lately animated the joyous circle, and raised them above the ordinary pitch of mortality, is stopped; the jest, the repartee, the witticism, the quaint remark, the pun, the anecdote, the enthusiastic toast, and the rushing torrent of words supplied by the grape-god, whose bottle inspires louder eloquence than Pieria’s fount; all are now hushed, and succeeded by silent torpidity; so closely have the actors in this mystery or morality, adhered to the progressive course marked by nature herself, who, from the midst of health

and life, prepares decay and dissolution. If we gaze on those fallen heroes of the bottle, we shall perceive that some have quite drained their glasses, while others have fallen victims to stupor and insensibility, the bright liquor still sparkling before their eyes. So far we might not seldom derive a moral lesson from a not particularly moral subject. But there are occasions when Death literally takes his place at the festive board, and mars the merriment of the hour devoted to joy, "with most admired disorder."

He does not stand upon the form of coming, well knowing that he cannot be denied. He is the dun that comes to demand the payment of the great debt of nature, and against him all subterfuges, however ingenious, are unavailing. Scorning and setting at naught all form and etiquette, he intrudes in spite of porter or groom of the chambers. Nevertheless, he will occasionally use a little finesse and stratagem, although certain of being able to gain forcible admission—*vi et armis*. Here he comes in the disguise of a boon companion, for awhile to entertain the company with his erudition in œnology; and descant most learnedly on the pedigree of wines, showing himself deeply learned in the lore of a Henderson, and quite *au fait* in the science of the drawing-room—that is, the room where they draw corks; which, by the by, in the opinion of a great many connoisseurs, is the finest style of drawing ever invented—at least so it is held by those practitioners who operate as bottle dentists, and pique themselves on the skill with which they extract their teeth, and drain their veins—not of blood, but of the generous and potent ichor, for which they are so esteemed. But whether the liquor he prof-

fers be claret or champagne—"that might create a soul beneath the ribs of death"—or whether it be eau-de-vie itself, it becomes a fatal poison, if Death takes upon himself to act the part of cup-bearer. If, however, wine do sometimes prove a poison, it must be acknowledged to be infinitely the most agreeable of any mentioned or not mentioned in any treatise on toxicology, and by far the most palatable and generous way of committing suicide yet discovered.

Many have declaimed vehemently, if not eloquently, against the "sweet poison of misused wine," attributing to it the most pernicious effects on the human frame; forgetting that the mischief is occasioned, not by the quality of the medicine, but by the excess of the dose. In other words, the fault lies in the patient himself, which is, we presume, invariably the case whenever any infallible nostrum works not the desired cure. If wine has hurried many out of the world sooner than they would otherwise have departed, so has physic, and more especially that sort of physic that has professed to accomplish the most miraculous effects, and remove all disorders. Indeed, to do these universal panaceas justice, they do most effectually remove every complaint by dispatching the patient himself into the other world; and this is, perhaps, one reason why we hear of so few failures in those wonder-working drugs, that promise to protract existence to an antediluvian length of days.

To those who like to indulge in fanciful comparisons, the festive table, covered with well-freighted decanters, shows itself like a calm sea on which stately ships and rich argosies are sailing along in gallant trim, fearing neither storms, nor shoals, nor rocks; but steer their



way among goodly dishes laden with luscious fruits, that stud the bright expanse like so many fertile islands, and form an archipelago of sweets. And, to continue the simile, how many goodly promontories and capes do we discern around! Yonder is a fiery proboscis that serves as a flaming beacon—a moral light-house to warn the inexperienced; not far from this, a mouth that expands itself like some capacious haven. Continuing our course, we come to a nose, a jutting promontory with a mole at its extremity rivalling that of Genoa. There a snowy head meets the eye, reminding us of *Ætna*; there a face with an eruption that marks it at once by its fiery appearance as *Vesuvius*: yet as men are not deterred from approaching that mountain, so neither is our bon vivant scared from his crater—in plain prose, his glass—by the fiery glare of his own countenance; or perhaps its reflection serves only to lend a deeper ruby tint to his wine. Let us not be accused of being too fantastic and obscure in our allegorical picture, for surely the image is natural enough.

Life itself has been compared to a voyage, and hence many, interpreting the expression somewhat too literally, have actually steered their course through a Red Sea of port and claret, sailed across a Pacific Ocean of burgundy and champagne; navigated a Rhine whose stream has been genuine Rhenish; and cruized up and down a gulf of choice Malaga; visiting alternately Madeira and the Cape; now touching at the Canaries and now at Oporto or Lisbon; in short, circumnavigating the whole globe, and studying the geography of different regions, while their bottles circulated round the polished expanse of the mahogany dining-table, that reflected their sunny



faces on its countenance. In wine they fancied they had discovered the nectar of the immortals—a Lethe for all the cares and anxieties of human existence. And most assuredly the liquor, with which they deluged themselves, was often not very dissimilar in its effect from that attributed to that fabled stream; for many have drank till they have forgotten their creditors, their families, and even themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising that they should not have recollected, that, let them steer with what skill they might—however they might be favored with fair breezes and prosperous gales, and escape tempests and squalls, they must finish their voyage in the Dead Sea.

When Death officiates as butler, as we here see him, and draws the cork, it is from the waters of that horrid lake he pours out the nauseous beverage that all are compelled to drain from his hand. At his bidding the wine-bibber must visit other shades than those whither he has often so willingly repaired to partake of the inspiring glass, heedless of the ominous name. The shades! what a *memento mori* in that awfully sounding word, which is, nevertheless, daily uttered by so many with so much gayety! Hardly do they seem to reflect that the gristly spectre will ere long summon them from the wine-vault to that narrow vault where, instead of finding a banquet for their thirsty palates, they must, themselves, afford a banquet to the worm; to those shades where they themselves will be as shadows, where their glass will be broken, their bottle emptied, no more to be replenished, and their revelry silenced for ever.



## DELIRIUM

Of all the ills foredoomed by Fate,  
That haunt and vex this mortal state,  
None holds such firm and dismal sway,  
Augmenting night, and darkening day,—  
As the foul pest—accurs'd, unholy,  
Sad-eyed, soul-sinking delirium !

The fears that come without a call,  
The shade that, like a thrice-heaped pall,  
Drops o'er the shuddering unstrung sense,  
In wide and drear omnipotence !  
The aimless blank, the sightless stare,  
The nerve, with all its fibres bare ;  
The shapes grotesque that start to view,  
And, as their victim shrinks, pursue ;  
The sickening languor, " last not least,"  
That spreads o'er all the damp chill breast,  
Unnerves the will, and racks the head,  
And brings the tears into their bed ;  
These are *amongst* the horrors, thou,  
Dread Demon, heapest on my brow.

Reader! these are no fancied woes,  
 For could I to thy view disclose  
 The visions that torment my sight;  
 Each grinning elf, each grizzly sprite,—  
 However strong thy nerves may be,  
 Thou wouldst not mock, but pity me.

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Ah! see you not that monstrous birth  
 Engender'd by yon teeming hearth?  
 Mark that fantastic shapeless frame,  
 All head and legs, with eyes of flame!  
 My vision reels.

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Maddening, I to my window crawl,—  
 Alas, alas, discomfort all!  
 Rain, rain, eternal rain descending,  
 My weather-glass no change portending;—  
 The black, wet mass of yesterday  
 In loosening torrents drowns the May!  
 Oh, happy climate! beauteous Spring!  
 Last Winter was the self-same thing.

Why not at once give all the slip?—  
 Yon sleepy potion tempts my lip;  
 The waning hour-glass seems to say,  
 “Thy sand, like mine, has drained away;”  
 And by the Death's head on the ground  
 Again my straining sight is bound.—  
 One glass suffices—shall I try,  
 And shift this clinging agony?—  
 Shall I?

\*                      \*

## SOURCES OF PLEASURE.

From the earliest period up to the great absorbing present, change has been constantly taking place. It is an arbitrary desire of the human mind to be ever on the wing. Scenes grow monotonous as they are re-enacted, and they lose their power to concentrate the thoughts.

All extremities are resorted to for happiness to fill the great void within the soul that cannot be satisfied with earthly joys.

"The end justifies the means," is the maxim of some; but means must be just and right in themselves, before they can be justified by any after influence. Do we ever think of the means? Of course, we do; but seldom is anything considered with care, but the end. The vain mind revels in the admiration of the world, and everything is risked for notoriety and personal aggrandizement. So sweet to the taste is the really bitter fruit, that no poison is seen lurking in its luscious substance. Body and soul are sometimes given to gain the meteor goal, which, like the "Will-o'-the-Wisp," flies with the current that flows towards it, and eventually sinks its follower in some marsh of sure destruction.

Quaff the ruddy wine, deceived mortal, with avidity; join the Bacchanalian throng that daily enters the "broad way;" let your ear drink in the music of the sparkling, flowing draught; make your dizzy brain to reel with its increasing intoxication; but pause not, or your eye may comprehend the fearful abyss that yawns to receive your faltering steps; and it would not be pleasure to be thus disturbed in your gay march, by the frightful knowledge.

The close is coming ; the dread account is summed up ; you are “ weighed in the balance and found wanting.” One more turn ; one more cry of frenzied joy, and the fearful waters of ignominious death are flowing darkly o’er you, and you’re lost—lost in the midnight gloom of an endless eternity.

The scene changes. The pure, beautiful soul is turned adrift upon the world rudderless, to receive its false caresses. Self-interest causes many to fawn around the newly risen star of Fashion’s caprice. Numberless satellites revolve in its orbit, until Fortune’s freak shall lessen its brilliancy beyond the power of attraction. Admirers throng about the “ thing of beauty,” and flatterers dart their arrows with deadly aim at their unsuspecting victim ; but soon, too soon, the heart learns its own human frailties that so long laid latent, and the bitter deception is seen too late. The loving heart, that might have been, is transformed into the cold, unimpassioned nature of the “ woman of the world.” The eyes flash scorn from their deepest sorrow, and the proud, sweet mouth is set forever against the seal of Truth. The pure, white brow frowns back its answer, and is no more an index to an unsullied heart. And this is happiness !

Let us turn our thoughts a moment from these artificial pleasures, and seek some of the means of the true. We have sources of joy within ourselves of which many know not. He who wraps the mantle of selfishness about him, little suspects the wealth of happiness he veils from his vision : that happiness he so much desires.

“ It is more blessed to give ;” and day by day we may sow some seed by the wayside. It may be among



thistles; tares may spring up to choke its growth, but it is there; and in due time, though it may not blossom for us, we have the pleasant hope that it will burst into a flower of more glorious symmetry, for its long season of expansion. It is as bread cast upon the waters; for, after many days, it will return unto us again.

The mind is a great source of pleasure. That spark from the Divine brilliancy is ever seeking to expand; and, panting after greater things, seeks to approximate more fully to the favor of its great author. If not so, it goes down—down—down.

Life paints pictures which no artist could comprehend; pictures whose living glow no genius could imitate. Not many could visit studios on whose walls brighter scenes (or darker as it may be) are depicted, than those which imagination and reality have traced in the picture galleries of our minds.

The heart! Some hearts are crushed; but many, oh! so many, are brimming full with love—that essence of the Divine character. So noiselessly it sends its frail tendrils abroad, to bask, strengthen, and glow under the genial rays of sympathy and return. The ruthless hand of fate may snatch from it the objects into which it has engrafted itself, until the many become as one, and it lies torn, broken, and weeping o'er its lost strength.

There is a support which all may have; permanent, firm as the everlasting hills. No rude hand may take it from thee, no stern arm lay it low; for it is the centre of all strength, power, and love; the All-Disposer. This firm support, and the gladness of a lasting life, may cause a well of happiness to spring up in the soul, flowing like a river, and the music within our hearts will be

as a slight foretaste of the mighty swell of harmony that makes glad "the city of our God."

## THE WINE CUP.

Away! away! thou sparkling curse,  
There's poison in thy ruddy stream;  
The shroud of death, the sable hearse,  
Upon thy golden ripples gleam.  
Thy tide the heavy heart may wake  
To feeling of the liveliest joy;  
But, ah! it is the gilded snake  
That fascinates but to destroy.

Away! away! accursed thing,  
For well I know accurs'd thou art;  
Away! thy baneful tide will bring  
Destruction to the noblest heart.  
Before its blighting influence fall  
The fairest, fondest hopes of friends;  
It holds the heavy heart in thrall,  
The silken ties of friendship rends.

## GIVE ME TO DRINK.

Give me to drink! but let it be  
Cold water, from pollution free;  
(No poison with its current blent,  
The brain to fire, the soul to dim);  
The clear and sparkling element  
That bubbles o'er some fountain's brim.

Of wine the merry bacchanal,  
In numbers light and musical,

From night till dawn, from dawn till night,  
    With hiccough choruses may sing ;  
But give me water, pure and bright,  
    Forth gushing from some crystal spring.

Give me to drink! but let the cup  
Be filled with that which, gurgling up,  
As cold as snow on Hecla's side,  
    Is filter'd through earth's bosom green,  
And kisses with its silver tide  
    The flow'rs that o'er its surface lean.

There is no poison there: a child  
May quaff, unharmed, its current mild,  
There lies no serpent coil'd beneath  
    The mimic waves that round it roll,  
Her folds about the heart to wreathe,  
    And pour her venom on the soul.

Oh! would that all, who now are bond  
To curst intemp'rance, might respond,  
"Give me to drink! but let it be  
    The clear and sparkling element,  
Cold water, from pollution free,  
    No poison with its current blent."

#### THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.

What! taste that bowl again? how dare  
    Ye tempt me with its wave?  
Nay! never more the poison there  
    These lips of mine shall lave!  
Nay! never more around my soul  
Shall its defiling current roll!

I would not taste that baneful thing  
To be of earth the proudest king!

What! taste that bowl again? and be  
As once, a grovelling slave?  
Wed crime, and grief, and obloquy,  
And fill a drunkard's grave?  
Oh! tempt me not, if ye are men;  
I will not taste that bowl again!  
Be mine God's heaviest malison,  
When I from this resolve am won!

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We advise that no person should go to work or take exercise in the morning on an empty stomach; but if it is stimulated to action by a cup of coffee, or a crust of bread, or apple, or orange, exercise can be taken, not only with impunity, but to high advantage, in all chill and fever localities.

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Every mother who would pride herself in having her daughter possess a beautiful head of hair, luxurious, long, and silken at sweet nineteen, should forbid any application to the hair, except pure cold water, keeping it short, and allowing it to lie naturally on the forehead.

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A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose.

## THE BALSAMIC QUALITY OF WATER.

Good and pure water has a balsamic and healing quality in it. I could give many instances, as well externally in curing of wounds, as internally, as ulcers, excoriations, etc. For I once knew a gentleman of plentiful fortune, who by accident fell to decay, and having a numerous family of small children, whilst the father was a prisoner, his family was reduced almost to want; his wife and children living on little better than bread and water. But I never saw such a change in six months' time as I did in this unhappy family; for the children, that were always ailing and valeludinary—as coughs, king's evil, etc.—were recovered to a miracle, looked fresh, well colored, and lusty, their flesh hard and plump. But, I remember, the mother told me, it being a plentiful year of fruit, she gave them often baked apples, which, with their coarse bread, I think, might very much contribute to their health. And that most remarkable story of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who from a leaky ship was, upon his own request, set on shore on an island in the South Sea, called Juan Fernandez, about the latitude of thirty-three degrees, where he lived four years and four months by himself alone, and ate nothing but goat's flesh and drank water, having neither bread nor salt, and that he was three times as strong, by exercise and such a diet, as ever he was in his life. But when taken up by the two ships, the Duke and Duchess, sent out from Bristol for the South Sea, that eating the ship fare with the other seamen, and drinking beer and other fermented liquors, his strength by degrees began to leave



him, like cutting off Samson's hair, crinitim (to make a word), or lock by lock, so that in one month's time he had not more strength than another man. I insert this relation to show that water is not only sufficient to subsist us as a potulent (drink), but that it liquefies and concocts our food better than any fermented liquors whatsoever; and even those strong spirituous drinks, were it not for the watery particles in them, would prove altogether destructive, and so far from nourishing, that they would inflame and parboil the tunics of our stomachs, as is daily seen, and especially in the livers of most clareteers, and great drinkers of other strong liquors.

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*Simplicity of Dress.*—I like, I confess, to see a young wife neatly dressed. There is a neatness which is perfectly compatible with plainness; and a dress may be graceful without being ridiculous. I like a neat simplicity, because, somehow or other, there appears to be a frequent connection between the outside and the inside. The exterior is, to some extent, a key to the interior. If I see a person dressed like a thorough-going fop, I cannot, if I would, respect the mind of the person. Even if a future close acquaintance discloses to me my error, it is hard to overcome first impressions.

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Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it be, neither let any one go before thee in well doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talent.

EVIL EFFECTS OF DISTILLED SPIRITS AND  
MALT LIQUORS.

IN no case whatever, in which there is health and vigor of constitution, is the use of distilled spirit ever beneficial for their preservation, or for the endurance of fatigue or hardship. The continued use of ardent spirit cannot be indulged in without the certainty of injury.

Never does ardent spirit operate as a preventive of epidemic and pestilential diseases; very generally it is an exciting cause of such diseases.

The effect of a frequent moderate use of such liquors is to create an appetite for an increase of the noxious draught. The prostration of the system, by intemperance, is manifest in aggravating the character of every disease, is readily discerned by the observant physician, and demands all his skill in the management of the existing malady.

The effect of alcohol, on those who use it, is to impair and vitiate the moral sense.

On the intellectual powers the effects of alcohol are feebleness and exhaustion, degrading them to madness and idiocy.

The disease of an habitual drunkard will, for the most part, run its course uninfluenced by medical treatment; in the exhaustion produced by intemperance, medicines are oftentimes useless, and the disease, for the most part, proves fatal; whereas, the diseases of the water drinker are comparatively few in number; in general, readily controlled, and, when the malady is re-

moved, the constitution is easily restored to its original health and vigor.

A very large proportion of the deaths of adults, particularly from inflammatory diseases, dropsies, and hemorrhages, are produced by the use of alcohol.

The chances for vigor, health, and long life are in favor of him who altogether abstains from the use of ardent spirits. Spirituous liquors are the most common cause of insanity. Even their moderate use has a tendency to create the drunken appetite. As a family medicine, distilled spirit is very dangerous, and should only be supplied when prescribed by a physician.

“The effects of malt liquors on the body, if not so immediately rapid as those of ardent spirits, are more stupefying, more lasting, and less easily removed. The last are particularly prone to produce levity and mirth, but the first have a stunning influence upon the brain, and, in a short time, render dull and sluggish the gayest disposition. They also produce sickness and vomiting more readily than either spirits or wine.

“Both wine and malt liquors have a greater tendency to swell the body than ardent spirits. They form blood with greater rapidity, and are altogether more nourishing. The most dreadful effects, upon the whole, are brought on by spirits, but drunkenness from malt liquors is the most speedily fatal. The former break down the body by degrees; the latter operate by some instantaneous apoplexy or rapid inflammation.

“No one has ever given the respective characters of the malt and ardent spirit drunkard with greater truth than Hogarth in his *Beer Alley* and *Gin Lane*. The first is represented as plump, rubicund, and bloated; the

second as pale, tottering, and emaciated, and dashed over with the aspect of blank despair."

"A great proportion of all persons found in our hospitals and alms-houses are the victims of sottishness. I can add nothing to the weight of the remonstrances which have been often presented to the public, on the morbid and corrupting influence of this vice. For the purpose, however, of refuting the vulgar opinion, that spirituous liquors are useful in enabling people to bear extreme cold, it is only necessary to state, that in all the frequent attempts to sustain the intense cold of winter, in the arctic regions, particularly in Hudson's Bay, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, those crews or companies which had been well supplied with provisions and liquors, and enabled thereby to indulge in indolence and free drinking, have generally perished; while, at the same time, the greatest number of survivors have been uniformly found among those who were accidentally thrown upon the inhospitable shores, destitute of food and spirituous liquors, compelled to maintain an incessant struggle against the rigors of the climate, in procuring food, and obliged to use water alone as drink. This fact is too decisive to need any comment."

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Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew, shuts against rain.

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As an intoxicating drink is to a toper, so is flattery to a fool.

## TEMPERANCE.

If thou wilt observe  
The rule of not too much—by temperance taught,  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return :  
So may'st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop  
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature."

"Food not too fat or gross, and water as a drink, render our bodies the most firm and strong."

"As water is, in chief, the universal drink of all the world, both animals and vegetables, so it is the best and most salubrious; for without it no plant nor creature could long subsist."

"Pure water is the fluid designed by nature for the nourishment of all bodies, whether animal or vegetable."

"Water drinkers are observed to be more healthy and long-lived than others. In such, the faculties of the body and mind are more strong; their teeth more white; their breath is more sweet, and their sight more perfect than those who use fermented liquors and much animal food."

"Every natural water which has no impregnation sensible to the taste or smell of a person of common sensibility drinking it, is very well fitted for the drink of mankind."

"Water, as it is the most ancient, so it is the best and most common fluid for drink, and ought to be esteemed the most commodious for the preservation of life and health."



“Pure spring water, when fresh and cold, is the best and most wholesome drink, and the most grateful to those who are thirsty, whether they be sick or well: it quenches thirst, cools the body, dilutes, and thereby obtunds acrimony—often promotes sweat, expels noxious matters, resists putrefaction, aids digestion, and, in fine, strengthens the stomach.”

“There are indeed some, though very few in number, to whom cold water, on account of a notable weakness, either of the body generally or of the stomach, seems, on account of its coldness, to be prejudicial. Water, however, either made tepid, or boiled, and allowed to cool, and thus made soft, as it were, is still suitable for these persons.”

“Water drinkers are, in general, longer livers; are less subject to decay of the faculties; have better teeth; more regular appetites than those who indulge in a more stimulating diluent for their common drinks. I commend water as a diluent, to prevent heart-burn and eructation.

“Cold water is the most proper beverage for a man as well as animals; it cools, thins, and clears the blood—it keeps the stomach, head, and nerves in order—makes man tranquil, serene, and cheerful.

“Pure and light waters are agreeable to the different natures and constitutions of all men.”

“No remedy can more effectually secure health and prevent diseases, than pure water.”

“The drinking of water is serviceable in every complexion.”

“Water proves agreeable to persons of all ages.”

“The drinkers of water, provided it be pure and excellent are more healthy and longer lived than such

as drink wine or malt liquors; and why, it generally gives them a better appetite and renders them plump and fleshy.”—Those who drink water are observed to have much whiter and sounder teeth than others. Add to this, that drinkers of water are brisker and more alert in all the actions, both of mind and body, than such as use malt liquors.

“Water is a remedy suited to all persons, at all times; that there is no better preservative from distempers; that it is assuredly serviceable, both in acute and chronic diseases; and, lastly, that its use answers to all indications, both of preservation and cure.”

“Miserable is the condition of those who daily indulge themselves in liquors (wine and the spirits obtained from it by distillation), for a fatal necessity there follows of repeating them; and at length, almost the whole system of the vital and animal actions depends upon a continuance of them.”

“The water drinkers are temperate in their actions, prudent, and ingenious; they live safe from those diseases which affect the head, such as apoplexies, palsies, pain, blindness, deafness, gout, convulsions, trembling, and madness.”—“It (water) resists putrefaction, and cools burning heats and thirsts; and after dinner it helps digestion.”

“The element of water is the greatest and only promoter of digestion. By its coldness and fixed air, it is an excellent strengthener and reviver of the stomach and nerves. On account of its abundance of fixed air, and the saline principles it contains; it is a powerful preventive of bile and putrefaction. It assists all the secretions of the body.”

“Water is, of all drinks, that which, by its constant use, is best fitted to aid in prolonging the life of man.”

“In short, the nearer we approach to a perfectly aqueous regimen in drink, during the first year at least, so much the better chance have we of avoiding sickness; and the more slowly and gradually we deviate from this afterwards, so much the more retentive will we be of that invaluable blessing—*Health!*”

“I aver, from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observation of others, that those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience.”

Our readers can now determine, whether the eulogies which we have given to water as a drink, and the expressions that “simple water is, after all, the beverage best adapted to all classes and descriptions of persons” —“pure water is the only fitting drink for man”—“pure water, without any addition, is confessedly the drink most friendly to health, and the one which ought invariably to be adopted,” are true.

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Health is promoted, happiness increased, and life prolonged by the large contemplation of the beautiful in nature, art, and revelation. Natural philosophers live longer than any other class of men; clergymen, than either of the other professions. The human mind everywhere takes in truth with pleasure; it feeds on what is new, and, if the new is beautiful and true, it is a feast of fat things, nourishing the immortal part, and giving life to the body itself.



## GAMING.

"The wife of a gamester came with Death in her looks to seek her husband where he had been playing for two days.—'Leave me,' he said, 'I shall see you again, perhaps.'—He did indeed come to her; she was in bed with his last child at her breast,—'Rise,' said he; 'the bed on which you lie is no longer yours.'"—M. DE SAULX ON THE PASSION OF GAMING.

THE passion for gaming is as universal as it is pernicious: avarice is its origin, and as all human hearts are more or less avaricious, a propensity to gambling is confined to no peculiar country. The savage and the sons of refinement, the scientific and ignorant, alike admit it within their bosoms. There appears to be a delicious allurements connected with the anticipation of winning, that counteracts all qualmy doubts, and for a while deprives the soul of its genial sympathies by enslaving it to oblivious selfishness. Some writers have endeavored to confine the prevalence of gambling to those climes where the frigid sternness of the atmosphere occasions a mental torpor, which is to be relieved only by the perturbations of the heart. But existing facts are a confutation to this limitation; for whether we cast our eye over the fertile provinces of China, or turn to the un-



cultivated islands in the Pacific Ocean, we find man yielding himself up to the same destructive passion, and entailing on himself consequences equally appalling.\*

A more heart-sickening spectacle cannot well be imagined than a room replete with regular gambling parties, each engaged at their particular game:—take, for instance, one of the metropolitan hells. An unvitiated stranger, on his first entrance there, may learn a lesson that will remain indelible while the soul is capable of remembering former sympathies. The mantling glimmer of the various lights, the hushed silence of the room,—rarely disturbed but by the passive foot-falls of waiters,

\* The Siamese, Sumatrans, and Malayans are warmly addicted to gambling; the former will sell themselves and families to discharge their gambling debts. The Chinese play by night and day; and when ruinously unsuccessful hang themselves. The Japanese have secured themselves from yielding to their innate fondness for gambling, by edicting a law, “That whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death.” Speaking of a running-match performed by the inhabitants of some islands in the Pacific Ocean, Cooke remarks: “We saw a man beating his breast and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property.” The ancients too were gamblers. The Persians, Grecians, Romans, Goths, and Vandals may be adduced as examples. To the wasteful partiality of the Romans for gambling, Juvenal strongly alluded in his Sat. I. :—

“Neque enim loculis comitantibus itur,  
Ad casum tabulæ, posita luditur arca.”

Among the modern nations, the French and English are mournful instances of the horrors and depravities arising from gaming. The annals of every family abound with their sad mementos. Gamester and cheater were synonymous terms in the days of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare: late facts will warrant a continuation of the synonyms. Formerly, gambling houses were established on a more systematic and official plan than the hells of the present times. The following is but a partial list of the officers then in attendance: A commissioner, a director, an operator, two croupers (who gathered the money for the bank), two puffs, a clerk, a squib, a flasher, a dunner, a captain, a newgate solicitor, an usher, with linkboys, coachmen, etc. etc.



and dismal sighs escaping from sorrowed hearts—the mournful associations that wait on every unhallowed spot, and the deepening consciousness that misery is busied in pensive revels—all commingling, sink on the visitant's soul with appalling reality. Though untainted himself, his tenderest pity and most melancholy presentiments must be awakened for the deluded victims of a selfish passion. While standing by and gazing at one of the attentive gamesters, what room for moralizing compassion! Observe his glittering eye, that rolls so wildly under its fretful lid, the alternate wrinkling and relaxing of his moistened brow, his baking lips, and their frequent despairing mutter of convulsive anguish! His countenance is the faithful mirror of his soul: its internal passions may be seen working there. Now, a trepid gleam of joy illumines his sunken cheek—again the smile dissolves, and the gloomy sullenness of disappointment sheds there its monotony of shade. His visage may be compared to a lake on a breezy spring-day, where dizzy sunbeams mellow for awhile its placid surface, to be succeeded by pattering rain drops, and the rippling play of ruffled water. Thus pleasure awhile lights up the gamester's face, the features glow as it passes over them, and then relapse into the emotions of deep-rooted melancholy! Miserable feelings are not only betrayed in the countenance: they are perceived in each movement of the hand, the peevish grasp of the dice-box, or the dubious selection of a card, in the arrangement of the tricks and disposition of the counters: the whole air of his denotes a mental struggle. Suppose he be the momentary winner;—even then his delight is but a mockery of felicity, while the losing adversary awes down its demonstration by

the livid contortions of his visage, and the patient sternness of avarice writhing for speedy retaliation.

He who endures the pangs of unmerited woe may have a hapless lot; but the very consciousness of its being undeserved is a source of fitful consolation. Like the day-god, which, amid the dark thunder-clouds that overshadow his empyreal radiance, will sometimes gleam through the cleft gloom, so is the heart of the guiltless mourner occasionally shone upon by that sweet beckoner hope. But what source of consolation has the gamester? What relieving balm when tortured by his wretchedness? His soul is then a volcano of rioting passions and remorseless fires. The past is a scene that yields no retrospective calm; the present is but its faithful commentator. Suppose, as it frequently happens, that during his gambling course he had risen on the ruins of a fallen victim—and the wrecks of decayed youth and blasted genius: what then are the phantoms of misery that hover round his reflections? To have ruined one's self is a doleful consummation; but add the remembered distraction of those we have adduced, and there is nothing equivalent to the recollection of the circumstances. I can easily imagine such a one before me; picture him attempting to repose within the curtained loneliness of his chamber. There is but little slumber to visit his eyelids! He is haunted, like the murderer, by the shadowy resemblances of the murdered. The blossoming hopes he blighted, the promise of years that he wrecked, and the once light bosom he burdened with affliction now felt by his own, all throw a ghastly hue on his imagination, and wake up the frenzies of his brain. Perhaps he was the elder, and once would

have shuddered at the idea of tempting to destruction the counselled associate of his early days. He may have beheld the mother's sainted fondness for her son, and the father's united cares for the welfare of their offspring, what are the horrors of his recollections? Who was it that, deadened by despair to the sympathies of honor and friendship, allured him from his principles, and charmed away the bashful regret on his first appearance at the haunt of the gamblers? Himself—and can he forget the dreariness of aspect, the wildness of his stare, and the convulsions of his person, when he last rushed, like a maniac, from his presence—stripped of honor, virtue, and happiness? Convicting conscience condemns him as the traducer of the inexperienced, and answerable for all the unknown woes of his after-life. Then, as for himself—what is he? The perpetrator of his own destruction—a reduced, degraded wreck of guilt and crime that seem too deep for penitence to absolve. It is probable, too, he may be the destroyer of domestic felicity that depended on his welfare for its continuance. He may look round and meet the gaze of a heart-broken wife—observe the clinging children whose beggary he has earned—a parent whose hoary fondness claimed his most pious solitudes. Methinks I can see the remorseful victim with the cold sweat of anguish on his brow, and hear his whispered groans as he turns restlessly on his bed! There is nothing overdrawn here: many are his resemblances in the metropolis at this hour.

And what can the successful gamester possess to create his happiness? If happiness, as we are told, arise from the mind, the gamester's is too inhuman to be of a mental nature. Suppose him a swindler; will not the

dread of detection harrow his bosom and corrode his soul? Will the griping clutch of hundreds from a defrauded novice, repay him for his moments of uncommunicated torture? The transitory flush of joy for fortunate guile is succeeded by the vengeance of conscience, that elicits tortures even amid his struggles of fancied delight. Then what dreamy shadows of remorse are ever floating before his imagination! Miserable, indeed, is penitence wrestling with fondness for crime. If virtue be pursued the haunts of guilt must be deserted, the dice-box and long-accustomed fellowships are to be relinquished, and the stinging jeers of insulting folly must be endured—nor is this all. Tears must be the precursors of resolutions, and his plundered victims must be repaid, or peace resides not in his breast. But where are the thousands which honor and justice are to restore? lavished in dissipation or rendered the purveyors of criminal delight. The gambler, therefore, feels it is easier to practise than to forsake crime; and thus his heart, after hovering, like the descending eagle, between remorse and love for vice, returns to its dreadful propensities.

The idea of one human being extracting enjoyment from another's misery, is dreadful even for consideration. High play is but savageness refined. The barbarian can pierce his victims with venomous arrows, or deliver them to the devourment of his native beasts; but in this case, death speedily closes his agonies. He that deliberately seats himself down with the ardent hope of rising on his adversary's downfall, is, in principle, far more cruel than the barbarian. True, he plunges no weapon into the flesh; but how deep and cureless are the vulnerations of



the loser's mind; while he leaves him enraptured at his conquest and splendid from the completed ruin? It may be objected, that both are equally in fault; since they endeavor for mutual spoliation; and consequently, cruelty is too harsh an application. But does the reciprocity of the deed remove its attendant fierceness? On the contrary, it only renders it more lamentably observable. It should be remembered, too, that the finished gamester seldom combats with his peer, but seeks a novice for his plunder. The truth is, gambling is an inexcusable disgrace to this country; and an attempt to connect it with innocent amusement is only a wretched perversion of the term. A social game of cards is, perhaps not culpable, where, we suppose, pleasure will not degenerate into excess, or benevolence into selfishness. But the routine of the regular gambler, one who makes it his profession, and braves all consequences, deserves no epithet but greedy and merciless. There seems to be a living paradox in the present age: charity is the colloquial subject of the drawing-room, sympathy and tenderest sentiments drop glowing from ready tongues, and yet dinner-parties retire from the feast for reciprocal endeavors of plunder! The host will frequently invite his guest, and repay the hospitality of the table by sending him purseless to his abode! It is a notorious and sickening fact, that many of the metropolitan resorts of amusement often contain the daughters and mothers quadrilling in the ball-room, while the father is ruining himself and their fortunes at the card-table. This speaks volumes on the moral degeneracy of the times. Even women now—they, whose bosoms should be the stainless sanctuaries of none but soothing passions—are becoming gamblers. What a repulsive spectacle, to observe a female face expressing



all the feelings of a thorough blackleg ! to observe eyes that were made for beaming fondness darting glances of inward spleen and resentment ;—lips whence delicate tones should only be breathed, curled up in anger and masculine sternness ! Once more, and we will leave this topic. May we not expect that future years will increase the prevalence of feminine gamesters ? Women, whose weight of years should be supported by matronly dignity and reverential aspect, are now employed from midnight to morn at the gambling table, and betray all its concomitant vices in the presence of their youthful offspring. What must be the state of society when fashionable mothers thus wantonly forget their character, and permit their children to witness their depravity—in after-times to represent it !

Theodore was the son of a country gentleman, equally blessed in the affection of father and mother : the days of his childhood were attended with those cares and prudent indulgences so necessary to mould the future man for active life and virtuous consistency. Early initiated into the duties of self-cultivation, and taught properly to estimate the good qualities of the heart, at nineteen he was such a son as a father might be proud to recognize. Each vacation found his studies greatly advanced, and his capacity enlarged for the enjoyments of taste and intellectual pursuits. His versed acquaintance with the bards of Greece and Rome, together with the delicious ones of his own country, had engendered a love for the muse ; which, though unexpressed in words, was embalmed in the heart. He examined Nature with the eye of a poet, and drew an indescribable inspiration from her varied scenery. The grouping clouds of an evening sky

folding round the sun, as if in homage for the light of day, were to him not merely beautiful—something beyond this—a spectacle that awoke visions which were shadowed forth in fancy and pensive ecstasies. The stars of night, the verdant spread of the distant meadow, the peering mountain and the sleeping vale—all were looked upon by him with a mental delight. Those who, at this period of his life, beheld him, accomplished, gentle, and amiable—one who would have trembled at wilful vice—could scarcely have imagined that he would ever be the victim of vicious folly; but such the conclusion of this brief sketch will show him. These traits of Theodore's youthful character are mentioned, in order to illustrate the force of corruption, even on a refined soul and cultivated imagination.

At the decease of his father, Theodore arrived in the metropolis to pursue the usual course of his chosen profession. Dr. Johnson has remarked, "to a man whose pleasure is intellectual London is the place." Theodore felt this, and had he been blessed with as much firmness as refinement of soul, he would have realized all his fancy had pictured. He entered on the busy arena of the metropolis with sanguine hopes and resolutions, which, he thought, would never be broken. His mother, aware of the many perilous temptations in London, fondly and earnestly alluded to them on their farewell evening. She did not expect he would be imprudent, but she had known others, similarly situated, to fall; and, therefore, her parting tear was not an omen of her son's misfortune, but the fond betrayer of internal anxiousness for his welfare. A tear from his mother's eye was ever followed by another from Theodore's with instantaneous

sympathy; and, as he sealed his last kiss on her lips, the language of his heart was, "Can I ever deceive or pain such a mother?—never!"

Theodore had not resided long in London, ere his father's grave was opened to receive his mother. But alas! a few years had deteriorated his principles and debased his heart. The death of a mother for a while carried him back to the hours of childhood; he thought of what he was, and what he had been. It was true his letters had deceived her, and that she left the world with the conviction of his future prosperity; still conscience was not yet sufficiently stifled not to upbraid him. But he was leagued too closely with his ruin to escape it! It would be tedious to trace his career, from the moment of his arrival in London, to the morning on which he was informed of his mother's death. It will be enough to account for the conclusion, to state that his profession had introduced him to the acquaintance of some dissipated young men; his natural goodness of heart for a while foiled each temptation; but as long as this was the case, he was too companionless to be happy. He did not continue his resistance; one visit to a gambling-house was speedily followed by others. At first fortune attended him, and he returned for several evenings with increased property. But it was this very luck that occasioned his ruin: he now hazarded to play high, and at one game lost all his former gains. By various means he had contrived to dispose of his property to supply his exigencies, and was now about to risk his last sum. Many were the palpitations of his heart throughout the day. Sometimes he determined to retire for ever from the scene of his ruin; but then the

remembrance of his losses, and the hope that this last risk would recover them, interrupted the half-formed resolution and allured him to the trial. The hour came at last, and with a thrilling bosom did Theodore take his accustomed seat at the gambling-table. He knew that his all was risked, and this fatal truth chilled every limb and woke up the cautiousness of terror and hope. If he rose a winner he should then be free to renounce his present mode of life and return to that of peace and virtue; if not, there was nothing but despair to refer to and its dictates to follow! He sat trembling opposite his adversary, and commenced the game. The first two throws of the dice were equal on both sides—it now depended on the last one for the termination of the contest. Theodore threw—the number was low, though not so low but his adversary's might be more so. He watched with breathless anxiousness the raising of his arm—heard the dice rattle—too plainly saw the icy sternness of his adversary's features—murmured a tone of anguish—the dice was thrown by Death!

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When a man owns himself to have been in error, it is but telling you in other words that he is wiser than he was before.

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He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace.

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Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and it is certain to make its possessor more beloved.



## GAMBLING; OR, THE DUPES AND THE SHARPERS.

"A polished, subtle knave, with mellow voice,  
But heart as hard as iron."

GAMBLING is not a vice of modern times. It has been a theme of moralists for ages. A century and a half ago, a distinguished writer classed the whole tribe of gamblers under two divisions—dupes and sharpers. The dupe is generally a person of some fortune and weak intellect. He plays, either because he has become infatuated, or that the system is fashionable. Thus, if any game of chance be proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than, among a set of hard drinkers, he would object to take his glass in turn because he is not dry. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains, more infamous than highwaymen, and, perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join the very scoundrels who destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same folly that proved so fatal to himself.

The sharper, on the other hand, is a gamester who makes a decent figure in the world, is endowed with many amiable qualities, which would appear with great lustre were they not eclipsed by the odious character which is affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and constant presence of mind. He must



smile at the loss of thousands, and not be discomposed though ruin stare him in the face. As he is compelled to mingle among the rich and the educated, in order to secure victims, he must not want politeness and affability, and must be master of an ingenious and liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behavior. These, be it remembered, are portraits sketched one hundred and fifty years ago. Time has rolled on ever since, with a noiseless but unceasing movement, and yet gamblers and gambling are the same. The dupes and the sharpers may be found in every leading city of the New World, as well as the Old. The vice is the most exciting, seductive, and tempting to which human nature can be subjected. It wins, dazzles, and betrays. And when, too, its agents and ministers, as is generally the case, are polished, plausible, and agreeable, the credulous and the yielding, especially if idle and with abundant means, are readily led astray. In Philadelphia, we are told that there are dozens of gambling establishments. Some of them abound with a thousand fascinations. They are fitted up with elegance, nay, with splendor—some are located in the leading thoroughfares, and most of them are conducted with an air of such gentility, that the idea of vice or villainy seems altogether out of the question with the young, the eager, the unpractised, and the uninitiated. Nevertheless, a more certain road to ruin could not be pointed out. The result is inevitable. Alas! for the infatuated wretches who give themselves up to this mocking delusion. The more they indulge, the more certain will be their fate. The fascination becomes an infatuation, and it at once unmans, masters, and controls them. The system throughout is one of deceit, hypocrisy, and fraud. The gamester by pro-

fession soon becomes heartless, and his only object is to win. He cares not whether by fair means or foul. Any device, any trick, any fraud will be resorted to, if it can be concealed, and detection thus be avoided. Nay, the art, to a certain extent, implies subtle fraud, which is only regarded as superior skill. If the means employed in gambling be cards, they can be marked or arranged for the purpose, and thus, while the credulous victim deludes himself with the belief that the chances must surely turn in his favor, he is only regarded as a miserable dupe, is plied with wine, is stimulated with challenges, and thus, his ruin is only made the more certain. It is probable that some of those at the head of the leading and most successful gambling "hells" of the United States, could name dozens of young men who have rushed on step by step, until robbed of their all—poverty, and want, and shame, and desperation, and despair characterize and close the last hours of their existence. Nay, at this moment they may be able to see among their visitors individuals who are just beginning to feel the powers of the temptation, who do not imagine the extent to which it may influence and madden them, and who are, nevertheless, cultivated with care, won on gradually, and thus fitted for the ruin that has overtaken so many others. We occasionally hear of honorable gamblers, of men who would not take an undue advantage; but we confess that we have our doubts. The system is one of iniquity, and the heart must be callous indeed, that can look on calmly, and participate in a contest, that may not only beggar the unguarded, the unsuspecting, and the rash, but which may carry anxiety and anguish into the family circle, and lead in some cases, to desperation, despair, and

suicide. The vice, moreover, is secret to some extent, and thus the victim is often ruined, before his friends and relatives are able to discover that the monomania has seized upon him. Nay, he is prompted, after his first losses, to renew his efforts and double his stakes, in the hope—vain, mad, and delusive—to recover. But, alas! he is on the downward path, and the chances are as a thousand to one that the sharpers into whose society he has ventured, and to whose wiles he is subjected, will never release their grasp until his fortune is utterly exhausted. Such, then, is gambling, and such its results in a great majority of cases. It is stated that many years ago, an old print was exhibited at Oxford, in which a Count Guiscard was represented at first sight as wearing a hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days. By pulling a string, however, the folds of the paper were shifted, and the face only remained, a new body came forward, and the brilliant count appeared only to be a devil. How many polished knaves, similarly arrayed, may be found as the master spirits of the gambling “hells” of this and other cities.

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A hearty laugh is known, the world over, to be a healing promoter; it elevates the spirits, enlivens the circulation, and is marvellously contagious in a good sense.

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Accustom yourself to a strict observance of your duty in all respects, and it will in time be as troublesome to omit or violate it, as it is to many people to practise it.

## THE GAMESTER.

LOUD howl'd the winter storm—athwart the sky  
Rush'd the big clouds—the midnight gale was high;  
O'er the proud city sprang th' avenging flash,  
And tower and temple trembled to the crash  
Of the great thunder-peal. Again the light  
Swift tore the dark veil from the brow of night;  
And, ere the far-chas'd darkness, closing round  
As the flame vanish'd, fell still more profound,  
Again the near-heard tempest, wild and dread,  
Spake in a voice that might awake the dead!  
Yet while the lightning burn'd—the thunder roar'd—  
And even Virtue trembled—and ador'd—  
Alone was heard within the gamester's hell  
The gamester's curse—the oath—the frantic yell!  
Fix'd to one spot—intense—the burning eye  
Mark'd not the flash—saw but the changeful die!  
And, deaf to heaven's high peal—one demon vice  
Possess'd their souls—Triumphant Avarice!

Loud howl'd the winter storm; night wore away  
Too slow, and thousands watch'd and wish'd for day;  
And there was one poor, lonely, lovely thing,  
Who sat and shudder'd as the wild gale's wing  
Rush'd by—all mournfully. Her children slept  
As the poor mourner gaz'd—and sigh'd—and wept!  
Why sits that anguish on her faded brow?  
Why droops her eye? Ah, Florio, where art thou?  
Flown are thy hours of dear domestic bliss—  
The fond embrace—the husband's—father's kiss—



Bless'd tranquil hours to Love and Virtue given,  
Delicious joys that made thy home a heaven?  
Flown—and forever; love—fame—virtue—sold  
For lucre—for the sordid thirst of gold;  
The craving, burning wish that will not rest,  
The vulture-passion of the human breast—  
The thirst for that which—granted or denied—  
Still leaves—still leaves—the soul unsatisfied,  
Just as the wave of Tantalus flows by,  
Cheating the lip and mocking the fond eye!

Yet oft array'd in all their genuine truth,  
Rose the sweet visions of his early youth;  
More bright—more beautiful those visions rise,  
As cares increase, on our regretful eyes;  
And when the storms of life infuriate roll,  
Unnerve the arm, and shake th' impassive soul,  
Then Memory, always garrulous, will tell  
The glowing story of our youth too well;  
And scenes will rise upon the pensive view,  
Which Memory's pencil will portray too true!  
Thus when Repentance warm'd his aching breast,  
He turn'd him, tearful, to those scenes so bless'd,  
And fresh they came—a dear, departed throng,  
Of joys that wrung the heart, by contrast strong—  
Lost, lov'd delight that forc'd the frequent sigh,  
And chill'd the life-blood while they charm'd the eye!  
Could he forget when first—O thrilling hour!  
He wooed his Julia in her native bower?  
Forget? the tender walk—the gate—the cot—  
The impassion'd vow—ah, could they be forgot?  
Sweet noons—sweet eyes—when all—below—above,  
Was rapture—and the hours were wing'd by love?



But chief one dear remembrance—one more bright  
Than all, though cherish'd—rush'd upon his sight—  
The morn that, blushing in her virgin charms,  
Gave the wrong'd Julia to his eager arms!  
Ah, wrong'd—for though Remorse full deeply stung  
His bosom, to the damning vice he clung;  
And she, poor victim, had not power to stay  
The wanderer on his wild and desperate way;  
While round her, ever, sternly—fiercely—sweep  
Views of the future—gloomy—dark—and deep;  
Prophetic glances! he has left again  
His sacred home, to seek the gamester's den!  
Ah, aptly term'd a hell, for oft Despair  
And Suicide, twin brothers, revel there?  
Awake, infatuate youth, for Death is nigh,  
Guides the dread card, and shakes the fateful die!  
Awake, ere yet the monster lay thee low,  
All that thou lovest perish in that blow!  
The strong temptation—firmly—nobly—spurn;  
Home—children—wife—may yet be thine; return  
To virtue and be happy; but, 'tis o'er—  
Stripp'd of his all—he may return no more!  
Ruin'd he stands—the tempter plies his part—  
As the head reels, and sinks the bursting heart!  
With fell Despair his glaring eyeballs roll,  
And all the demon fires his madden'd soul;  
The bullet speeds—upon the blood-stain'd floor  
He lies—and Play has one pale victim more!

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Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled  
ox and hatred therewith.



## BRIDLE YE YOUR TONGUES.

Seest thou the man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof.

There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword: but the tongue of the wise is health.

A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.

In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words: and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.

A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards.

The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable: but the mouth of the wicked speaketh forwardness.

In all labor there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

The lips of the wise disperse knowledge: but the heart of the foolish doeth not so.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

## GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

THE tongue, as the principal organ of speech, is employed to express the thoughts of the mind and the emotions of the heart, and hence its efficiency in the production of good and evil. According to the internal disposition, it may be used to abuse or conciliate, to provoke to wrath or to pacify, to tempt to evil or to dissuade, to misrepresent or to speak truth, to destroy reputation or to defend, to blaspheme or to pray, to dishonor or to celebrate goodness. An evil tongue, which is not under the government of sound principles, is a mischief of incalculable magnitude. Words are inadequate to portray the havoc it may bring on families, neighborhoods, and even nations. False, insidious and malignant, it may fatally wound the objects of its attack, and destroy peace, character, and life. It is the devil's favorite agency for scattering firebrands, arrows, and death through the world.

The tongue, when properly regulated, is equally potent for good. Its words of truth enlighten; its words of kindness are an excellent oil to mollify and soothe the feelings. It is best employed when engaged in celebrating the praises of God, and in promoting His glory.

How is the tongue to be regulated? is a question of no ordinary importance. The remedy for its unruliness must be radical; no system of rules will be available, unless the fountain of thought and feeling be purified. It is the instrument of the passions, and hence it can be controlled only by first controlling *them*. Grace in the heart will soon evince itself by grace on the lips. When wrath, envy, and every evil feeling of the heart are kept

in proper subjection, the tongue will not err. When those graces, which the Spirit of God infuses, receive a cordial welcome in the soul, the tongue will speak peace and good-will to men. Rules, even to the most gracious person, may also be of use. Let there be a determined purpose to control our speech, let there be vigilance in guarding its movements, let caution and deliberation mark our words, and especially let us learn when to be silent. Solomon insists upon this latter as among the most important directions for the government of the tongue; we should desire always to remember, that the wonderful faculty of speech has been communicated to us not to be an instrument of evil but of good. May it be our aim to have our conversations always seasoned with grace, speaking lovingly and kindly to our fellow-men, and not provokingly or resentfully. We should avoid both foolish and hurtful words. When we can do good by speaking, let us not refrain; when we cannot do good, let us be silent. Oh for grace to eradicate every feeling from our hearts which would prompt vain or sinful words, and which may be in us a fountain sending forth only bitter waters. We are as accountable for our words as for our actions; let us remember this, and set a watch on our lips. Above all, may our tongues be employed in celebrating the praises of God; and when, at the resurrection of the just, we shall be clothed with a new body, may we have a seraph's tongue to praise Him to all eternity!

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True strength, real recuperation, comes from the digestion of nutritious food, and can come from no other source.



## TALE-BEARING.

A Tale-bearer revealeth secrets :  
but he that is of a faithful spirit con-  
cealeth the matter.

Where no wood is, there the fire  
goeth out : so where there is no tale-  
bearer, the strife ceaseth.

He that covereth a transgression  
seeketh love ; but he that repeateth a  
matter separateth very friends.

The words of a tale-bearer are as  
wounds, and they go down into the  
innermost parts of the belly.

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SOME from a spirit of mischief, and some from sheer ignorance and idleness, are betrayed into the vice which is here condemned. When it springs from the former it is atrocious, and is identical with slander, making light of a neighbor's reputation and peace of mind, and caring little whether the evil report it circulates be true or false. When it arises from an idle spirit of gossip, it may have less atrocity, but is still criminal, and in its consequences may be equally injurious. The love of news is with many a besetting sin ; the hearing or communicating of which constitutes with them the spice of life. In the neglect of personal and family duties they will gad about from neighbor to neighbor, and what is thus gathered, particularly if scandalous, will be as liberally retailed. Time and labor are freely expended in giving currency to an evil report. What havoc is made of reputation at little coteries of such people ! With what zest will they proclaim the alleged failings of neighbors, feebly attempting to palliate the iniquity of the act by the qualification of hoping that the rumors are unfounded, or that they can scarcely be true ! They care little about authorities, and as it is not a part of their policy to inquire into the truth of what they have heard, the kitchen is as good



authority with them as the drawing-room, a notorious falsifier as good as a credible witness. Woe to the individual who falls into the hands, and is left to the tender mercies of such inveterate newsmongers and gossips ! He may expect his most innocent actions to be distorted, his motives misinterpreted, his most trivial failings magnified at each successive repetition, so that his own portrait as drawn by them would frighten him. Every village and neighborhood embraces persons of this character, with whom it is unsafe to have intercourse. Tale-bearers seldom have much regard for truth, and freely draw on their imagination for the embellishments of their stories. Never intrust a secret to such persons, for "a tale-bearer revealeth secrets, although very friends are thereby separated." A domestic or social strife is to them a rich treat, and the fire will not go out while they can feed it with fuel. Reader, would you stand aloof from so pestiferous a vice ? Be a keeper at home, no busybody in other men's matters, but attentive to domestic duties, and the cultivation of the social affections.

My soul avoid the mean and dangerous vice of tale-bearing. It would be iniquitous to spread a false report to the injury of thy neighbor, and it should pain thee to hear a true one to his discredit. Flee the society of tattlers, that thou mayest escape the infection of their discourse. Remember the scriptural warning, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Repulse the tale-bearer, and admonish him to cast the beam out of his own eye, that he may be able to detect the mote in that of his neighbor ; and remember, a dog that brings a bone will carry a bone.

THE POLICY OF MINDING ONE'S OWN  
BUSINESS.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

It is curious to observe the disposition that prevails with many people to interfere with the business of their neighbors and to neglect their own. They are always on the lookout for something new, some fresh piece of scandal, some misrepresentation or calumny, and really glow with delight when they are able to indulge their peculiar propensity. There are, in every large community, individuals who, for years, have been busily engaged, day in and day out, in hunting up the shortcomings of their fellow-creatures, and spreading the details before the world in as vivid language as possible. The idea of attending to their own business never seems to strike them. Their own follies and frailties are scarcely noticed at all, and are regarded as of no account whatever. But let another take a false step, or let any member of a neighboring family commit an oversight or an error, and the fact is caught up with eagerness, is retailed from door to door, and however trifling, it is magnified into a grave and serious affair. In the great multitude of cases, the successful in life are those who attend to their own business, while the reverse is exactly the case with the intermeddlers, the scandal-mongers, the curiosity-hunters, the mischief-makers, and the Paul Prys generally of the hour. And how can it be otherwise? How can a man watch his own affairs thoroughly and properly—how can he attend to his own

business, fulfil his engagements, and discharge his duties, if he be engaged four-fifths of his time with the affairs of other people? The idlers to be found at the corners of streets, the loungers of bar-rooms, and all the numerous class of do-nothings, who constitute such a pest to society, are, for the most part, to be ranked among the intermeddlers of the time, who are on the *qui vive* for something new and racy, something calculated to injure this man's credit, or to wound that man's character, something that has merely the shadow of truth by way of foundation, but may be exaggerated by distortion and perversion into the serious, painful, and discreditable. If the good old system of minding one's own business could only be recognized and practised universally, the wheels of society would roll along much more smoothly, there would be less unkindness and ill-will in the world, and far more comfort, courtesy, true social enjoyment, and genuine contentment and happiness. We are told that this country is peculiarly addicted to the infirmity of idle curiosity. As a people we seem to be remarkably meddlesome. The affairs of our neighbors are watched with singular vigilance, and their modes of dress, their style of living, their revenue, the very food they eat, are constant subjects of comment and criticism. This is the case not only in the large cities but in the small towns. It thus becomes necessary to live, not as one could wish, not as seems best suited to one's family and circumstances, not in conformity with true economy and self-independence, but so as to harmonize with the views or to escape the animadversions of the critics and lookers-on outside. And hence it is that so many live for others and to satisfy the judgment of others, and not in conformity with their own views and

for the gratification of their own wishes. Nay, there are thousands who have gone deliberately to ruin, who have sacrificed themselves in fact, rather than be subjected to the severe remarks of the curious, and prying, and intermeddling. In other words, they have lived beyond their means, and simply with the object of satisfying the many who neglect their own business for the purpose of watching over, analyzing, and speculating upon the affairs of others. In some cases this nuisance of prying, retailing, and falsifying becomes intolerable, and the sensitive and diffident are absolutely made miserable thereby. Doubtless some of our readers could furnish forcible illustrations. Nothing is more annoying than a consciousness that some idle and malicious individual is constantly on the lookout for an opportunity to misrepresent and calumniate, that his disposition is one of animosity and malevolence combined, and that in consequence of some morbid perversion of the moral nature, the anxiety and unhappiness of another constitute a source of satisfaction to such a specimen of the intermeddling, the suspicious, and the malignant. How often does it happen that three or four individuals are engaged together in confidential conversation, when another makes his appearance, listens against all rules of propriety and gentlemanly breeding, catches up a word here and there, and then hastens elsewhere to repeat and distort. It is the easiest thing in the world to find flaws in the human character. No mortal man is perfect. There are few individuals without their infirmities, and there are few families without some painful associations, some erring member, or some unfortunate connection. But it is a part of duty, of courtesy, and of brotherly goodwill, to overlook and avoid



all allusion to such sad features or circumstances. Or, if compelled to advert to them, to do so in a spirit of forbearance, generosity, and magnanimity. Not so, however, the intermeddler. His disposition is to make bad worse, to exaggerate follies into crimes, to carry discord into families that were before tranquil and happy, to hunt out forgotten errors and frailties, and recapitulate them in strong language—in short to become a pest, a nuisance, and a curse to social life. The penalty, too, is fearful for himself. He is certain to be despised and contemned, to be disliked and avoided. His own affairs will infallibly go behindhand, and his presence be avoided like that of a moral pestilence.

#### MISCHIEF-MAKERS AND SCANDAL-MONGERS.

“Curse the tongue  
Whence slanderous rumor, like the adder's drop,  
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,  
Turning love's favor.”

“The ignoble mind  
Loves ever to assail with secret blow  
The loftier, purer beings of their kind.”

WE some days since saw an individual, quite advanced in life, who was busily engaged in running around among his friends and acquaintances for the purpose of pointing out and commenting upon a slight error that had been committed by a citizen of considerable standing in society. The matter was very trifling, and was so considered by all of moderate and generous views. But, not so the veteran mischief-maker and scandal-monger. He, in the first place, seemed quite excited and delighted that an opportunity was afforded of indulging in criti-



cism, fretfulness, and complaint ; and in the second, was eager and anxious to magnify a "mote into a mountain," and was moreover quite annoyed because all the world would not agree with him. In one instance he met with a kind-hearted friend, who remonstrated at the uncharitable disposition he manifested, expressed surprise that he should take such a prejudiced and unkind view of the case, and remarked that it was "always the liberal and benevolent policy to overlook or apologize for an error so insignificant, especially as it had been committed without any harsh or base motive." But the mischief-maker could not or would not be convinced. He was determined to put the worst construction upon human motives and movements—insinuated more than he said—intimated that this "was not the first mishap of the kind," raked up some by-gone follies, and thus seemed resolved upon staining a character that is deservedly regarded as bright and pure as that of any citizen of the community. We notice the incident as one of a thousand that occur from time to time, of a like nature, and founded upon a similar disposition of malevolence. There are among mankind too many who seem to take delight in making their fellow-creatures miserable ; who, either from envy, jealousy, or an evil disposition, are never so fully in their element as when they are detailing or exaggerating some piece of misrepresentation or scandal, some story calculated to wound the feelings, to blacken the reputation, and to excite suspicion and distrust. No matter how unfounded the allegation, it is all the same to them. They adopt the darkest view in every case, and then deliberately proceed to add still more sombre tints. Their first object in the morning appears to be to discover some novelty in the way of defamation, and

their next to circulate the story as widely as possible. They never think of the consequences to family and friends, or, if they do, they are utterly heartless upon the subject. Mischief, scandal, the misery of others, appear to be their delight, and they devote not a little of their time and means to the indulgence of a disposition and propensity truly lamentable and criminal. They seldom have a good word or a bright portrait for any one. They rarely compliment or utter anything suited to excite a pleasurable emotion. They look upon the world with jealous or jaundiced eyes, and turn with ill-concealed irritation from a picture of unalloyed happiness. Detail to them a calumny of the most startling character, and calculated to involve dozens of individuals in mental agony, and their eyes will dance with joy!

This is no fancy sketch. There are, alas! too many originals of the description that we have here ventured to portray. Mischief-makers and scandal-mongers have been the bane of society for ages. They have been the authors of a fearful amount of human suffering. They have broken many a gentle heart, and prostrated, as by some secret and invisible power, many a strong and vigorous frame. Nothing is so subtle, nothing so malignant as cautious and calculating slander. The calumny does its work before the discovery is made that it is calumny. The victim finds himself distrusted, avoided, and he seeks for the cause in vain. The assassin of character is not a whit less culpable in a moral point of view than the assassin of life. He strikes at and endeavors to destroy, what indeed is dearer than life. And yet how common is this vice, how great is the propensity to scandal! How reputation is trifled with, and fair fame imperilled! How uncharitable are mankind gene-

rally. A story is told calculated to injure, and without inquiring for a moment as to the real facts, it passes from lip to lip, gathering strength with every new version, until at last the habitual scandal-monger not only asserts the truth of his own knowledge, but is quite indignant when a doubt is expressed, or a word of generous sympathy is interposed. The object appears to be to trample down and destroy, and he cares not who suffers.

It often happens, too, that slight misunderstandings occur among neighbors—misunderstandings which, by mutual forbearance and generous conciliation, could and would be readily adjusted. But the parties, sometimes one and sometimes both, become embittered, and thus neighbors and friends are soon converted into slandering monomaniacs, implacable and deadly foes. The spirit of hatred seems to grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and they revile and defame with such a constancy and determination, that they annoy all with whom they come in contact. A case of this kind was recently pointed out to us. Two gentlemen were engaged together in a heavy speculation, and jointly purchased a large property. In closing the affair a trifling difficulty occurred, and although they resided within a stone's throw of each other, a coolness, a jealousy, a dislike became apparent between their families. One was somewhat impetuous and violent for a time, but the feeling soon subsided. The other, however, seems to have imbibed a deathless and vindictive hatred—which he apparently communicated to all his domestic circle—and thus the old friend is assailed “behind his back,” on every occasion and in almost every form. His errors and imperfections—and who is without them?—

are canvassed in the most malignant spirit, and he is painted in the most revolting colors. The affair has thus gone on for months, and will probably end in a suit to obtain legal redress, or at least an exemption from further malicious assaults of the kind. But, we repeat, the vice of scandal is by far too common. It is a heartless, a wicked propensity. If we cannot say a good word of our neighbors and friends, let us at least keep silent. If we cannot assist and brighten the reputation of those with whom we mingle and associate, let us at least avoid exaggerated stories, falsehood, and calumny. The mischief-maker, the cool and deliberate plotter of scandal, is indeed a pest to society, but the mischief-monger—the individual who catches up and circulates the fabrications of others—is scarcely less excusable. The result no man can foretell. We believe that not only many a character has been destroyed, but many a life has been sacrificed by a malignant, plausible, and carefully concocted slander.

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Let the family table be always a meeting-place of pleasantness, affection, and peace, and for the exhibition of all the sweeter feelings of domestic life.

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A man had better lose a dinner, better sacrifice the earnings of a day, than repress the call of nature.

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A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.



## THE GRUMBLER.

“The faults of others he could well discern,  
But not his own.”

HAS the reader never been annoyed by the almost perpetual mutterings, fault-findings, forebodings, and complaints of a confirmed grumbler—one who appears to have Argus eyes for the errors and imperfections of others, but who can never discover or appreciate any merits or accomplishments? If the answer be in the negative, we beg leave to offer our congratulations. We can conceive of no greater pest of society, no more incorrigible bore, no more abominable nuisance, than a constitutional and habitual grumbler—one who goes about picking flaws in character, taking exception to this opinion or to that, always dissatisfied, never comfortable himself, and ever disposed to mar the happiness of others. The weather is either too hot or too cold, the wind too high or too low, business too brisk or too dull, while nothing within the range of human vision is exactly as it should be or as it might be. A gloom seems to have settled upon the mind of the wretched grumbler, and thus he sees and views everything through a hazy medium. The success of a friend, instead of being a matter of rejoicing, is distorted into some perilous piece of misfortune, while some sad prediction is made as to the deplorable effects in the future. The grumbler, moreover, while ever eager and ready to depreciate the efforts of others, is rarely able to equal those efforts himself. It is this very consciousness in some cases, that induces him to criticize and complain. He cannot



attain the same degree of skill and perfection, and hence he endeavors to underrate the faculty in others. To find fault is the easiest thing in the world; although the quality is most unamiable. There are many persons, indeed, who can do little else. They go through the world as grumblers. Indoors or out, it is the same. They seem to have no faculty for appreciation. The kindest act will be excepted to. Their best friends will be found fault with. No matter how successful in business, they will still mutter and evince dissatisfaction. They are not only unhappy themselves, but they strive to make all unhappy who are dependent upon or live within their influence. They get up in the morning, and commence grumbling, and they continue the annoyance throughout the day. Serve them however honestly and faithfully, and they will nevertheless manifest discontent. The infirmity is not only unfortunate, but it is vicious.

The true philosophy of life is to render the path before us as smooth and easy as possible, and at the same time to contribute all in our power to the comfort, convenience, and prosperity of others. Above all things, we should manifest a proper sense of kindness and appreciation. We should do unto others as we would they should do unto us. What can be more ungracious or more ungrateful than coldness or complaint, on the part of an individual whose fortunes we have endeavored to promote, or whose position we have exerted our best energies to assist and elevate? The effect, too, must be chilling and depressing. If, we are apt to argue, our kindness is misunderstood or misappreciated, we should, perhaps, be more careful of the future. But, we repeat, the grumbler can never be satisfied. Nay, we could

single out a case, in which an individual of this class is so noted for his propensity, that all who know him expect on his approach to hear him utter some ill-natured remark, to chronicle some misfortune, or to mutter some complaint. He is either sour, cross, or bitter by nature, or he has permitted the habit of grumbling so to grow upon him, that he cannot help himself. The disease has become chronic, so to speak. It forms part and parcel of his character. A kind word from his lips would be a novelty—a pleasant smile upon his countenance, a rare emanation—a cordial grasp of his hand, something altogether extraordinary. In what broad and happy contrast is the cheerful and contented—the individual whose heart is a perpetual fountain of sunshine and good humor, who is ever ready to say a kind thing, or to do a good turn, and who avoids everything that is harsh, malevolent, or calculated to wound. The one is a source of constant misery—the other of constant pleasure. The one brightens and cheers the pathway of life, the other darkens and depresses. The one is ever welcome, the other is exactly the reverse. The one goes through the world, appreciating and appreciated, pouring balm into the wounds of the afflicted, and giving hope and courage to the timid, the unfortunate, and the despairing, while the other seems to delight in making bad worse, and in extinguishing by some melancholy foreboding, or distorted and gloomy view, everything like hope, improvement, or prosperity. The death-bed of the grumbler must be a scene of misery and apprehension. The shadows that have flitted across and darkened his footsteps through life, must assume a deeper hue as he is about to shuffle off this mortal coil. The cup of misery that he has prepared for others, can-

not but seem about to be applied to his own lips. He can have no joyous recollection of favors rendered, hearts gladdened, and homes made happy through his influence, but bitterness, and penitence, and remorse must surround his dying couch. Life has been to him a protracted grumble, and it will expire in an agonized groan. The cheerful spirit, on the other hand—the benevolent, the generous, and the appreciating—will, as the evening of the last day comes on, find many happy visions flitting through his mind—visions of kind things said, and good things done; visions of buoyant hearts, and joyous voices, and happy faces; and these will not only take away from the bitterness of death, but they will animate and nerve the soul in its onward flight to the upward regions of eternity. The good that we do here will not only live with us, and accompany us to the portals of the grave, but it will there plume the wings of the spirit, and convey us in hope and in faith to the regions of the blessed. His is the desirable fate, who, as the things of this world fade upon his mortal vision, feels the happy consciousness of having contributed to the utmost of his ability to the social, moral, rational, and religious enjoyment of his friends, his family, and his fellow creatures—who, in brief, is confident and conscious that he has appreciated the kindness of others, and has never committed the injustice of complaint without sufficient cause.

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Let him who stammers stamp his foot on the ground at the same time that he utters each syllable, and stammering is impossible.



## THE FATAL SCROLL.

In Pilgrim's guise I brought the fatal scroll,  
 Which told a Maiden of her Lover's death;  
 Grief took possession of her ardent soul—  
 She bless'd his memory, and resign'd her breath:  
 Oft had she vow'd to love no other youth,  
 That vow she kept!—an instance rare of truth!

## THE SCROLL.

THE maiden's cheek blush'd ruby bright,  
 And her heart beat quick with its own delight;  
 Again she should dwell on those vows so dear,  
 Almost as if her lover was near.  
 Little deem'd she that letter would tell  
 How that true lover fought and fell.  
 The maiden read till her cheek grew pale—  
 Yon drooping eye tells all the tale:  
 She sees her own knight's last fond prayer,  
 And she reads in that scroll her heart's despair.  
 Oh! grave, how terrible art thou  
 To young hearts bound in one fond vow.  
 O! human love, how vain is thy trust;  
 Hope! how soon thou art laid in dust.

Thou fatal pilgrim, who art thou,  
As thou fling'st the black veil from thy shadowy brow?  
I know thee now, dark lord of the tomb,  
By the pale maiden's withering bloom:  
The light is gone from her glassy eye,  
And her cheek is struck by mortality;  
From her parted lip there comes no breath  
For that scroll was fate—its bearer—Death.

## TO THE MAID.

Why weep'st thou, fair maid? tho' down to the tomb  
Thy first love hath gone in the pride of his bloom;  
His soul, in the robe of sweet youthfulness drest,  
Hath ascended to joy in the realms of the blest.

Why weep'st thou fair maid? thy lov'd one e'en now,  
With a cherub's bright halo encircling his brow,  
Unites in a song with the blest, near the throne  
Of a king, 'neath whose sceptre no sorrows are known.

Then weep not, fair maiden! 'twere better to part,  
In his youthful days, with the pride of thy heart,  
Than to see him a groom on the world's troubled sea—  
Of its tempests the sport, and a sorrow to thee.

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No man of reflection can help respecting the industrious mechanic, any more than he can help looking with contemptuousness on the well-dressed loafer, or the aristocratic spendthrift, who would not care to be seen talking to the toil-worn workman.



## LOVE.

PURE and spontaneous love is always unforeseen, always perfectly disinterested. Reason may suggest the propriety of an attachment, interest may ardently desire it, management may bring the parties together with all possible address, but it is all to no purpose. There must be spontaneous preference on account of some peculiarities of taste and temperament, which no arrangement of outward circumstances can bring about. This incipient, mysterious, but irresistible attraction seems as nearly providential as anything which takes place by human agency. It springs up unbidden, or it springs not at all. This attachment is intended to be the deepest, most sacred, and permanent, and is indicated by the deep hold it takes upon the whole nature. It is not a thing which a man can put on or off, and trifle with as he pleases. The roughest nature is subdued to gentleness, the most trifling becomes serious, the most sarcastic and untamable are reduced to sighs and tears.

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It is a melancholy thing to know that so many of our young ladies of the fashionable world should be given to the habit of painting their faces at all; but especially of using dangerous poisons, and jeoparding their lives and health for the sake of producing a little higher color on their cheeks, or a little darker eyebrows. Young ladies, you are injuring your health by the use of these poisonous cosmetics, and you deceive nobody. You make as great fools of yourselves as do the old men who dye their beards and hair.

## WOMAN;

## HER PROPER SPHERE AS A WIFE AND MOTHER.

MANY are the subjects which have enlisted the pens of the gifted and good, but woman has ever been a theme for the poet's fancy, and he has extolled her virtues through all ages, so that at the present day, when Cupid wounds a heart 'tis no uncommon thing for the gallant Adonis to address a sonnet to the Venus of his admiration. Do we turn the pages of poetic lore, we find each gifted son of genius declaring in impassioned verse his attachment for one of the gentler sex. Byron has his Mary, and Burns loves to speak of his blue-eyed Highland Mary; Tasso sings of his Lenore, poor Petrarch, too, dwells upon the love of his Laura; and, while Spenser enjoys the society of the fair Rosalinde, Dante, 'mid Italia's bowers, worships the lovely Beatrice. But my muse would sing of an humbler name, ne'er by poet's pen eulogized; one toward whom my affections flow as naturally as do the waters of the mighty river into the bosom of old ocean. One who taught me first to love that name my infant lips pronounced when prattling and playing at her side. With all my childish wants she was conversant, and to all my petty grievances lent a listening ear; and as years sped on, and I no longer frolicked a merry child, the same kind hand led me in virtue's path, and the same voice bade me shun the evil and pursue the good. Words of love and wisdom ever dwelt upon her lips, those of a harsh and bitter sound were unknown to her; be mine the lot to

imitate her example and follow in her footsteps! 'Tis a poor tribute to render one so worthy, but it comes from a heart beating with the warmest emotions of filial devotion—for I offer it to my mother—and her name was Elizabeth.

Through every land, and in every clime of this boundless universe, is there not some shrine to which the heart turns with reverence, on which our fondest affections are centred, and which awakens bright hopes of an anticipated future, or recalls pleasant recollections of the past? Yes, life possesses such to all. Impressed with tenfold solicitude for the welfare of woman, deeply sensible of your great importance and respectability in society, and convinced that, on your intellectual improvement, the prosperity, nay, the very existence, of society depends. The progress of the country is depending upon you. You are, I may say, the very backbone of humanity, the fountain of life from which every current flows, or else dries up: every human being is impregnated with the qualities of your soul. A nation without woman would be "a world without a sun." Seeing the host of dangers which will attend you in your journey through life, and being assured, that unless you take prudence for your guide, you will undoubtedly be enveloped in the vortex of vanity and sensuality which will infallibly imbitter your future days. Being thus impressed with these sentiments I take the liberty, with the most respectful considerations, and the purest intentions, to suggest a few thoughts for your serious consideration, which, like beacons to the mariner, may point out the dangerous rocks and shoals, that are profusely interspersed through the devious paths of folly. I hope you will lay aside, for a little time, the novel and the romance,

and read before you judge of the merits or demerits of my arguments. You must not suppose, from my animadversions, that I cherish an antipathy to the sex. No man can be a more sincere admirer of them than myself; while virtuous, I admire and venerate them, but when vicious I pity them. Gladly would I accompany them through all the intricate windings and vicissitudes peculiar to their moral state. With what ineffable delight would I ward off the blows directed by the unwearied enemy of man. But this is impossible. All I can give is my benediction, flowing from a heart bursting with anxiety, and sending up ejaculations to the Eternal for their prosperity and preservation.

The object of your pursuits on commencing action on the stage of life will, no doubt, be happiness. This we as naturally pursue, as we do food when hungry, drink when dry, rest when fatigued, and consolation when transfixed with sorrow. But, alas! the reason why so many millions of Adam's descendants miss the happiness they, by native instinct, desire, and, in its place, nurture the most formidable evils which produce their present infelicity and eternal misery, is, first, they miss the right road to happiness; secondly, they want precaution, and rush too precipitately into the busy scenes of the fashionable world. To precipitate into the busy scenes of life, unthoughtful and regardless of events (which is too often the case with young people), is not only irreligious but also irrational. The debasing fashions, progressing like a gangrene, will extend from one female to another through every grade. It is a fearful risk to plunge into the stream of popular custom, and float on like a dead sponge drinking in its turbid water. Most people are like mocking birds and monkeys, repeating all they hear



and mimicking all they see. Our duty is to educate ourselves as we should. What virtuous mother does not hang her head in solemn sadness at the thought; what cheek does not wear the crimson blush at the degeneracy of the sex! In the bosoms that beat with the vital force of female virtue a noble disdain should arise at the remembrance of their domestic betrayers. Mothers, this is not a time to sit inactive and see the last struggles of everything dear to you—the expiring honors of your female progeny! You should endeavor, with more than maternal solicitude, to snatch from ruin, or preserve entire, their sacred virtue. As the mariner, with anxious solicitude, throws out any floating pieces of the wreck to save his drowning shipmate, who swept away by a foaming billow, while the decks are white with foam, and the rude winds howl about the masts and sing through every shroud, struggles with the angry waves and whistling winds, till he is at last saved through the assiduity and perseverance of his faithful companion. Thus let mothers use every effort to save the honor and virtue of their daughters, who are almost enveloped in the vortex of popular degradation and infamy. I am not speaking of those females who have plunged into the dreadful abyss of personal degradation, but rather of those who pursue the direct path that leads thereto, which is to become the slavish dupes of the obscene, the depraved fashions of the day. Let, therefore, such virtuous mothers, who have a spark of ancient prudence, untarnished and unextinguished, shed resplendent light on the benighted paths of the juvenile females of the rising generation. Sometimes, when I view parading the streets ladies of the first respectability, dressed in such an obscene manner, as almost enough to make any



one blush, I ask myself, can these ladies be really prudent who can thus sacrifice every virtuous and modest feeling at the shrine of fashion, and excite a blush on the cheek even of lewdness? Surely not. "The tree is known by its fruit." Actions speak louder than professions—a woman may profess to be exemplary and virtuous ; but, surely, when we see that woman appear in the most immodest attire, and display her charms indiscriminately in the most obvious manner to the eager and amorous inspection of thousands of gazing and criticizing libertines, we cannot believe, though we hear it vociferated daily, that this woman is a virtuous and respectable character, and though she displayed elegance in her figure, and enchanting beauty in her countenance to surpass the beauteous Helen, every reasonable man would admire the smallest share of personal symmetry in a prudent female more than all her exposed charms.

In reference to styles in dress, "the seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year." Then follows advice, in which means of adaptation are pointed out, both as regards color, fulness, and texture. The extreme of corseting is censured in very decided terms, as adverse alike to symmetry and health. Remarks respecting how far the exposure of the neck and arms is allowable, are well concluded in the following strain: What is the elegance of your beauty? Modesty! What is its first argument? Modesty! What is its second? Modesty! What is its third? Modesty! What is its peroration, the winding up of all its charms, the striking spell that binds the heart of man to her forever? Modesty! In the words of Moore:—

"Let that which charms all other eyes,  
Seem worthless in your own!"

Modesty is all in all, for it comprises the mind as well as the body ; and happy is he who finds her.

Woman's soul colors, forms, moulds, modifies, endows the soul of humanity. It is so. It must be so. The infant mind sleeps in the mother mind, till all its powers are set and their tendencies established. The child-being is subject to every mood of mind and state of body, which exists in the mother-being. Then the early twig is nurtured, and the early blossom unfolded on woman's bosom. Woman performs the first work of culture, imparts the first ideas, awakens the first thoughts, aspirations, and emotions, stirs the first tides of feeling, and wields the first sceptre in the minds of all men. In a secondary sense, she is the maker of all men. This being the primary fact of human existence, her education is the first work in human progress. To cultivate her, is to cultivate the race. To elevate and dignify her, is to elevate and dignify the world. As she goes up, she bears everything human with her. Depress her, and the world sinks. If you would ennoble and dignify the world, do this for its women, and the work is done. If you would legislate for the world, legislate for woman. If you would educate the world, educate woman. If you would redeem the world, redeem woman. The world lies in her arms. She nurtures it on her bosom, she rocks it in her cradle, she breathes into it the breath of its mental life. Above her it cannot rise ; she is the fountain, and the stream rises not above it. Noble women give nobility to the sphere of action, and influence in which they move. Genius, worth, mental and moral power, owe more to woman than to all things else. If I wish to bless the world, I should bless woman. If I wished to sweeten a stream, I should mingle the sweet

in its fountain. If I wished to make an oak strong, I would put water and nourishment at its root. Such being the natural position of woman, we hold it as a self-evident truth, that she should be educated deeply, thoroughly. Woman is the conservation of morality and religion. Her moral worth holds man in some restraint, and preserves his ways from becoming inhumanly corrupt. Mighty is the power of woman in this respect. Every virtue in woman's heart has its influence on the world. Some men feel it. A brother, husband, friend, or son, is touched by its sunshine. Its mild beneficence is not lost. A virtuous woman in the seclusion of her home, breathing the sweet influence of virtue into the hearts and lives of its beloved ones, is an evangel of goodness to the world. She is one of the pillars of the eternal kingdom of right. She is a star shining in the moral firmament. She is a princess administering at the fountains of life. Every prayer she breathes is answered to a greater or less extent in the hearts and lives of those she loves. Her piety is an altar fire where religion acquires strength to go out on its merciful mission. We cannot overestimate the utility and power of woman's moral and religious character. The world would go to ruin without it. With all our ministers and churches, and Bibles and sermons, man would be a prodigal without the restraint of woman's virtue, and the consecration of her religion. Woman first lays her hand on our young powers. She plants the first seeds. She makes the first impressions ; and all along through life she scatters the good seed of the kingdom, and sprinkles the dews of her piety. But woman does not do enough. Her power is not yet equal to its need. Her virtue is not mighty enough. Her religion comes short in its work.

Look out and see the world—a grand Pandora's box of wickedness—a great battle-field of clashing passions and warring interests—a far-spread scene of sensualism and selfishness, in which woman herself acts a conspicuous part. Look at society—the rich eating up the poor; the poor stabbing at the rich; fashion playing in the halls of gilded sensualism; folly dancing to the tune of ignorant mirth; intemperance gloating over its roast beef, or whiskey-jug, brandy punch, champagne bottle, bearing thousands upon thousands down to the grave of ignominy, sensualism, and drunkenness. Is there not a need of more vigorous virtue in woman? Is there not a call for more active religion, a more powerful impulse in behalf of morality? Who shall hear this cry of wicked, wasting humanity, if the young woman does not? To youthful woman we must look for a powerful leader in the cause of morality and religion. The girls of to-day are to be greatly instrumental in giving a moral complexion to the society of to-morrow. It is important that they should fix high this standard of virtue. They ought to lay well their fountains of religion. They ought early to baptize their souls in the consecrated waters of truth and right.

The first element in their moral character which they should seek to establish firmly is purity. A pure heart is the fountain of life. "The pure in heart shall see God." Not only is purity in life needed to make a young woman beautiful and useful, but purity in thought, feeling, emotion, and motive. All within us that lies open to the gaze of God should be pure. A young woman should be in heart what she seems to be in life. Her words should correspond with her thoughts. The smile of her face should be the smile of her heart. The light of her eye should be the light of her soul. She



should abhor deception ; she should loathe intrigue ; she should have a deep disgust of duplicity. Her life should be the outspoken language of her mind, the eloquent poem of her soul speaking rhythmic beauties, the intrinsic merit of inward purity. Purity antecedes all spiritual attainments and progress. It is the first and fundamental virtue in a good character ; it is the letter A in the moral alphabet ; it is the first step in the spiritual life ; it is the Alpha of the eternal estate of soul which has no Omega. Whatever may be our mental attainments or social qualities, we are nothing without purity, only “ tinkling cymbals.” Our love is stained, our benevolence corrupted, our piety a pretence which God will not accept. An impure young woman is an awful sight. She outrages all just ideas of womankind, all proper conceptions of spiritual beauty. To have evil imaginings, corrupt longings, or deceitful propensities ought to startle any young woman. To feel a disposition to sensuality, a craving for the glitter of a worldly life, or a selfish ambition for unmerited distinction is dangerous in the extreme. It is the exuding of impure waters from the heart. Who feels such utterings within should beware. They are the whisperings of an evil spirit, the temptation of sin and crime. If I could speak to all the young women in the world, I would strive to utter the intrinsic beauties and essential qualities of purity ; I would seek to illustrate it as the fountain of all that is great and good, all that is spiritually grand and redeeming. There is no virtue, no spiritual life, no moral beauty, no glory of soul nor dignity of character without purity.

To be pure is to be truthful, child-hearted, innocent of criminal desire or thought, averse to wrong, in love with right, in harmony with whatsoever is beautiful, good,



and true. This state of the soul is subject to cultivation. It may be made strong and active. By personal effort, by constant watchfulness and striving, every young woman may be pure, but she need not expect to be without. She must watch, and strive, and pray if she would be pure. If she does not, she will become corrupt before she is aware of it. The world will send into her heart its putrid streams of influence to corrupt and debase it.

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*A Moral.*—Because you flourish in worldly affairs don't be haughty and put on airs, with insolent pride of station—don't be proud and turn up your nose at poorer people in plainer clothes; but learn, for the sake of your soul's repose, that wealth's a bubble that comes and goes, and that all proud flesh, wherever it grows, is subject to irritation.

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Whether a man kills himself with whiskey, or tobacco, or food, the crime is the same. A man is equally a suicide, whether by drinking, smoking, or gluttony. Excessive smoking, excessive drinking, excessive eating, are the results of an abandonment to an animal appetite, to an animal indulgence; such indulgence is beastly, it is ignoble, it is pitiful.

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Make virtue feel that it is encouraged, and vice that it is frowned upon. Let justice and truth be exhibited in every act of life.

## INFLUENCE OF THE MOTHER.

IN connection with many of the most prominent events which have marked the history of our race, we find woman acting an honorable and noble part in cheering and sustaining, by her patient and enduring love, the other sex, in the performance of the many difficult and arduous duties which devolve on them, without which, they would have sunk in discouragement and despair.

What an important place does she hold in the recorded annals of past time ! Has she not displayed many brave and courageous traits of character in the untiring patience with which she has performed for her country many noble and heroic deeds, which will be remembered until time shall cease ? Who has kept the world from turning back to its former barbarism, kept goodness and truth from being swallowed up by love of mammon and a disposition for war ? What influence has tended to raise the human race and inspire each heart with patriotic and holy aspirations by the many marked displays of fortitude which might be named—like that of the Christian mother ?

Let us remember that though the strong and sinewy sex achieve enterprises on public theatres of life, it is nerve and sensibilities of the other that arms the mind, and influences the soul in secret.

A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage. So, everywhere. Man devises, executes, and performs, but he needs the aid and encouragement of woman to move and inspire him onward to the successful accomplishment of his pursuits. But in no place

is this influence felt more than in the domestic circle. There woman shows her true character. There we find her moulding the positions and destinies of her children, endeavoring to improve their tempers and social feelings, that they may be fitted to adorn, through her influence, the brightest stations in the gift of the people. No tribute more beautiful could be paid to the maternal relation than the one gathered from the words of the Roman mother; when, as the noble ladies of the court were offering their jewels to carry on the operations of war, she, having nothing more valuable, brings forward and presents her three sons, saying, "These are my jewels!" Who can suppose for a moment that this noble mother would have presented her children with such unshaken confidence, with any other than a feeling of pride that they had been carefully and faithfully trained under her own watchful eye, and thus made fit for the service of the people?

As from the chiselled marble we discern the skill of the sculptor, so do we find in the conduct of the children an index to the character of the parent. This is seen in the early impressions which were made upon the mind of John Newton. Though he was but seven years old when his mother died, yet even at that early age having led him into her closet of prayer, and kneeling with her hands upon his head, she there commended him to God. After her death, those early impressions were apparently lost for many years; for he fell into evil company, and particularly the society of plausible infidels, through whose influence his early faith was shaken. The elements which tended to his reformation in later life, may be traced to a vivid recollection of parental example and teaching.

The heart of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was set upon the vain pomps and vanities of this world. Her toilet consumed her morning hours, the vain amusements of the court, and the public circle claimed her evenings, until there was no heart to seek the quiet chamber, where thought and ennobling feelings find a home. She sought the elevation of her son to the throne, even at the price of blood and crime. To elevate him there, she procured the death of Britannicus, who stood in his way—and of her own husband. So intent was she upon securing to him the crown, that, when she inquired of the Chaldean whether he would ever reign at Rome or not, and his reply was, “He will reign, but he will kill his mother,” she exclaimed, “Let him kill me, but let him reign!”

We cannot require of mothers that their children shall be Christians, but we do say, that had Agrippina been a chaste and worthy example to her son, we may reasonably suppose he would never have pursued the gross and unprincipled life he did—a vile persecutor of the people of God, and the murderer of his own mother when she stood in the way of his ambition. His history is a standing beacon to all who have the immortal mind to train, to avoid that dangerous rock—neglect.

How unlike this was the example of one of the women of Israel, Hannah, the mother of Samuel! She stands before us in all her loveliness and wisdom—her whole mind and heart engaged in the exercise of piety and devotion to her God, and to the service of his sanctuary.

She holds in her possession a cherished earthly treasure, and cheerfully consecrates it to him who had committed it to her care. The pious wish of the



mother of Samuel was, that he should serve God. She knew nothing higher or better. For that she made the self-sacrifice of dedicating him in his tender infancy to the Most High.

“Girded in a linen ephod and the little coat which she had made,” she leads him into the temple, to worship at the altar in the various forms and ceremonies which, in those early times, were so strictly observed in the Hebrew worship.

When called by special manifestations to become a prophet, and his name twice repeated, as by the whispers of unseen angels, calling, “Samuel! Samuel!” with what filial promptness does he respond, as to the call of Eli, his honored leader, “Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth!” In the history of Hannah we find not only a noble and self-sacrificing spirit of devoted piety, in the consecration of her cherished child to the perpetual service of the temple, but, in her hymn of thanksgiving, we cannot fail to discover a mind deeply imbued with the high and lofty sentiments of poetry and song.

Nero in manhood bears the marks of neglected youth—while Samuel shows the opposite of this in his fear of God, and ability to meet the responsibilities of a prophet. While the former persecuted and wasted the people of God, the latter cherished and watched over them with a parental love and affection. The one honored not only his mother, but the race to which she belonged—while the other slew her to whom he owed his being, and was a curse to his age and race. We may not charge this wholly to a mother’s influence, but “as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined”—and as the sapling leans, in the same direction do we see the inclination of the sturdy oak. Show us the man, and we will tell you what kind

of a mother watched over and guided his tender years—for manhood is but the reflection of childhood and youth.

Byron presents the saddest example of misapplied genius. What he might have been, had a wise, and good, and gentle mother trained that passionate but noble boy, we love sometimes to speculate on. What he was, with his unbridled passions, his misanthropy and madness, now, with his verse brightening, then burning, then blighting, the world but too well knows.

Yet let us speak with pity, if we may not with praise. All things seemed made to move him to bitterness. Let us remember his unrestrained childhood, his disappointed youth, his personal defect, his unhappy home before and after marriage, the contradictions he had to bear, the chafes and stings to his proud spirit; now the idol, then the scoff of the people.

He carried his worn-out body and blasted spirits to Greece, hoping there he would rekindle the old fires of genius and patriotism: but ere three months rolled around, ere he had lived out half his days, in the strange but noble soils of Missolonghi, Byron died. And Westminster denied him a resting place.

Edgar Allen Poe—the brightest star in the constellation of American genius—presents another striking illustration. Had he known a pure, peerless, Christian mother, filled with all the grace of cultured intellect, elevated feelings, and purified affections, he would not have set as he did in the murkiest gloom.

He was before his age, an angel touched with lunacy. One who, when he sent forth from the ark of his breast the dove, it came not back with the olive branch of peace, telling that the storm had ceased; but in at the

windows ever looked the black-winged Raven, singing, singing—"Nevermore! Nevermore!"

The head that teemed with rich and burning thoughts was one night pillowed in a kennel of a neighboring city; the parting sigh of that heart, once pregnant with celestial fire, was breathed out in a public hospital.

The mortal part of the most wonderful genius our country has produced lies unhonored in a Baltimore graveyard: he, who would have honored Westminster, of Old England, lies sleeping in Westminster, of Baltimore.

His harp is silent; its strings are broken; but as long as beautiful thoughts find lovers, the sad and radiant maiden, whom the angels called "Lenore," will thrill the hearts of man.

Vagrant in life, lonely in death, Poe has had the greatest misfortune to have his life traced and his writings criticized by one who could not appreciate, and did not do him justice. Thus you may see the superiority of the trainings of a virtuous mother.

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The first necessity of a boil, or sore, or wound, is to keep it moist; that keeps down inflammation, pain, mortification, and death. To do this a plain milk-and-bread poultice is the best, being accessible, simple, and safe—to say nothing of the advantage it has over many others, that it may be so readily re-moistened and thus cleaned off.

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Avoid fats and fat meats in summer, and in all warm days.

## DUTY OF MOTHERS.

MOTHERS best discharge their duty to the community, by training up those who shall give it strength and beauty. Their unwearied labors should coincide with the aspirations of the Psalmist, that their "sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; their daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." They would not wish to leave to society, where they had themselves found protection and solace, a bequest that would dishonor their memory.

Those who are mothers ought to feel peculiar solicitude with regard to the manner in which our daughters are reared. Being more constantly with us, and more entirely under our control than sons, they will naturally be considered as our representatives, the trustee tests of our system, the strongest witnesses to a future generation of our fidelity or neglect.

"Unless women," said the venerable Fellenberg, "are brought up with industrious and religious habits, it is vain that we educate the men; for they are the ones who keep the character of men in its proper elevation." Our duty to the community, which must be discharged by the education of a whole race, comprises many unobtrusive, almost invisible points, which in detail may seem trivial, or at least desultory, but which are still as important as the raindrop to the cistern, or the rill to the broad stream.

A long period allotted to study, a thorough implantation of domestic tastes, and a vigilant guardianship over simplicity of character, are essential to the daughters of



a republic. That it is wise to give the greatest possible extent to the season of tutelage, for those who have much to learn, is a self-evident proposition. If they are to teach others, it is doubly important. And there is no country on earth, where so many females are employed in teaching, as in our own. Indeed, from the position that educated women here maintain, it might not be difficult to establish the point, that they are all teachers, all forming other beings upon the model of their own example, however unconscious of the fact. To abridge the education of the educator, is to stint the culture of a plant, whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations."

I was delighted to hear a young lady say, at the age of nineteen, "I cannot bear to think yet of leaving school, I have scarcely begun to learn." With what propriety might she express this sentiment, though she was eminent both in studies and accomplishments—if the great Michael Angelo could adopt for his motto, in his ninetieth year—"ancora imparo"—"and yet I am learning."

It has unfortunately been too much the custom in our country, not only to shorten the period allotted to the education of our sex, but to fritter away even that brief period, in contradictory pursuits and pleasure. Parents have blindly lent their influence to this usage. To reform it, they must oppose the tide of fashion and opinion. Let them instruct their daughters to resist the principle of conforming in any respect to the example of those around them, unless it is rational in itself, and correctly applicable to them as individuals. A proper expenditure for one, would be ruinous extravagance in another. So, if some indiscreet mothers permit their young daughters to waste in elaborate dress and fashionable parties the

attention which should be devoted to study, need their example be quoted as a precedent? To do as others do, which is the rule of the unthinking, is often to copy bad taste and erring judgment. We use more discrimination in points of trifling import. We pause and compare patterns ere we purchase a garment, which, perchance, lasts but a single season. Why should we adopt with little inquiry, or on the strength of doubtful precedent, a habit, which may stamp the character of our children forever?

When circumstances require, the youngest girl should be taught not to fear to differ from her companions, either in costume, manners, or opinion. Singularity for its own sake, and every approach to eccentricity, should be deprecated and discouraged. Even necessary variations from those around, must be managed with delicacy, so as not to wound feelings, or exasperate prejudice. But she who dares not to be independent, when reason or duty dictates, will be in danger of forfeiting decision of character, perhaps integrity of principle.

Simple attire, and simple manner, are the natural ornaments of those who are obtaining their school education. They have the beauty of fitness, and the policy of leaving the mind free for its precious pursuits. Love of display, every step toward affectation, are destructive to the charms of that sweet season of life. Ceremonious visiting, where showy apparel, and late hours prevail, must be avoided. I feel painful sympathy for those mothers who expose their young daughters to such excitements, yet expect them to return, unimpaired and docile, to the restraints of school discipline. "Those who forsake useful studies," said an ancient philosopher, "for useless speculations, are like the Olympic gamesters, who abstained from

necessary labors, that they might be fit for such as were not so."

Shall I allude to the want of expediency, in exhibiting very young ladies in mixed society? Their faces become familiar to the public eye. The shrinking delicacy of their privileged period of life escapes. The dews of the morning are too suddenly exhaled. They get to be accounted old ere they are mature—more is expected of them than their unformed characters can yield—and if their discretion does not surpass their years, they may encounter severe criticism, perhaps calumny. When they should be just emerging as a fresh opened blossom, they are hackneyed to the common gaze, as the last year's *Souvenir*, which by courtesy or sufferance maintains a place on the centre-table, though its value has deteriorated. Is not the alternative either a premature marriage, or an obsolete continuance in the arena of fashion, with a somewhat mortifying adherence to the fortunes of new candidates, as, grade after grade, they assert their claims to fleeting admiration or vapid flattery?

How much more faithfully does the mother perform her duty, who brings forth to society no crude or superficial semblance of goodness, but the well-ripened of thorough, prayerful culture. Her daughter, associated with herself in domestic cares, at the same time she gathered the wealth of intellectual knowledge, is now qualified to take an active part in the sphere which she embellishes. Adorned with that simplicity which attracts every eye, when combined with good breeding and a right education, she is arrayed in a better panoply than the armor of Semiramis, or the wit and beauty of Cleopatra, for whom the Roman lost a world.

Simplicity of language, as well as of garb and manner, is a powerful ingredient in that art of pleasing which the young and lovely of our sex are supposed to study. The conversation of children is rich in this charm. Books intended for their instruction or amusement should consult their idiom. Ought not females to excel in the composition of elementary works for the juvenile intellect, associated as they are with it in its earliest and least constrained developments? The talented and learned man is prone to find himself embarrassed by such a labor. The more profound his researches in science and the knowledge of the world, the further must he retrace his steps to reach the level of infantine simplicity. Possibly he might ascend among the stars and feel at home; but to search for honey-dew in the bells of flowers, and among the moss-cups, needs the beak of the humming-bird or the wing of the butterfly. He must recall, with a painful effort, the far-off days when he "thought as a child, spake as a child, understood as a child." Fortunate will he be if the "strong meats" on which he has so long fed have not wholly indisposed him to relish the "milk of babes." If he is able to arrest the thoughts and feelings which charmed him when life was new, he will still be obliged to transfuse them into the dialect of childhood. He must write in a foreign idiom, where, not to be ungrammatical, is praise, and not utterly to fail is victory. Perhaps, in the attempt, he may be induced to exclaim, with the conscious majesty of Milton, "my mother bore me a speaker of that which God made my own, and not a translator."

It has been somewhere asserted that he who would agreeably instruct children must become the pupil of children. They are not, indeed, qualified to act as



guides among the steep cliffs of knowledge which they have never traversed; but they are most skilful conductors to the green plats of turf and the wild flowers that encircle its base. They best know where the violets and kingcups grow, which they have themselves gathered, and where the clear brook makes mirthful music in its pebbly bed.

Have you ever listened to a little girl telling a story to her younger brother or sister? What adaptation of subject, circumstances, and epithet? If she repeats what she has heard, how naturally does she simplify every train of thought. If she enters the region of invention, how wisely does she keep in view the taste and comprehension of her auditor. Ah, how powerful is that simplicity which so readily unlocks and rules the heart, and which, "seeming to have nothing, possesseth all things."

Those who are conversant with little children are not always disposed sufficiently to estimate them, or to allow them the high rank which they really hold in the scale of being. In regarding the acorn, we forget that it comprises within its tiny round the future oak. It is this want of prospective wisdom which occasions ignorant persons often to despise childhood, and renders some portions of its early training seasons of bitter bondage. "Knowledge is an impression of pleasure," said Lord Bacon. They who impart it to the young ought not to interfere with its original nature, or divide the toil from the reward. Educated females ought especially to keep bright the links between knowledge and happiness. This is one mode of evincing gratitude to the age in which they live, for the generosity with which it has

renounced those prejudices, which, in past times, circumscribed the intellectual culture of their sex.

May I be excused for repeatedly urging them to convince the community that it has lost nothing by this liberality? Let not the other sex be authorized in complaining that the firesides of their fathers were better regulated than their own. Give them no chance to throw odium upon knowledge from the faults of its allies and disciples. Rather let them see that, by a participation in the blessings of education, you are made better in every domestic department, in every relative duty—more ardent in every hallowed effort of benevolence and piety.

I cannot believe that the distaste for household industry, which some young ladies evince, is the necessary effect of a more expanded system of education. Is it not rather the abuse of that system? or may it not radically be the fault of the mother, in neglecting to mingle, day by day, domestic knowledge with intellectual culture?—in forgetting that the warp needs a woof, ere the rich tapestry can be perfect? I am not prepared to assert that our daughters have too much learning, though I may be compelled so concede that it is not always well balanced or judiciously used.

Education is not, indeed, confined to any one point of our existence, yet it assumes peculiar importance at that period when the mind is most ductile to every impression. Just at the dawn of that time we see the mother watching for the first faint tinge of intellect, “more than they who watch for the morning.” At her feet a whole generation sit as pupils. Let her learn her own value as the first educator, that, in proportion to the measure

of her influence she may acquit herself of her immense responsibilities.

Her debt to the community must be paid through her children, or through others whom she may rear up, to dignify and adorn it. Aristotle said, "the fate of empires depended on education." But that in woman dwelt any particle of that conservative power, escaped the scrutinizing eye of the philosopher of Greece. The far-sighted statesmen of our times have discovered it. A Prussian legislator, at the beginning of the present century, promulgated the principle, that "to the safety and regeneration of a people, a correct state of religious opinion and practice was essential, which could only be effected by proper attention to the early nurture of the mind." He foresaw the influence which the training of infancy would have upon the welfare of a nation.

Let our country go still further, and recognize in the nursery, and at the fireside, that hallowed agency which, more than the pomp of armies, shall guard her welfare and preserve her liberty. Trying as she is, in her own isolated sphere, the mighty experiment, whether a republic can ever be permanent—standing in need, as she does, of all the checks which she can command to curb faction, cupidity, and reckless competition—rich in resources, and therefore in danger from her own power—in danger from the very excess of her own happiness, from that knowledge which is the birthright of her people, unless there go forth with it a moral purity, guarding the unsheathed weapon—let not this, our dear country, slight the humblest instrument that may advance her safety, nor forget that the mother, kneeling by the cradle bed, hath her hand upon the ark of a nation.

## WOMAN.

How noble, how lofty, and full of most important duties, is the sphere of the gentle sex. Is there not magic in the eloquent name of sister? There is a duty to bind more closely around the heart by unceasing love and watchfulness, the sweetest of all ties. Unnatural must be the heart that can look upon the pure and guileless, united by such a tie, treading life's new paths, and not feel the deep beauty of this heaven-born blessing.

How important to cultivate in youth the disposition and affections, to watch the first glimmerings of a repining, an ungentle spirit, to repress an ungracious word, and to endeavor to pursue, steadily and without reproach, the straight and narrow path leading to happiness, and to the immortal strains of everlasting joy in the choirs of the pure of heaven.

To woman is entrusted the high privilege of guiding the infant spirit from its first wakening. If then the gentle affection of a sister has found in her bosom no answering sentiment, and the bright period of youth has been past idly by, how can the fond hopes of a father be realized, who would see the unshackled mind of the innocent committed to his charge, beaming with the reflection of all that is noble and beautiful.

The young spirit draws from the eye, guiding its dawning powers, the coloring of its future destiny. Upon a mother's breast, from the fount of her tenderness, its first thought of beauty springs. If sorrow cloud the brow of the mother, the tiny lip is convulsed, and the grieved spirit appears to participate in the unknown



cause, which shuts from its gaze the light of its parent's smile. If such be the case, how ought that mind to be disciplined, having an immortal spirit to lead aright through the uncertain paths of the world's allurements and deceits?

Upon woman depends the destiny of the nation! for she is rearing up senators and statesmen. Let her then strive for the meed of virtuous praise. Truly a woman in her purity is a "pearl of price," but in her degradation, to be shunned as to avoid infection.

Let then the preparation for the high duties of woman in youth, be guided by Christian hope and lofty aspirations. Let each moment of the precious period be devoted to acts of virtuous emulation, and let those "rose-buds in the wreath of our country's hope" be distinguished above all other nations for virtue and modesty, for cultivated minds and gentle manners.

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What a grand thing it is to have an unwavering faith in every word, and syllable, and letter of the sacred Scriptures! to feel that they are nothing less than utterances of the great Father of us all, to comfort, and guide, and cheer, and sustain in all life's pilgrimage!

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Look at the sunny-side of every event—for every bad there might be a worse. When a person breaks his leg, he should be very thankful it was not his neck.

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He who gives a pang, shall himself ten pangs receive.

## TO A MOTHER.

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is? It is an immortal being; destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy or miserable! You—the mother! You, who gave it birth, the mother of its body, are also the mother of its soul, for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided; its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? That child may be a liar. You can prevent it. It may be a drunkard. You can prevent it. It may be a thief. You can prevent it. It may be a murderer. You can prevent it. It may be an atheist. You can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself, and mischief to others. You can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before. You can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things. Will you, or will you not? Look at the innocent! Tell me again, will you save it? Will you watch over it, will you teach it, warn it, discipline it, subdue it, pray for it? Or will you in the vain search of pleasure, or in gayety, or fashion, or folly, or in the chase of some other bauble, or even in household cares, neglect the soul of your child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, to temptation, to ruin? Look again at the infant! Place your hand on its little heart! Shall that heart be deserted by its mother, to beat perchance in sorrow, disappointment, wretchedness, and despair? Place your ear on its side and hear that heart beat! How rapid and vigorous the strokes! How the blood

is thrown through the little veins! Think of it; that heart, in its vigor now, is the emblem of a spirit that will work with ceaseless pulsation for sorrow or joy forever.

#### SCOLDING.

There are some practices of parents which cannot be too severely condemned. One is a constant fretting at, and scolding of, children; a mistake often made by mothers, who can offer the excuse that they have so much to do as to render it impossible that anything should be well done. By this practice, the force of government is weakened, and the authority of the parent worn out. I never knew one who was perpetually correcting a child, that did not either establish him in habits of contempt of parental government or stultify his intellect. It is proper to remark here, too, that in no duty of life is example more important than in government. Let children see that the father and mother indulge angry looks or harsh words towards each other, and they get a bad lesson, which may never leave them. On the contrary, if they see those whom they most reverence and most love, habitually kind, gracious, and patient in their intercourse with one another, they will carry images in their hearts which will ever incline them to love and gentleness.

#### CORRECTING CHILDREN IN ANGER.

There is another common error which may need to be noticed, that of correcting a child hastily and harshly, and then, feeling that injustice has been done, to compensate him by some soothing sugar-plum or honeyed

apology. It is not easy to conceive of anything more likely to degrade the parent in the eyes of its offspring than such inconsiderate folly—nothing more sure to destroy his influence over the mind, to harden the young heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold in sin. In proportion as the parent sinks in his esteem, self-conceit grows up in the mind of the undutiful child. Young people, as well as old, pay great respect to consistency, and, on the contrary, despise those whose conduct is marked with caprice. The sacred relation of parent is no protection against this contempt. Those, therefore, who would preserve their influence over their children, who would keep hold of the reins that may guide them in periods of danger, and save them from probable ruin, must take care not to exhibit themselves as governed by passion or whim, rather than fixed principles of justice and duty.

#### PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

There is another fatal danger in family government, from which I would warn every parent, and that is partiality. It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have their favorite child. From this two evils result. In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child; and the “flower of the family” seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part of the household feels envy towards the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life, a sense of wrong is planted by the parent’s hand in the hearts of a part of his family, an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring by him who should instil into it, by every



word and deed, the holy principles of equity. This is a subject of great importance, and I commend it to the particular notice of all parents.

I have seen a mother, who had two daughters, select one, for no apparent cause, as the object of particular affection. The daughters grew up and had families. For a long time they continued to entertain undisturbed affection for each other. But the mother's preference of one, and of all that belonged to her, though attempted to be concealed, could not be disguised. This gradually introduced a feeling of jealousy between the sisters. Insensibly they became estranged; the two families also began to indulge a spirit of rivalry. They became watchful of each other's words, dress, and demeanor. They grew mutually captious and at last censorious. The result was, that while the two families maintained an ostensible friendship, there was underneath this disguise a real hatred of each other. Thus a mother's selfish and unreasonable indulgence of a whim sowed discord among her children, and entailed misery upon her descendants. Nor is this a solitary instance. Parents seem peculiarly exposed to this error in the administration of family government. Let them be on their guard. Let them treat their several children with an even hand, and, if they wish peace in their family, discourage uncles and aunts, grandmothers and grandfathers, from selecting one of their children as a special favorite. Such things seldom come to good. If the pet gets at length some niggard legacy as a token of regard, it is usually bought too dear, even if it do not bring a curse on the recipient. If, indeed, it should seem a benefit to him on whom it is bestowed, the jealous envy excited in the other members of the family, and the consequent alienation of good-will,

are poorly compensated by it. Such partialities on the part of rich relations are often wholly selfish, and should be rather shunned than coveted by parents. Their children can do without legacies, but they cannot afford to be subject to the disturbing influence of partiality.

#### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

As connected with this question of motives, there have been also much doubt and discussion in regard to punishments. Corporal punishments have been altogether discarded, by many, as degrading to human nature and injurious to the subjects of such discipline. But I am disposed to think that he who recommends to parents not to spare the rod, understood this subject better than those modern reformers. It may be that Vicessimus Knox, the prince of pedagogues, who laid an average of fifty lashes a day upon the backs of his scholars for some forty years, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a great friend of flogging, and some others, have quoted Solomon in behalf of a severe system of discipline. If so, it is not the first time that Holy Writ has been wrested from its true meaning, and made the instrument by which men have vindicated their own misdoings. But the truth here, as in many other cases, lies between the extremes. Corporal punishment is seldom necessary; but almost every parent who has dealt faithfully with his children has found some occasion when the injunction, "spare not the rod," came with the emphasis of inspiration to his breast. It may be that the actual necessity for this form of punishment never occurs in respect to some children; but almost every child, before he is thoroughly trained in obedience, has at least one sharp struggle with

his parent, in which some decisive and humiliating mark of disapprobation is demanded.

It should not, however, be overlooked that the necessity of punishment depends very much upon the manner in which children are treated. The greatest floggers have usually the most disobedient children. I once knew a busy, scouring farmer's wife, with a large family, the eldest fifteen years old, the youngest three. She seldom crossed the room without making some one of them stagger with a vixenish slap on the side of the head. Yet they were, without exception, the most noisy, mischievous, rebellious reprobates that I ever saw. The discipline of this mother was obviously not corrective, but nutritive of the vicious habits of children. The more she flogged the more their disobedience flourished. Her ill-judged castigation operated like a partial hoeing among weeds, which only makes them grow the faster. I have seen, on the other hand, a teacher of a seminary, consisting of eighty boys, succeed in governing the whole school, while the heaviest punishment ever inflicted was that of making a boy lie in bed for a whole day. This teacher had a peculiar tact for his profession; but a large part of his skill lay in imperturbable cheerfulness of manner, and an equanimity of temper which never deserted him. These prevented his being thrown off his guard, secured him the good-will and confidence of his pupils, and inclined them at the outset to comply with his requisitions.

#### HOME EDUCATION.

There are two mistakes current in society, both of which have been incidentally touched upon, but which

deserve to be placed more directly before the reader. The first is, that the whole duty of a parent, so far as respects education, is discharged by sending children regularly to school; the second, that, although parents must attend to the physical and moral culture of their offspring, their minds, at least, may be left wholly to the schoolmaster. The reader may feel that the former of these propositions has been sufficiently noticed, and I therefore remark only that school instruction never can supersede the necessity of vigilant parental teaching and training at the fireside. If a comparison were to be made between the two, I should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education: for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral, and mental habits are laid; it is at home where abiding tastes are engendered; it is at home where lasting opinions are formed.

The other error, that the minds of children may be wholly left to school instructors, has also been noticed; but it is worthy of more special comment. It may be true that some children, without counsel or guidance, may have that docility of temper and expertness of intellect which will lead them to take ready advantage of the means of instruction afforded at the schools. But these cases are very rare; and in all instances, children will study with livelier relish if they see that their parents are interested in their progress. If parents look over their lessons with them, and approve or condemn as they are attentive or negligent, they will be quickened

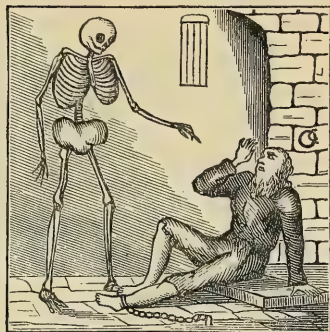


by a sense of responsibility. If parents aid them in the mastery of difficulties, and teach them to think and reflect upon their studies, they will not only be cheered by the assistance, but will find, in the exercise thus given to their minds, that delight, which the young bird feels as he first tries his wings and discovers the joyous power they bestow. An experienced and sagacious teacher told me that he had one child in his school whose parents treated him in this way, and that, although he had moderate abilities, he was one of the best and most successful of his pupils. Is it not a mistake of parents, then, to give all their thoughts and devote all their time to mere worldly cares, and leave the minds of their children to accident? For what employment more delightful than to train the youthful intellect? what occupation so full of pleasure as to lead one's own child forth in the paths of knowledge, and, like Adam, when the world was new, give names and characters to all around? what pursuit so profitable to the child itself, for whose benefit we are willing to toil, as to teach him the danger of the way, aid him in surmounting difficulties, and at last unfold to him the world of truth which lies outspread to the view of the beholder?

Say, ye parents, if ye would make an investment for your children, is it better to make it in cash or in wisdom? Is it better to lay up treasure in the bank, where the moth and rust may corrupt, and where thieves may break through and steal, or in the mind, whose stores are imperishable?

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Parents, have a ceaseless eye to what your younger children read.



## DEATH AND THE CAPTIVE.

LIBERTY! Liberty! thou hast heard  
 My weary prayer at length,  
 But the plumeless wing of the captive bird  
 Is shorn of its buoyant strength;  
 I am too weary now to roam  
 Through sunlight and the air,  
 To bear me to my mountain home,  
 Or joy if I were there.

Liberty! Liberty! thou hast been  
 The prayer of my burning heart,  
 Till the silent thoughts that were within  
 Into life and form would start;  
 And, oh! the glorious dreams that roll'd,  
 Like scenes of things that be  
 And voices of the night that told—  
 “The captive and the earth are free!”

Liberty! Liberty! I have prayed  
 To see thy form again,  
 And borne, with spirit undecayed,  
 The dungeon and the chain;

But darkling art thou come to me  
In silence and in dread,  
And round thee many a form I see  
Of thine own tombless dead.

Oh ! altered is that glorious mien,  
That burning brow of pride,  
That shone before me in the scene  
Where patriot thousands died ;  
Oh ! changed since when I bore the brand  
In glory and in youth,  
And saw my leagued brothers stand  
For Freedom and the truth.

Long years of woe have chill'd my breast,  
And faint my spirit grows,—  
Here now my drooping head might rest,  
And here could find repose ;  
But darkly as thy shadow gleams  
Before my weary gaze,  
Thou hast brought back the blessed dreams  
Of youth's unclouded days.

Oh ! lead me forth where'er thy reign,  
Where'er thy dwelling be ;  
I would bear all I've borne again,  
To feel one moment free ;  
To feel my soul no longer press'd  
By this dim night of woe,—  
To know, where'er this heart may rest,  
The living light shall flow.

Frown not ! I once could brave for thee  
The dagger at my side,—  
And I have borne the misery  
That few could bear beside.  
There were who loved me—where are they ?  
Friends, country, home, and name,—  
They have passed like a dream away,  
But left my heart the same.

I've bartered all to see thee smile  
Upon my native shore ;  
Nor change I, though my rest the while  
Be on a dungeon-floor.  
The love of woman, or man's praise,  
I sigh not now for them,—  
It is enough that distant days  
Shall wear the diadem.

Yet leave me not again to lie  
Through untold years of gloom,  
I would once more behold the sky  
And earth's unwasted bloom ;  
Nor yet hath hung the chilly air  
So murky in my cell,—  
The heavy darkness seems to glare,  
The dreary night-gales swell.

And art thou she—the holy one !  
Whose banner o'er the world,  
Before their destined race was run,  
Chiefs, prophets, saints, unfurled ;  
29



Art thou the starry form that bowed  
Beside the patriot's shield,  
When, with clos'd lips and bosom proud,  
They bore him from the field ?

Thou art not she,—I know thee now !  
The glorious dream is past,—  
There is a fever on my brow,  
And life is ebbing fast.  
Unmoved I bow me to thy power,  
Stern friend of human kind !  
Thou canst not make the spirit cower,  
A dungeon could not bind.

## THE CAPTIVE.

To me, at once, without conditions yield,  
For I have ransom'd thee with my own blood  
From that dark dungeon where thou ly'st confin'd  
And built thee an abode beyond the stars,  
Where uncreated light forever shines,  
And night approaches not eternal day :—  
Thy name is deep engraven on my hands,  
And deeper still recorded in my heart.  
And, by my own Almighty Self I swear,  
Though earth and hell against thee should unite,  
I'll never leave thee nor forsake thee once,  
Till all those walls and bulwarks, built of sin,  
With which thou art so strong encompass'd round.  
Are levell'd with the dust beneath thy feet,  
And not one stone upon another stands  
Thy passage to my glory to impede ;  
Till I have purg'd thee from the deepest stains,

With which thy heart by sin is blotted through,  
And all thy thoughts defiled; till thy mind  
Now thick envelop'd round with ignorance,  
One blaze of pure intelligence becomes;  
Till thou, discerning, by the light I give,  
The excellency of my matchless grace.

## THE CAPTIVE'S RELEASE.

Who treads my dungeon, wild and pale?  
Or do my weary eyeballs fail?  
And art thou of the shapes that swim  
Across my midnight, sad and dim,  
Where in one deep confusion blend  
The forms of enemy and friend,  
Shut out by mountain and by wave,  
Or slumbering in the ancient grave?

Ha! fearful Thing?—I know thee now,  
Thy hollow eye, thy bony brow,—  
I feel thy chill, sepulchral breath;  
Spare me,—dark King! pale Terror! Death!  
Still let me on this bed of stone,  
Pour to the night the captive's groan;  
Still wither in the captive's chain,—  
Still struggle, hope, in vain—in vain;  
Still live the slave of others' will,—  
But let me live, grim Spectre, still!  
I faint; thy touch is on me now—  
I feel no sting, no fiery throe:  
My fetters fall beneath thy hand!  
I see thee now before me stand,

No shape of fear! My fading eyes  
Behold thee, Servant of the Skies!  
Crowns thy bright brow the immortal wreath  
Celestial odors round thee breathe,  
Spreads on the air thy splendid plume,—  
Welcome, thou Angel of the Tomb!

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We earnestly advise young men to let the character of the mother have a large influence in determining their choice of a wife—a choice which makes or mars the lot of life, and often moulds the destiny beyond.

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Many a person has dropped dead at the pump, or at the spring; such a result is more certain, if, in addition to the person being very warm at the time of drinking, there is also great bodily fatigue.

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A single teaspoonful of vinegar in each glass of water will effectually prevent any ill-effects from using the water of limestone localities by those accustomed to other kinds of drinking-water.

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Getting out of a warm bed, and going to an open door or window, has been the death of multitudes.

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All locomotion should be avoided when the bowels are thin, watery, or weakened.



## THE LOST TREASURE.

Idol of all, the world's imperial lord,

Thou peerless bullion dug from sleeping earth,  
As sways the despot o'er his fetter'd horde,

So thousands bow the minions of thy worth:—  
To groans and midnight tears thou givest birth,

Enchanting master of the frown and smile;  
Alike creator of our woes and mirth,

The nurse of cloudy hate, and venom'd guile,  
Diffusing mantling grandeur on the tumid vile!

Thou yellow slave of Eastern rifled mine,

There gleams from thee a long unweakened charm:  
A fatal essence is forever thine

That time's corroding changes cannot harm;  
The same magnetic spell in every form—

A dumb memorial of the ages fled,  
When love for thee woke up the civic storm;—  
For thee, the pulsing breast was gored and red,  
And savage warriors trampled on the piling dead:

There is a moral on thy graven face,

When, damp before us, from thy burial-ground,



With eager ken, we scan the fading trace  
Of some triumphant record, crusted round;  
Or regal brow, with braided garland bound.  
Where now is he, the image of thy rust?  
The tyrant, perhaps, that made the war-whoop sound,  
And vanquished cities rear his sculptured bust—  
Like thee, disfigured remnant of his wormy dust!

In burning zones, and far exotic clime,  
Where gorgeous nature daunts the lifted eye,—  
The daring Briton wastes his lusty prime,  
Apart from native hills, and genial sky:  
The dripping tears of love—th' unbosomed sigh,  
The farewell pang prophetic—all forgot!  
When, flushed, his pluming spirit longs to fly  
From thrifty ease and patrimonial spot—  
And slow return with wealth and fevered veins his lot!

With sinking cheek, pale lip, and pensive glance,  
And locks that pine upon their heated brow,  
Alone, with pauseful step, and mute advance,  
Behold a martyred genius passing now!  
His eyes still flashed,—but mournful shadows throw  
Betraying sadness round his inward gloom:  
The soul is lit, inspired,—but poor, and low,  
No gold creative to resist his doom,  
Like sunshine's fading light, he weakens to the tomb.

On clotted turf, within a murky vale,  
The blood-red dagger in his quaking hand,  
His guilty visage hued by moonlight pale,—  
The murderer bodes—as if Remorse's wand

Had fixed him there. Upon the still brigand  
The victim opes his eyes—which then reclose,  
While from his wounds the bubbling streams expand :  
For gold, thus, oft the wasted life-spring flows—  
For thee, vile ore, how many woo the grave's repose !

A long farewell endears the faithful soul,  
And warmer kindness will spring up from woe,—  
But spelling gold perverts the heart's control,  
And finds a parent for the infant's foe !  
Malignant guile, the darksome traitor's blow,  
The death-bed curse, and lip of venom'd scorn,—  
The sternest pangs enduring hearts can know,  
Are but the deeds of gold :—and years unborn,  
Shall bring thine endless victims, that for thee shall  
mourn.

But see ! thy abject slave :—a lurking fear,  
Spreads o'er his face a dark prevailing shade ;  
Wakeful, though scowled his gaze :—that icy sneer,  
Before whose chill a baby smile would fade,—  
Is th' intense pride of treasure unbetrayed :  
Few are his words—in them the wily tone  
Conveys reserveful dread ; as if it bade  
The miser fear himself—for wealth once known,  
'Twould seem departed though it still remained his  
own !

A miser's heart is like the damp cold tomb,  
Embalming but the noisome ;—dark abode  
Of blighted feeling and of selfish gloom :  
And yet 'tis not repose ; a burdening load  
Of teasing dreams, at home, and on the road,  
From risen morn till eve—prevent his rest :  
One haunting thought, the self-inflicted goad,

Is ever at his soul. With heavy breast  
And pulsing terror, is his canvas pillow pressed !

This beauteous world, and its enchanting scene,  
The silken clouds of morn, and moony night,  
The tinted fruits, and meadow's matchless green,—  
Its flowers and streams—for him yield no delight !  
The sunbeams warm his brow, and bless his sight,  
The breezes kiss his lips—but he's the same :—  
As if his mind was darkened o'er with blight,  
And Nature quite unfelt—a gloomy frame  
Where all, but avarice, is motionless and tame.

And has he bliss ?—'tis buried in the ground !  
No kindly ease is bought above : vile, mean,  
Blank to the eye, and deaf to sorrow's sound,  
With unpartaking modes and bilious spleen,  
He crawls his way—unsought and seldom seen :—  
Strange homage this, that Fancy gets  
For her delusions ! E'er since time hath been,  
Hearts weave their own deceits :—the miser frets,  
But bears the willing thraldom while his soul regrets !

With lowering front, and dim withdrawing eye,  
Suspiciously he creeps :—his morbid glance  
Turned round on heaven and earth most fretfully ;—  
Disturbing fears, as near his steps advance  
To see the buried gold—and hopeful trance,—  
Attend him with their phantoms. Each limb shakes,  
And tremulous, the chills of dubious chance  
Thrill through her person :—till again he takes  
Another glutting stare,—oh ! how his bosom aches !

The spot is gained:—beneath a tree decayed

His treasure's hid. Upon its topmost bough  
A raven sits—foreboding hope betrayed.

Here, on the ground, the miser kneeling now,  
Digs up the turf:—but list! the shrieking vow

And arms infuriate raised—the torture trace  
Proclaim the heap is gone!—no tears can flow,

But inward anguish maddens in grimace,

While Death, with mocking purse, grins in his martyr's face.

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Let it be remembered that it is not the medicine advised by the educated physician which has done the world so much injury, but it is the physic which people swallow on their own responsibility. When a narrow-minded person gets sick, he “calculates the saving it will be to him to give twenty-five cents for a box of pills instead of employing a physician,” besides avoiding the discomfort of “a course of medicine,” as it is called. This answers for a while in many cases, but it is ultimately disastrous, and health and life are the fearful forfeit.

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More persons are destroyed by eating too much than by drinking too much. Gluttony kills more than drunkenness in civilized society.

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Neither the cold nor the fervid, but characters uniformly warm, are formed for friendship.





## THE EMPIRIC.

QUACKS! high and low—whate'er your occupation—

I hate ye all! but, ye remorseless crew,  
Who, with your nostrums, thin the population,

A more especial hate I bear towards you—  
You who're regardless if you kill or cure,—  
Who lives or dies—so that of fees you're sure!

“What,” saith the moralist, “are there any found  
So base, so wondrous pitiful?”—“Aye, many:—  
In this metropolis vile quacks abound,

Who'd poison you outright to get a penny;—  
Monsters! who'd recklessly deal death around,  
'Till the whole globe were one vast burial ground.”

“Rail on! abuse us, sir!” cries Doctor Pill,

“While you're in health it all sounds mighty clever;  
But if, perchance, again you're taken ill,

I shall be sent for just the same as ever;  
When groaning with the gout, or teased with phthisic,  
You'll gladly call me in, and take my physic!”

Save me, kind friends, from Doctor Pill, I pray!

And try to find an honest one and skilful—

Like Doctor Condurango or Surgeon Wray,

Whom none can charge with blunders, weak or wilful;

But let no quack approach my humble bed,

To feel my pulse, and shake his empty head!

Rather would I “throw physic to the dogs;”

For, oh! through quacks, what ills from physic flow!

It saps our vitals—all our functions clogs—

And makes our lives a scene of pain and woe:

Alas! what tortures patients undergo,

None but the suffering quack-duped patients know!

And if, by chance, you 'scape their murderous fangs,

Gods! what a fuss they make about your cure!

But if, worn out with agonizing pangs,

You die—why, then, the malady was sure

To kill!—in truth, 'twas wonderful, they'll say,

That Death so long could have been kept away!

See yon poor wretch! mere effigy of man!

He'd faith!—and all their “grand specifics” tried;

For while he trusted to the charlatan,

He little thought grim Death was by his side:

And yet to him the Tyrant prov'd a friend,

By bringing all his torments to an end.

Oh, bounteous Nature! friend of human kind!

Who every heartfelt joy of life dispenses,

To their best interests were not mortals blind,

Or would but rightly use their boasted senses,

They'd gratefully obey thy wise commands,

Nor trust their lives in sordid emp'rics' hands.



## UNWELCOME OFFICIOUSNESS.

DEATH NURSING THE INFANT IN THE ABSENCE OF THE  
MOTHER, WHO HAS GONE TO A BALL.

TO THE MOTHER.

NAY! youthful mother, do not fly,  
Though pleasure lure, and flatt'ry court thee,  
Soothe thy sick infant's moaning cry,  
And wake the smile that must transport thee.

Life has no charm so deep, so dear,  
As that soft tie thou blindly leavest—  
No love so constant and sincere  
As that which fills the heart thou grievest.

In all the bloom of beauty's pride,  
In all ambition's vainest splendor,  
Ne'er was thy woman's heart supplied  
With bliss so pure, with joy so tender.

Canst thou forsake that joy so soon?  
Canst thou forget the lips that bless'd thee,

When, bending o'er this precious boon,  
The Father wept whilst he caress'd thee?

Is it for gauds of dress and dance,  
Thou canst renounce a claim so holy,  
To win the warm, insulting glance,  
And woo the praise of idle folly?

Then go!—a fair, but fragile flower,  
A dazzling, heartless, careless beauty,  
To risk thy fame—to lose thy power—  
That power which dwells alone with duty.

Go!—and thy bosom's lord offend,  
Consign thy suff'ring babe to sorrow—  
Death, the kind nurse, its woes will end—  
Thy boy shall grace his arms to-morrow.

#### THE BALL.

“Even if I were not prevented by this unlooked-for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to-night, my love,” said the Honorable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, “you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look how the pulses throb in its little throat, Sophia!”

“So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker and Caudle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Dr. Davis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I ought to go.”



“You would not leave my boy, Lady Sophia, if”—

“Not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it ill; but I do not believe it is so—I see nothing particular about the child, for my part.”

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something which she felt assured was particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, “Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing, and should it prove so, mamma will not leave you for the world.”

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation struggling for accustomed indulgence; and as he bade her good-by, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it on the whole better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival, and wore the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should, by appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty (unaccompanied by that person whose appearance would instantly recall the sense of her engagement), indispose his heart for that happy connection to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words ; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to “witch the world” with her beauty ; and whilst in this humor she called her maid to show her the turban and dress “in which she intended to appear.”

“Lauk, my lady ! why sure you intends it yet—did ever any body hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home when you are all prepared ? Why, you’ve been out of sight ever so long because you was not fit to be seen, as one may say ; but now that you are more beautifuller than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—do pray, my lady, begin directly—ah ! I knows what I know. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume ; cold broth is soon warm, they say.”

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high-born and highly educated Lady Sophia ? Alas ! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others in a sphere distinct from our own.

The new dress was tried on ; its effects extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty whose charms were always most striking when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced,

and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance, she determined to remain at home, but unfortunately reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor; 'tis true she left messages and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties, but she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible.

But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when at least the adoration of eyes saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore critically situated; and as "in the midst of life we are in death," so she proved that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gayety more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements, and she became at length so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom, and hear herself as much condoled with on her looks as she had a few hours before been congratulated; she felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not

less on account of herself than her child ; and whilst in this state of perplexity was summoned to her carriage by her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home, as well as from herself, had increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical ; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly, and esteemed her so highly. These emotions combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death. Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health ; but when she left her chamber, she became sensible that although pity and kindness were shown to her situation, esteem and confidence were withdrawn. She had no child to divert the melancholy of her solitary hours, and, what was of more consequence, no husband who could condole with her on its loss—silence of the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on the subject, which recurred to him with renewed pain when his anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, though no longer invaluable.

And all this misery, the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress and an ignorant

waiting-maid—a risk so full of danger and so fatal in effect, was incurred to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction, and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection, and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

#### TO MY INFANT.

Forever gone!—sweet bud of spring!

Yes; from its parent stem 'tis riven!  
Scarce had it drank the morning dew,  
Or oped its petals to our view,  
Ere destined 'twas aside to fling  
Its earthly form, and bloom in Heaven!

But ah! our prospects—oh how vain!

Our anxious cares—oh, how requited!  
A Mother's love—a Father's pride—  
How near to misery allied!  
Their joy how soon exchanged for pain!  
Their every hope, how quickly blighted!

And is it weakness, then, to mourn,

When thus our dearest hopes are thwarted?  
When in the arms of icy Death  
A spotless babe resigns its breath;  
To see it from its kindred torn—  
A Mother from her infant parted?

---

Books are leaves thrown, to sink or swim, into the stream  
of time, by a being who soon plunges in after them.



## CONTENTMENT,

## THE TRUE ALCHEMY OF LIFE.

AGES roll on ; but man, unchanging still,  
 O'er Mammon's furnace bends with ceaseless care,  
 Fans it with sighs, and seeks, with subtlest skill,  
 The mystic stone ;—yet never finds it *there*.

What if possessed ?—its price is faded health ;  
 Death comes at last, and speaks these words of Fate :—  
 “ If all were gold, then gold no more were wealth ! ”  
 Too fatal truth !—and learnt, alas ! too late !

Contentment ! angel of the placid brow !  
*Thine* is the bright and never-fading gem—  
 The stone of *true* philosophy, which thou  
 Hast placed beyond the regal diadem.

Sweet Alchemist ! for thee how few will spurn  
 Wealth's glittering chains, though happier far to hold  
 That hallowed talisman whose touch can turn  
 Life's seeming ills to more than Fortune's gold.

Thine is the Eldorado of the heart :  
 The halcyon clime of cloudless peace is thine :  
 Angel ! to me that sacred gift impart,  
 And let me ever worship at thy shrine.



## TO DEATH.

## SONNET I.

THE night is waning, and the moon-eyed owl,  
 Long since hath hooted from her lone retreat  
 The last dark hour which suits my walk with Death.  
 All now is fresh and fair; the o'er-watching heavens  
 Are full of eyes, and see too much of earth:  
 The sullen ocean, in its hollow bed,  
 Lies hushed, or doth but murmur in its sleep,  
 Dreaming of storms: the clouds, that late were big,  
 Have proved abortive; and yon gleaming dawn  
 Forebodes a day that suits not with my mood.  
 O Death! my lonely bosom's only love,  
 Why dost thou linger?

## SONNET II.

Lord of the silent tomb! relentless Death!  
 Fierce victor and destroyer of the World!  
 How stern thy power! The shafts of fate are hurled  
 By thine unerring arm;—and swift as breath  
 Fades from the burnished mirror,—as the wreath

Of flaky smoke, from cottage roofs upcurled,  
Melts in cerulean air—as sear leaves whirled  
Along autumnal streams—as o’er the heath  
The forms of twilight vanish—so depart,  
Nor leave a trace of their oblivious way,  
The meteor—dreams of man! awhile the heart  
Of eager Folly swells—his bubbles gay  
Float on the passing breeze—but ah! thy dart  
Soon breaks each glittering spell of Life’s delusive day!

## SONNET III.

Insatiate fiend! at thy blood-dropping shrine  
In vain unnumbered victims wait thy will;  
The life-streams of the earth, thy thirst of ill  
Shall never quench, till that bright morning shine  
That bursts the sleep of ages. All repine  
At thy severe decrees; and thy terrors thrill  
The hero and the sage, though pride may still  
The voice that would reveal them. Hopes divine,  
Of Faith and Virtue born, alone may cheer  
Mortality’s inevitable hour.  
Nor frenzied prayer, or agonizing tear,  
May check thine arm, or mitigate thy power.  
Ruin’s resistless sceptre is thy dower,  
Thy throne, a world—thy couch, Creation’s bier!

---

An article may not agree with the stomach to-day, but may agree with it very well in a few days, weeks, or months afterwards, because its distinctive elements may then be needed in the system.



## SLOTHFULNESS.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise:

Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,

Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man.

Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.

The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labour.

As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed.

The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;

And lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction.

The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.

He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.

As vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

The opposite of the virtue just treated, is here most strikingly and graphically portrayed. Solomon dwells emphatically on the vice of slothfulness, as if his soul had been disgusted with numerous examples of it in practical life around him. It is the besetting sin of oriental countries, which is, in a measure, to be attributed to the enervating influence of climate; but even under these circumstances it is inexcusable. To their inhabitants, rest and inaction constitute the chief luxury of life, and it requires determination of mind to shake off this indolence of disposition. Numerous examples of it are not wanting even where the influence of climate cannot be pleaded as an apology. The occupations of regular business are to many an intolerable burden; and did not necessity compel exertion, they would doze away existence in doing nothing.

Slothfulness is not merely a negative quality, but a positive vice. Its example is pernicious to the community, and its prevalence would loosen the bonds of society. The workshops would be deserted, the fields lie untilled, commerce cease, and literature have no ardent students; and the ultimate consequence would be, that the supply of the necessities and comforts of life would be cut off.

Where this disposition is indulged it soon brings its just reward. Solomon graphically depicts the estate of the sluggard, which has run to waste while he folds his hands to sleep. Did its consequences stop there, it would be a limited evil, as its effects would be chiefly confined to the delinquents themselves; but it is a diffusive poison, and as the encourager and promoter of all other vices, it becomes seriously hurtful to the community. Those who cast away the restraints of



regular occupation are the devil's readiest instruments for every evil work. The slothful would rather beg and steal than work, and the mass of those who crowd the almshouses and jails, as paupers and felons, may trace their degradation and ruin to their disinclination for industrious habits. Let the words of the wise man be pondered, and from the fate of the sluggard let us receive instruction. If bodily sloth is so injurious, how much more, our souls, is spiritual sluggishness! Thou hast a great work to perform; there are impetuous lusts to be crucified, an ensnaring world to be overcome, and a heaven to win, and canst thou afford to be idle? Cease to be vigilant, and thou wilt be surprised; neglect thy work, and adversity will seduce thee into service. Remember that here is not thy rest, but thou lookest for one to come. Whatever, then, thou findest to do, do it with thy might, for the night cometh when no man can work. To the faithful steward alone shall the welcome be given, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the palace prepared for thee."

Give ear, Reader, to Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, shall see the misery of the world instead of happiness; know that the decline of life will be shortened by shame and grief; the hand of death is about to put an end to it. You have lost that which can never be restored; you have seen the sun rise and set for years, an idle gazer on the light of heaven. The kid forsakes the teat, and learns by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance; you only have

made no advances, and remain helpless and ignorant. The moon in its many changes admonished you of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before your feet up-braided your inactivity; forty years have passed, who shall restore them?

---

*Spleen.*

Canker of Life! beneath whose baneful sway  
The kind affections wither and decay,  
Whose torpid influence, and whose dark control  
Can "freeze the genial current of the soul;"  
With self-inflicted fears the bosom's lord  
In every dreaded semblance finds accord,  
Shaping a horrid chaos on the brain,  
To forms and colors of the darkest stain.—  
Ah, wherefore had the tyrant-monster birth,  
To blot the fairest prospects of the earth?  
Veiling the richest treasures of the skies,—  
Damping the sounds of pleasure as they rise,—  
Stamping its horrid coinage on the thought,  
Where the base image into vision's brought!  
'Tis like a substance—that we cannot hold;  
Speaks like a legend—that may not be told:  
Whose import's felt—imparted without breath—  
Shades to the sight—but every shade a Death.

---

Anger punishes itself.

To receive an injury is to be wounded; but to forgive  
and to forget it, is the cure.

Anger is the fever and frenzy of the soul.

Anger is a sworn enemy.



## BOOKED FOR A PASSAGE TO THE OLD ONE.

GOD forbid that a murderer should die  
 Without his share of the laws !  
 So I nimbly threw my tackle out,  
 And soon tied up his jaws.  
 I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,  
 And solemnly tried the cause.

---

Rum intoxicates the toper ; love the amorous ; and  
 prosperity the fool.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

A quiet tongue shows a wise head.

A good reputation is a fair estate.

A fault, once denied, is twice committed.

A wound is not cured by the unbending of the bow.

Withhold not thine hand from showing mercy to the  
 poor.

A penny-worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

Mischiefs come by the pound, and go away by the  
 ounce.

## HINTS FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

FROM the first quickening of a new creature, the first vital power is communicated. How *much* must the *perfection* or *imperfection* of the *produce* be determined by a perfect or imperfect, sound or diseased condition. Though the father, without doubt, is the original source from which the future being acquires its first quickening, its earliest breath of life, the general mass and most material part proceeds entirely from the mother. The latter is the soil from which the seed derives its juices; and the future constitution, the proper substance of the child, must principally assume the character of the being of whom it makes so long a part, and of whose flesh and blood it is actually composed. How very necessary it is then for woman to pay great attention to this period, and to observe a good moral as well as physical regimen; for they have then in their power the degree of perfection or imperfection, of the good or bad structure, of the mind and body of their child. Men in general should have respect for woman during that critical period; they should treat her with every care, tenderness, and attention. Every husband, in particular, ought to make this a duty; and to reflect that he thereby watches over the life and health of his offspring, and deserves in the fullest sense, the title of *father*. In some hour of silent meditation this may fall into the hands of a mother; and the duties it recommends can be performed even while engaged in the common business of the family. It is no fiction of poetry that, "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." When the mind begins to open,

and the attention is first arrested by the objects that surround us, much depends upon *her* who in that tender period shall make the first impressions upon that mind, and first directs its attention. It is then the *mother* has an access and an influence, which cannot be attained at any other period. The first inquiries of the little infant must be answered by *her* who gave it birth. As he gazes upon those twinkling stars that glitter in the evening sky, and asks "Who made those shining things?" it is a mother's duty to tell the prattler of that great and good Being, who dwells in the heavens, and who is the Father of all our mercies. And as the mind enlarges, the mother tells the little listener of that Jesus who lay in a manger, and died on a cross. And when she softens its pillow for its nightly slumbers, and watches its closing eyes, it is her privilege to hear it lisp "Our Father," and direct it to love that Father whose name it so early speaks. Let this golden opportunity pass, these days of childhood roll away, and the mind be filled only with fable stories and sportive songs, and the precious immortal is trained for some other state than the paradise above. Do you say that you are *ignorant*, and not capable of giving instruction? As your child clings to your bosom, he directs his inquiring countenance to you for some interesting story; you know enough to tell him of some hero or king, and cannot you tell him of the King of Zion, the Prince of Peace? And what more could the learned philosopher tell this infant's mind? You are *unknown* and *obscure*, did you say? But you are known to your child, and your influence there is greater than that of a legislator or general. Your words are received with confidence, and "my *mother told me so*" is an argument of sufficient weight to convince the child



of the most important truths. Here you have an influence which no other creature can have, and can exert it in circumstances the most favorable. It is not to open to a son the stores of science, that may qualify him to rank among the learned and wise of the world; it is not to adorn a daughter with those accomplishments which shall attract the attention of those who crowd the halls of pleasure, or move in the circle of refinement and fashion. But the object is far more noble, more worthy the undivided attention of those who live for immortality.

---

Maidens must be seen, and not heard.

He that would the daughter win,

Must with the mother first begin.

Saith Solomon the wise,

A good wife's a good prize.

A good wife makes a good husband.

Winter weather and woman's thoughts often change.

A woman's mind and winter-wind change oft.

The more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.

A wicked woman and an evil, is three half-pence worse than the devil.

A virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house.

A fair woman, without virtue, is like pallid wine.

Most women act as if they were born to wound and not to heal.

There is nothing so bad in which there is not something of good.

Anything for a quiet life.

## A LECTURE,

## SILENT BUT OF SOVEREIGN POWER.

PRAY don't alarm yourselves!—'tis only I!  
Just come to speak an Epilogue,—and try  
To make my bow, for once, before the curtain—  
*Behind* I've play'd an active part, that's certain:  
Aye, aye—sharp work I've had of late, I trow—  
Important "Doings," both with high and low;  
The rich, the proud, the humble, and the poor,  
The learned sage, and the unletter'd boor,  
Have all succumb'd—and so must thousands more.  
Why, bless me, how you start! how pale you look!  
You tremble, eh, lest *you* be "brought to book?"  
Nay, do not fear! I now come but to *speak*—  
Perhaps on *business* I may call next week:—  
Next week's too soon, you say?—well, then, I'll give  
A further respite, if you needs must live  
A little longer in this world of sorrow—  
But, stay—I'll think again of this to-morrow;  
For strange, aye, "passing strange," it doth appear,  
That you, so often as you've call'd me here,  
Should, now I'm *really* come, shrink back thro' fear.  
What if the tragi-comedy of Life  
Be ended, with its ever-shifting strife  
Of pain and want, of trouble and alarm,  
Of passion's tumult—pleasure's fitful harm—  
Can *that* be cause for grief—*that* make you moan?  
Short-sighted mortals! you should *clap*—not groan;

Yes—were you wise, my presence you would hail;  
 And not, like dolts, your hapless fate bewail:  
 Instead of sitting there, to sob and sigh,  
 Your plaudits, long and loud, would rend the sky,  
 And “*Bravo, Death! bravissimo!*” you’d cry.

I know that all some “grand excuse” may plead,  
 Some worldly reason, or some urgent need,  
 For tarrying longer on this earthly ball:—  
 Indeed, there’s nothing new in *that*, at all.  
 One has not yet an ample fortune made;  
 Another wishes just to change his trade;  
 A third protests *his* death is not expedient;  
 A fourth declares the *time* is inconvenient.—  
 O what a scene of shuffling, shifting, shirking!  
 What paltry lies—what quibbling, and what quirking!

The Soldier hopes, when fools and tyrants quarrel,  
 To grace his brows with never-fading laurel;  
 And begs I’ll let him win some noble prize,  
 Before he sheathes his sword, and prostrate lies.  
 No, madman! thy career of blood is o’er;  
 No longer shalt thou dip thy hands in gore,  
 No longer fulminate the martial thunder,  
 Nor glut thyself with rapine, blood, and plunder;  
 List to the Widow’s and the Orphan’s cry!  
 Thyself prepare! *for Retribution’s nigh!*

With many an artful touch of special pleading,  
 The Lawyer comes;—but hopes that, through good  
     breeding,  
 I’ll “do the civil thing” by the Profession,  
 And not arrest him till a future session.

Bold as he is before a half-starved client,  
 To me he's wondrous mealy-mouthed and pliant;  
 And, oh! what lame and impotent excuses,  
 The rogue invents, to hide his vile abuses!—  
 All, all alike are—full of contradictions,  
 Pleas, errors, counterpleas, demurrers, fictions!  
 Ready, most ready all, to “make averment,”  
 That services like theirs should meet preferment;  
 And 't would be hard, they say,—oh, *very* hard,  
 If from “preferment” *they* should be debarr'd:—  
 Such meek and gentle lambs! so wondrous civil!  
 To hurry them so quickly to the Devil!—  
 Sweet babes of grace! it matters nbt a straw  
 How soon the Devil on you claps his paw;  
*Have you he will*—he's issued your subpoena—  
 I must obey—and will not, dare not, screen ye;  
 This world has seen too much of you—so go  
 To kindred Demons in the *Courts below!*

The portly Priest, with expectation high,  
 Entreats, for Virtue's sake, I'll pass *him* by.  
 Virtue means purity, and good intention;  
 Now, what his virtues are, perhaps he'll mention;  
 For though, on *duty* bent, one day in seven,  
 He proves *his own's the only way to Heaven*;  
 Yet such the force of carnal appetite,  
 That “loaves and fishes” form his chief delight,  
 His constant thoughts by day, his dreams by night.  
 But hold—'t were well, ere we proceed, to see  
 What arguments support “The Pastor's Plea:”—  
 “To mortals, bending 'neath the cumbrous load  
 That weighs them down, he shows the heavenly road;

Without his aid, their feet would devious stray,  
 And half his flock would go—*the other way!*—  
 And dost thou really think, my reverend wight,  
 That what thou say'st is rational and right?  
 Dost thou the will of God presume to scan,  
 And dare usurp His judgment-seat? vain man!  
 Remember what thou art—and what thou know'st—  
 And thou wilt find thy knowledge is, at most,  
 A cloud of error and an empty boast!  
 When modes of faith are variously profess'd,  
 And different sects are found—north, east, south, west—  
 Who shall decide which wisest is, or best?—  
 Although he calls himself a true believer,  
 A Bigot is, at best, a self-deceiver;  
 And he who hopes by faith alone to stand,  
 Erects a tottering column on the sand.  
 Be just and liberal—to your country true—  
 High Heav'n revere—your neighbor's good pursue;  
 Let virtue, honor, meekness, fill your breast,  
 And to Almighty Goodness leave the rest:—  
 Do this—and, trust me, you shall find the way  
 To the bright regions of eternal day!—  
 Oh! if the path that leads to Heaven's gate,  
 Were like a labyrinth, dark and intricate,  
 How few, how very few would enter there!  
 How few to tread the mystic path would dare!

Yon Maiden, peeping through her ivory fan,  
 Would fain improve her mind, by studying Man!  
 While that spruce Beau, who ogles her, declares,  
 For youth and beauty I should not lay snares,  
 Nor interrupt their tender sighs and kisses,  
 But give them time t' enjoy connubial blisses!—



Now, should I grant these turtles their request,  
Although you 'd think they were supremely blest,  
Yet such would be the bickerings and strife  
To interrupt that *blessed* state of life,  
That ere twelve months had o'er the couple roll'd,  
He would a tyrant prove, and she a scold;  
And each would call on me, by night and day,  
To come and take the *other* one away!

Don't chuckle, Sir! the time is wellnigh come  
When *you* 'll be summon'd, without beat of drum.  
You wish to live, it seems, to play the Rake,  
And every dastardly advantage take  
Of unsuspecting innocence and youth,  
In spite of honor, manliness, and truth.  
I saw you throw your lure for yonder beauty,  
And try to wean her from the path of duty;  
And yet, a wife more spotless none can claim,  
Nor one more kind, than she who bears thy name.  
Wretch that thou art! in crime and folly gray!  
What! wouldst thou, reckless, rush upon thy prey,  
And from an aged mother take her stay?  
Rob her of all on earth that's worth possessing,  
And make a curse what Nature meant a *blessing*?  
Will no compunction check thy fierce desire?  
None, monster! none?—then I must quench thy fire.  
Know then, that while each sense is wrapt in gloom,  
Disease shall bring thee to a cheerless tomb;  
For thee to Heaven no prayers shall ascend,  
And thou, despis'd, shalt die—without a friend!

In yonder row a Widow meets my view—  
My buxom dame, 't is you I mean—yes, *you*!

I saw how tremblingly alive you were,  
When I alluded to the amorous pair;  
Your marriage was a *happy* illustration  
Of my remarks—'t was just your situation,  
Indeed it was—deny it if you can—  
How oft you call'd on me to take *the man*!  
And oh! how oft you vow'd that ne'er again  
Would you be bound by Hymen's galling chain.  
I took him!—and the well-dissembled tear  
Of "*decent sorrow*" fell upon his bier;  
Yet now, when fairly rid of him, you bait  
Your hook—and I (good-natur'd sprite!) may wait  
Whilst you go fishing for another mate!  
Believe me, Widow, I must have my due;  
You shall your *promise* keep, or I'll keep *you*.

But, come—a truce to truths which seem unpleasant,  
And of my "*Doings*" *past* let's speak at present;  
I'll not disturb the ashes of the dead,  
Though some brief sentences must needs be said,  
By which I trust to prove to demonstration,  
That none with greater zeal e'er fill'd his station;  
Meanwhile—although, perhaps, 't will tire your patience  
To wait while I recount my operations—  
I hope to give you ample satisfaction,  
That from the purest source sprang every action;  
And that (to none allied of flesh and blood)  
No motive sway'd me but the common good:—  
*This* is a merit I can fairly claim—  
"*Pro bono publico*" was e'er my aim,  
The basis upon which I rest my fame!

I began—let me see—oh, my “Doings” began  
 With a Lecture, “A sermon?—a sermon?” say you,  
 “Why, surely, to preach is to say, not to do;”—

Egad! so it is; well, I’ll alter my plan,  
 And hereafter keep but my “Doings” in view;  
 But should you require more scriptural knowledge  
 Than gownsmen in general pick up at college  
 (Alma Mater! pray pardon the libel),  
 Leave logical lumber to heads metaphysical,  
 Leave “Valentine Verses” to ladies who’re phthisical,  
 Leave “Mayoralty-Visits”—by all that is quizzical—  
 O leave them,—and study your Bible!

## THE POET.

Although I quench’d the sacred flame  
 That glow’d within his breast,  
 The Bard obtain’d a deathless fame—  
 A haven, too, of rest:  
 The laurels of poetic praise  
 Which now adorn his tomb,  
 Had, but for Me, been blighted bays,  
 To wither—not to bloom.

## THE ARTIST.

Mine was the task to stop the Artist’s hand,  
 Ere age had brought his genius to a stand:  
 He’d finish’d Time—and therefore ’twas my whim,  
 Just at that nick of time, to finish him;  
 And as I knew he meant a Dance to lead me,  
 To show his skill in graphic witticisms,  
 I took his brush away!—and made him heed me,—  
 And saved him thus from friendly criticisms!

## THE CRICKETER.

In the cricketer's care-killing game  
 There was something so manly and gay,  
 That his pastime I never could blame,  
 But cheerfully join'd in the play:  
 And if Time had not thought it a sin,  
 Forever to stand behind wicket;  
 The Batsman might still have been in,  
 And Death might have still play'd at cricket!

## THE GAMESTER.

Mark'd ye that convulsive start?  
 Saw ye how his eyeballs roll'd?  
 Vultures gnaw the Gamester's heart!—  
 Fearful truths that sigh has told!

Transient pleasure—endless pain!  
 Gamester! the enchantment's o'er;  
 Passion and the lust of gain  
 Give to Death one victim more!

## THE SERENADER.

Would you know why so slyly I grasp'd the stiletto,  
 And slew young Adonis, the gay Serenader?  
 I had just before seen, in a foul lazaretto,  
 A fair one expire:—it was he first betrayed her!  
 No longer, said I, shall thy strains, tho' melodious,  
 Their aid lend to lead lovely woman astray;  
 Not a cord shalt thou strike for a purpose so odious—  
 So haste, Serenader! Death calls thee away!

## THE TOILET.

A lady so fair, or a maid half so sly,  
At a Toilet were never yet seen,  
As on that fatal night—when, in masquerade, I  
Attended on Laura (none other was nigh)  
And clad her in raiment so sheen.

But Laura coquetted—for Laura was vain—  
And though she professed to return  
Young Edward's true passion—(I speak it with pain)  
He perish'd, the victim of cruel disdain,—  
And his ashes now rest in yon urn !

So the false one I took ! though I deck'd her so gay  
With trinkets, and jewels, and gold ;—  
And the gossips still talk of that terrible day,  
When Death as a waiting-maid bore her away  
To the charnel-house, darksome and cold !

## THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Immers'd in apathy and mental gloom,  
The wasted form of Hypochondria sits ;  
And as the phantoms flit around his room,  
With fear he shakes—or falls, convuls'd in fits !

The workings of his melancholy mind  
Present horrific spectres to his sight ;  
He sees no friend, beneficent and kind—  
But life, to him, is one dark, cheerless night.

O Melancholy ! bane of peace and health !  
When thy sad reign contaminates the breast,  
Nor pleasure's glittering charms, nor love, nor wealth  
Can give repose : in Death alone there's rest !



## THE ANTIQUARY.

What wild illusions mock their sight,  
When Antiquaries pore  
O'er mouldering relics, day and night,  
With patient, plodding lore!—  
Life's meant for rational enjoyment;  
And if, while here below,  
Man seeks not—finds not—wise employment,  
To Davy let him go!

## THE CHAMPION.

O mourn not for prize-fighting kiddies inglorious;  
Lament not the fate of those swells of "the king:"  
The Championship's mine! for I'm ever victorious,  
And fam'd Boxiana my prowess shall sing!  
Then hoist the black fogle—let marrow-bones rattle—  
And push round the skulls which with claret o'erflow;  
Drink, drink to the Champion, who, fairly in battle,  
The famed men of muscle forever laid low!

## THE WARRIOR.

With martial port the Warrior seeks the field,  
Where waves Destruction's banner in the wind,  
And, though in combat wounded, scorns to yield,  
For "love and glory" fire his ardent mind:  
Now, see, he proudly mounts the blood-stained car,  
And leads his squadrons to the fierce affray;  
His gallant bearing turns the tide of war—  
The adverse army recreant flee away;  
But, oh! when just within his grasp the prize,  
His life-blood flows—a film o'erspreads his eyes—  
He faints—and in the hour of victory dies!

## THE HUNTER.

The fearless Hunter took his dangerous leap ;  
For though I warn'd, he held my warning cheap.  
At length he fell—another fill'd his place,  
And, like him, heedless, follows in the chase.

## THE MOTHER.

Methinks I hear some pitying Mother say,  
Why snatch a helpless Infant thus away ?  
Why turn to clay that cheek on which was spread  
The lily's whiteness with the rose's red ?  
Why close those ruby lips—those deep-fring'd eyes ?  
Why seize so young, so innocent a prize ?  
Hold ! hold ! nor murmur at the wise decree  
That set a lovely earth-born seraph free,  
And gave it bliss and immortality !

## LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

Saw you that aged man, whose tottering feet  
Could scarce support him to the office door ?  
He was a Life Assurer ;—and though poor,  
Deposits from his pittance made, to meet  
His offspring's need. O happiness complete  
When man so dies ! The miser's store  
May serve some idle spendthrift !—seldom more ;  
But competency thus acquir'd is sweet !  
Sweet 'tis to him who, providently kind,  
Protects his wife and children from the blast  
Of poverty ; and oh ! how sweet they find  
The succor it affords !—such joys will last !—

Who blames me, then, for keeping Life's Assurance ?  
Thro' Death, you see, Life may be worth endurance.

## THE BACCHANALIANS.

Tho' Bacchanals boast of their ivy-crowned god,  
And sing of the bright, sparkling glass,  
With the juice of the grape, how they hiccup and nod,  
How it likens a man to an ass !

The balm of the bottle, they say, lightens care,—  
But far more it lightens the purse ;  
While it brings to its vot'ry a load of despair,  
It brings, too, his heaviest curse.

The groans of the parent, the child, or the wife,  
Who famish while Bacchanals swill !  
Then say, can you blame me for taking the life  
Of such as so recklessly kill ?

## THE GLUTTON.

No matter what—flesh, fowl, or fish—  
If a man become a glutton ;  
With gout he feeds from ev'ry dish—  
Veal, ven'son, beef, or mutton.  
Eating—drinking—panting—puffing !  
O! the dear delights of stuffing.

But when the greedy epicure  
A god thus makes his belly,  
I mix some poison—slow, but sure—  
In gravy, soup, or jelly.  
On the couch, then, see him lying ?—  
Writhing—groaning—gasping—dying !

## THE ALCHEMIST.

His time and health the alchemist destroys,  
In vain pursuit of visionary joys !  
What if he finds the rare and hidden treasure,  
More pain his golden prize would bring than pleasure.  
Gold ! gold ! thou bane of life ! thou fancied good !  
Thy use to man, how little understood !

## ACADEMIC HONORS.

Should I the martyr student's portrait draw,  
And show that genius, with each good combin'd,  
That virtue, and that nobleness of mind,  
Were his—without a blemish or a flaw—  
You'd blame me for my act ;—and yet 'twas kind :  
For well I knew, that maugre worth and merit,  
Posthumous fame was all that he'd inherit ;  
And those, indeed, who court fame ought to know,  
That death alone can lasting fame bestow.

## THE EMPIRIC.

The quack kill'd his patient, and I kill'd the quack ;  
Thus a fool and a knave were got rid of at once ;  
But though I contriv'd to lay him on his back,  
Behind he's left many a death-dealing dunce !

## THE MISER.

The wretch who hoards, while others pine  
In want, and pain, and woe,  
Content must be at Pluto's shrine  
Penance to undergo ;

For though he hold the lucre fast,  
And hoard up every shilling,  
To Pluto he must go at last,  
And there expect a grilling.

## THE PHAETON.

Behold, my love, how fine the day!  
Cried Charles, as he the phaeton mounted;  
His heart was light, his spirits gay,  
And tales of love the youth recounted,]

But false as fair the syren he  
That day had honor'd with his name;  
And I resolv'd to set him free  
From private grief and public shame.

## THE LAWYER.

I told you naught but truth before, concerning this fraternity,  
Nor should I aught do less or more, tho' I talk'd to all eternity!  
If any mortal doubt my word—to law, then, let him go,  
A greater curse 'twere quite absurd to wish one's bitterest foe.

## THE ANGLER.

Though a jest-loving wight has thought fit to define,  
In sportive derision, each angling brother,  
As “a stick and a string (id est, rod and line)  
With a worm at one end and a fool at the other;”



Yet, believe me, no fool is the man who, in quiet,  
Can sit down contented amid the world's din;  
'Tis fashion's blind vot'ry, who, dwelling in riot,  
The slave is of folly, of care, and of sin.

## THE BUBBLE-BLOWERS.

There are bubbles above and below,  
On land, and at sea, and in air;  
But none of the bubbles I know,  
With the bubbles of Britain compare:  
Such wonderful bubbles are they!

What puffing it took, and what trouble,  
To blow all these bubbles at first!  
And the trouble was more than made double,  
When the bubbles of Britain all burst!—  
What troublesome bubbles were they!

But why should you mourn over bubbles,  
That are puff'd in and out with a breath,  
When the greatest of bubbles and troubles  
Are, one and all, puff'd out by Death!  
The bubbles and troubles of life!

## THE CAPTIVE.

'Twas I who set the wretched Captive free,  
And eased him of his load of misery—  
In mercy bore him from a dungeon's gloom,  
And laid his body in the silent tomb:  
His mortal part commingled with its kindred dust—  
His spirit took its flight, to join "the good and just."

## THE GAMBLER.

Now the fatal die he throws ;—  
    Heard ye that hysteric laugh ?  
'Twas to hide his deep felt woes :—  
    See him now the poison quaff !

See his frame with anguish shake !  
    See his wildly-starting eyes !  
The play was deep—'twas Life at stake—  
    And the victor claims his prize.

---

I know to some the world is fair,  
For them there's music in the air,  
And shapes of beauty everywhere .  
    But all to me is dreary.  
I know in me the sorrows lie  
That blunt your ear, and dim your eye ;  
You weep to think that Death's so nigh,  
And sickly turn your heads and sigh.

---

But ah ! these lessons I have but begun !  
For when the world with an enticing snare  
My foolish heart assail'd, from my best love  
Again I wander'd :—O, how base was I  
To quit the pillow of eternal peace,  
And seek repose among the thorns of time—  
At Pleasure's flatt'ring call to turn aside  
From the rich fountain of celestial wine,  
Which fills the mind with vigor, and expands  
The willing soul to the descending rays

Of pure intelligence, for transient drops  
Of soul-deluding joy, by sense prepar'd  
Which spread intoxication through the mind,  
And leave the heart for happiness unfit!  
No creature comfort could I then enjoy;  
My best affections, gone astray from God,  
Could find no centre, but from thing to thing,  
With restless search, an endless round pursu'd,  
And still came empty home. How true that word,  
"The way which the transgressor takes is hard!"  
No way so hard as when we take our own.  
How does repentance tread, with bleeding feet  
And throbbing bosom, o'er the rugged path  
Which sin indulged has planted thick with thorns!  
Still on my mind which way soe'er I look,  
My sin was portray'd, and my guilt was mark'd  
More deep, because ingratitude was there.  
For this mine eyes have oft with tears ran down,  
And secret groans have shook my aching heart;  
For this my days have oft been wrapt in clouds;  
In awful shades of guilty fears my nights.

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## THE ART OF LYING.

"When sordid man, by justice unrestrain'd,  
Rang'd the wild woods, and food by plunder gain'd;  
Yet unenlighten'd by mild reason's ray,  
Coarse nature rul'd with undisputed sway.  
But when some sage's great, aspiring mind,  
By bonds of mutual interest link'd mankind,  
Then art restrain'd her sister's wide domain,  
And claim'd with nature a divided reign;  
Yet still distrustful of her own success,  
She sought to please by wearing nature's dress.

“ So that great art, whose principles and use  
Employ the pen of my unworthy muse,  
Though great itself, in these degenerate days  
Is forced to shine with adscititious rays,  
Nor ever can a lasting sceptre wield,  
Unless in robes of purest truth conceal’d.

“ Hear then, whoe’er the arduous task will try,  
Who wish with sense, with skill, with taste to lie ;  
Ye patriots plotting ministers’ disgrace ;  
Ye ministers who fear—a loss of place ;  
Ye tradesmen, who with writs the fop entrap ;  
Ye fops, who strive those tradesmen to escape ;  
Ye reverend Jews, enrich’d by Christian spoil ;  
Ye parsons who for benefices toil :  
No longer hope by open war to win,  
Cease, cease, ye fools, to lie “ through thick and thin ;”  
But know this truth, enough for rogues to know,  
Lies ne’er can please the man who thinks them so.

“ Would you, by flattery, seek the road to wealth ?  
Push not too hard, but slide it in by stealth.  
Mark well your cully’s temper and pursuit,  
And fit to every leg the pliant boot.  
Tell not the spendthrift that he hoards with sense,  
Tell not the miser that he scorns expense ;  
Nor praise the learning of a dunce profest,  
Nor swear a sloven’s elegantly drest.  
Thus, if by chance, in harmless sport and play,  
You coolly talk a character away ;  
Or boldly a flat perjurer appear,  
Nor gallows dread, nor lacerated ear ;  
Still let your lies to truth near neighbors be,  
And still with probability agree.

So shall you govern with unbounded reign,  
Nor longer cringe, and toil, and lie in vain ;  
While truth laments her empire quite o'erthrown,  
And by a form usurp'd so like her own."

---

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,  
Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung ;  
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,  
That thought can reach, or science can define ;  
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,  
In all the speeches of the babbling earth ;  
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire  
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;  
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,  
When Moses gave them miracles and law :  
Yet gracious charity, indulgent guest,  
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,  
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer :  
That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;  
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice ;  
My faith were form ; my eloquence were noise ;  
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;  
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide  
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.  
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,  
And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;  
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even ;  
And opens in each heart a little heaven.  
Each other gift which God on man bestows,  
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows ;



To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power ;  
And finishing its act, exists no more.  
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,  
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;  
But lasting charity's more ample sway,  
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,  
In happy triumph shall forever live,  
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.  
As through the artist's intervening glass,  
Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;  
A little we discover ; but allow  
That more remains unseen than art can show.  
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,  
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),  
High as we may, we lift our reason up,  
By faith directed, and confirmed by hope ;  
Yet we are able only to survey  
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day ;  
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,  
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.  
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;  
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,  
In all his robes, with all his glory on,  
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.  
Then constant faith and holy hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :  
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair charity,  
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
Thy office and thy nature still the same,  
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,  
Shalt still survive——  
Shall stand before the host of heaven confest,  
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

Their robes so fashion'd, that degenerate men  
May fancy all the wondrous charms within !  
And thus each dame, all beautified by art,  
Attracts the wanton eye, th' unhallow'd heart ;  
Those charms, alas ! that virtue bids them screen,  
By ev'ry lawless libertine are seen :  
This makes seduction seem both fine and gay,  
While weeping virtue walks disrob'd away.  
Here all our guilt, and all our sorrows lie,  
Hence youths and maids to certain ruin fly.  
By nature man's deprav'd, this makes him worse,  
Impels to guilt that proves an endless curse ;  
They fix their eyes upon each swelling breast,  
The vices reigning will declare the rest.  
Oh ! what's th' enchanting eye, the ruddy face,  
" Beauty unchaste, is beauty in disgrace ;"  
And yet in them is every art and charm,  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, and still reviving fire ;  
Silence that speaks with eloquence of eyes,  
That captivates the good, the great, the wise,  
Languor that fascinates, all conqu'ring charms,  
That tempts the sage, and e'en the stoic warms.  
Yet, oh ! the pride, the glory of our race,  
For want of prudence is the world's disgrace ;  
Guilt, which in ages past in darkness lay,  
Is now the pride and order of the day.  
But this degen'racy is big with woe,  
To social order a destructive foe ;  
The race of mankind are by nature frail,  
And strong temptation with the best prevail.

Th' enticing ladies who their charms expose,  
At once ensnare, and are ensnar'd by foes ;  
Each am'rous fop with greedy eyes surveys  
Their charms expos'd, and covets still to gaze ;  
This makes the husband soon forget his spouse,  
For man is false nor recollects his vows ;  
With wild inconstancy for all he burns,  
Each shameless miss subdues his heart by turns ;  
He views each true or artificial charm,  
These fatal sights his sleeping passions warm :  
Seduction is his last resource—hence woe,  
Disgrace, and shame o'erwhelm th' ensnaring foe ;  
And hence, oh ! hence, such num'rous rakes we see,  
And idle women, plung'd in misery ;  
Hence misses who have scarce twelve winters seen,  
Become the victims of degenerate men.  
So lost from shepherd and its mourning dam,  
Through some lone desert roves a straggling lamb,  
No danger fears, but as she idly strays,  
Round ev'ry bush the heedless wanton plays,  
Till raging wolves the beauteous toy surround,  
Or tigers slay her on the crimson ground ;  
Then from her guiltless heart the purple flows,  
A precious morsel for the hungry foes.  
By dire example ruin'd, thus wretched lies  
Many a youthful dame with streaming eyes ;  
No more their lips like dewy roses glow,  
Their weary eyes no peaceful slumbers know ;  
But left to strike their pensive breasts in vain,  
And curse the authors of their lasting pain.

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Vain, inconsistent, self-deluded race,  
Whose vision's limited to finite space,  
You grasp some idle phantom of the brain,  
And, maniac-like, would clank and hug your chain.  
All—all is vanity beneath the sun !  
Whene'er the sand of Life its course hath run—  
Or soon, or late—'tis then the proper time  
This grovelling world to quit, and seek the clime  
Where Life's eternal, glorious, and sublime !

'Tis done, and now be happy : each soul glad.  
Let e'en your lag flesh rest in hope of meeting once  
again  
Those ye best loved ; sure the same Power that rear'd  
the piece at first,  
And took it down, can reassemble the loose scatter'd  
parts.  
Each embezzled or mislaid atom shall be collected ;  
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished !  
And every joint possess its proper place, with new  
elegance of form ;  
Hence! hence!! I bid ye hence!!! all who are profane.











